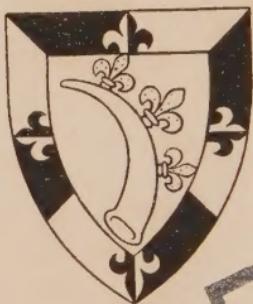




PRESIDENT-RAY  
ESSAYS





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# PRESENT-DAY ESSAYS

EDITED BY  
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## PREFACE

THIS volume is only one of several collections of modern essays that have been published recently, and the editor is not so presumptuous as to consider it better than the others. But he believes it to be particularly adapted to meet a real need for modern essays of considerable length. Nowadays the term *essay* is applied only to work that in some degree reflects its writer's personality. Other collections provide excellent essay material, but for the most part they present only the shorter forms. The short, highly personal essay is very valuable for the reason that an acquaintance with it is likely to inculcate a taste for genuinely personal writing. It is obvious that the very short essay can be more vividly personal than the longer one, for the high colors of whimsy and humor and subtle mood are essentially short lived. But certainly essays are needed for study which, while *personal*, shall prove more meaty than the very short ones. Compositions have an undeniable and important use that develop worth-while subjects so as to make a genuine demand upon a reader's powers of concentration and judgment. And such articles may well reflect the individuality of their writers in sufficient degree to exercise the charm that is always present when an author's qualities of mind and heart shine through his pages.

For essay reading, then, teachers of English should not be content to supply merely delightful bits of vivid and easily grasped self-expression: it is their duty to provide

for the development of those habits of active effort that must be developed if their students are to become able to grasp the salient points of what they read, and to appreciate the effective presentation of thought wholes of considerable length. To be sure, the older essays, such as those of Emerson, Thoreau, Arnold, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Coleridge, afford this power-developing material. But in content, style, and spirit such classic pieces are too remote from the present-day reader to appeal strongly to him. They seem dull because they do not deal with what concerns or attracts him, and their style seems heavy. Then, too, some of the older compositions that have always been known as essays—Macaulay's “Johnson” for example—lack the personal element to such a degree as not to be essays in the modern sense of the term, but only treatises. In short, the older essays do not charm the reader of to-day as they must do to be considered truly literature for him. Feet must not lag on Literature's highways and byways: there should be some sturdy climbing along the way, but even it must be enjoyed.

The articles in this volume treat of problems and phases of present-day living or of experiences of recent years, and they are all written in the easy, vivid style that marks the best writing of to-day. They are agreeably personal in tone, and present a wide variety of subject and type. The names of the writers are in themselves a warrant of quality.

Following the essays, a minimum of explanatory matter will be found. Many notes are not desirable in such a collection as this. Close textual study of the essays is not called for, and dictionaries and encyclopedias are gen-

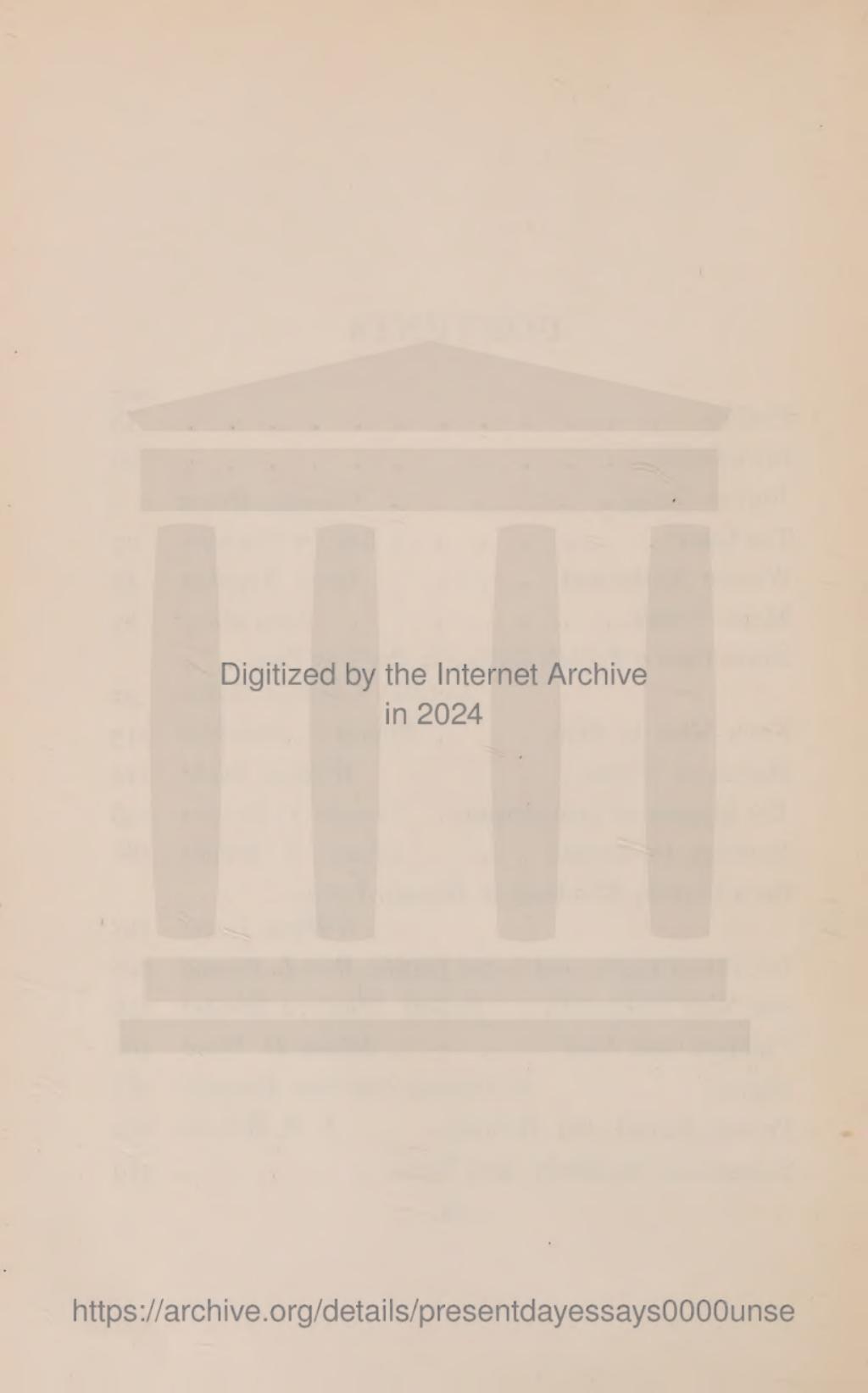
erally available for such elucidation of the text as may be found necessary. Literary allusions and references to historical incidents are always best appreciated when understood through one's own efforts, and but slight help has been offered in the notes.

The collection could not have been made without the generous permission of authors and publishers for the use of the articles of which it consists. The editor gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Messrs. Little, Brown and Company for Lafcadio Hearn's *Fuji-no-Yama*; to Miss Agnes Repplier and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin Company for *Woman Enthroned*; to Mr. John Macy and Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company for *Mark Twain*; to Mr. Charles S. Brooks and The Yale University Press for *Journeys to Bagdad*; to Mr. Truman J. Spencer for *The Staging of Shakespeare*; to Mr. Eugene Manlove Rhodes and The Order of Bookfellows for *Say Now Shibleth*; to Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould and The Atlantic Monthly Company for *Movies*; to the Macmillan Company for *Individual Rights and Social Justice*; and to the George H. Doran Company for *Private School and Holidays*. He is equally indebted to Messrs. Henry Holt and Company for permitting his use of Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *Notes from a French Village in the War Zone*, William James's *On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings*, Mr. William Beebe's *Hammock Nights*, Mr. Simeon Strunsky's *The Game*, Miss Lillian D. Wald's *Children and Play*, Mr. Robert C. Benchley's *From Nine to Five*, and to Mrs. Fisher, the Estate of William James, Mr. Beebe, Mr. Strunsky, Miss Wald, and Mr. Benchley for adding their permission to that of the publishers.



## CONTENTS

	<small>PAGE</small>
Preface . . . . .	iii
Introduction . . . . .	xi
Fuji-no-Yama . . . . .	<i>Lafcadio Hearn</i> i
The Game . . . . .	<i>Simeon Strunsky</i> 25
Woman Enthroned . . . . .	<i>Agnes Repplier</i> 43
Mark Twain . . . . .	<i>John Macy</i> 63
Notes from a French Village in the War Zone . . . . .	<i>Dorothy Canfield Fisher</i> 92
From Nine to Five . . . . .	<i>Robert C. Benchley</i> 115
Hammock Nights . . . . .	<i>William Beebe</i> 124
The Staging of Shakespeare . . . . .	<i>Truman J. Spencer</i> 148
Journeys to Bagdad . . . . .	<i>Charles S. Brooks</i> 181
On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings . . . . .	<i>William James</i> 195
Individual Rights and Social Justice . . . . .	<i>Ross L. Finney</i> 222
Say Now Shibboleth . . . . .	<i>Eugene Manlove Rhodes</i> 236
Children and Play . . . . .	<i>Lillian D. Wald</i> 262
Movies . . . . .	<i>Katharine Fullerton Gerould</i> 282
Private School and Holidays . . . . .	<i>E. F. Benson</i> 301
Suggestions for Study, and Notes . . . . .	329



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## INTRODUCTION

### WHAT AN ESSAY IS

FIRST and foremost, an essay is *personal writing*. An essayist writes in his own person, and not in the persons of characters that he creates. He presents his own ideas and feelings; much of what he writes may be fact, but it is fact of his own observing or procuring. He writes so as to show his individual bent and attitude, and in narrative or descriptive passages he gives his personal impressions of actual experience. Moreover, an essayist gives us personally selected material. He does not aim to present every phase of his subject, but only those aspects that are important for his purpose. He will select features that seem essential to him, but we must bear in mind that his interest in his subject may be a highly personal one, and that in that case he will feel free to disregard data and aspects which he might consider important in a less personal treatment.

Especially in a humorous or whimsical essay, we may find facts and impressions colored by the particular interests and by the individual, personal qualities of the writer. The essayist may be a man of such strong individual taste that his writing will be unscientific because it will be purposely one-sided; but it may still be extremely enjoyable writing for the reason that his personality is a pleasing and unusual one. Or he may take a well-balanced attitude toward his subject, and then

## INTRODUCTION

we have an essay that gives us material which we can regard as affording us a proper understanding of his subject. Upon this distinction we may make the classification of *highly personal essays* and *essays of subject matter*. But in either type the writer's own individuality will be apparent; either he will see, in the facts he presents, significances that others fail to notice, or he will interpret his experiences in the light of his own fancy and states of feeling.

If the essay, as such, is something new to us, it may be helpful to consider what its relation is to the kinds of writing that we have studied heretofore. And we may say in passing that the essay is prose writing. To be sure, Alexander Pope wrote a philosophical treatise in verse that he called an "Essay on Man"; but this is not really an essay at all in the modern sense of the term.

We have learned something about narration, description, exposition, and argument. We may realize that it is possible for people to write effectively and pleasantly who never stop to think that what they are writing is of any particular one of these four types. But we also know that writing which is clearly of some one of the four kinds has qualities that distinguish it from writing of the other kinds, and we know that it is convenient to classify compositions according to the four so-called types or kinds of writing. Now, is an essay to be considered as narration, description, exposition, or argument, or does it belong in a fifth division by itself? Perhaps it will be best to say at once that if a piece of writing has the personal qualities that an essay must always have, it may be considered an essay, whether we can classify

it as belonging to any of the so-called four types of writing or not.

In a short story, a novel, or a play, a writer creates men and women who speak and act as he thinks they would do in real life. Such compositions cannot be essays because the writer is not expressing himself in his own person. Yet a writer can tell what he himself does and says and what others do to him, and he will be writing an essay if he tells this so that we are interested in his own particular thoughts and feelings and realize that he has selected his incidents not so much for the sake of narrative as for emphasis of his personal impressions. In the nature of the case, a purely narrative essay can hardly exist; but there may be narrative elements in many essays, as there are in Lafcadio Hearn's *Fuji-no-Yama*, which is primarily descriptive writing.

A description written impersonally, for the purpose of presenting its appeal to most people's senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch, would not be an essay. It would lack the essential personal quality. But if a writer makes plain his individual reaction to what his senses tell him; if he writes of how he feels and shows us the play of his fancy and the working of his memory, his work will be of the essay type, for he will be writing personally. This personal element will be heightened if he has selected his material, as a skilful essayist would do, with the purpose of making vivid his own experiences rather than with the object of presenting a complete word picture.

Let us consider the personal element in *Fuji-no-Yama*. In the first place, Hearn has not written merely a series of sense pictures, but has given us an account of what

he saw as he, Lafcadio Hearn, saw it. And this is to say that what his senses told him, Hearn *interpreted*. His sense impressions meant what they did to him because his thoughts and feelings had all his life been what they had been. We can all give in about the same way the most obvious details of our sense impressions; but no two of all the people in the world can adequately interpret their sensations in just the same way. Every thought we have had since babyhood, and every flash of feeling we have experienced, has its place somewhere in that glowing thing we call our consciousness—made up as it is of millions of facet points of memory and imagination; and all these thoughts and feelings go to form the mental background against which we realize what we see and hear and smell and taste and touch. That background gives color and perspective to what our senses tell us; and for no two people anywhere can that background be the same.

In the second place, Hearn selected for his material those items of his experience that would best serve as the basis for his vivid personal impressions. In doing this Hearn worked like an essayist. His use of such material heightens the personal quality of what he writes, and therefore increases the human appeal of his article. We are most interested in what most interested Hearn, not because we care particularly for Lafcadio Hearn, but because, however dimly or vaguely, all men and women think and feel fundamentally as good writers do. One reason why essays are enjoyable is that they have a universal human interest. The essayist's individual attitude will be recognized by his readers as eminently probable and reasonable under the given circumstances.

They may know themselves so inferior to him in imagination or fancy or judgment or sensitiveness that they could not have written just what he wrote, but they will realize that if they possessed these qualities in sufficient measure they might well have thought and felt much as he did.

Expositive and argumentative writing may also be of the essay type. If facts and reasons are given in an impersonal way, the work will not express the writer's individuality of thought and feeling sufficiently to warrant our calling it an essay. An encyclopedia article is not an essay. But if the writer's humor, fancy, geniality, or gentle mockery plays over his facts so as to tint them with his personality, or if his originality or his breadth of view reveals significances not noticed by others, we have an exposition or argument instinct with the personal quality essential to an essay.

In the narrative essay we found that incidents are selected not for their story value so much as for their value in emphasizing the essayist's personal experiences. In the descriptive essay we found that the writer chooses such sense material as will best provide him with the basis for the personal impressions that give his work its requisite personal appeal. In the expository or argumentative essay the writer must select his material as carefully as in the other types. For such a piece of writing the essayist would choose his matter with an eye to its availability for his particular purpose.

If his purpose is serious, the essayist will seek such material as will best enable him to make a clear and full treatment of his subject. He will not intentionally suppress or exaggerate data, but will choose material that

is genuinely characteristic and important. At the same time, since he is writing an essay and not a scientific treatise, the essayist will entertain a particular attitude of thought and feeling, which will influence his selection of material. This is not to say that he will write unfairly or untruly; but it is to say that he believes or feels in a certain way about his subject—a way that he thinks right and just—and that he accordingly chooses his material as he sees it. The essayist's individual point of view, while making for a personal treatment, may definitely enhance the value of his essay as expository or argumentative writing. What we have called his individual attitude of thought and feeling will give a cogency and unity to his article; not only will his presentation be racy in its personal quality, but his material will all be purposeful and to the point. *Notes from a French Village in the War Zone* affords an example of an essay where the material has been selected with the purpose of giving the reader a true impression of the subject. Mrs. Fisher has given the data that she considers most illustrative of the distinctive features of French village life, and her individuality is evident in her definite point of view, as well as in her wide sympathy, her keen insight, and her ready appraisal of values.

If the expository or argumentative essay is humorous, or if it is marked by a particular mood, the writer will doubtless intentionally exaggerate or suppress certain data. He will seek to secure highly colored effects; consequently he can use only highly colored material, and his use of such material will add to the individual quality of his work. Essays in which the writer in-

dulges his whim or fancy are always more vividly personal than those in which he seeks to give a well-rounded presentation of his subject.

### THE KINDS OF ESSAY

We can enjoy essays without being able to classify them; but if we are to study them at all carefully, we ought to be able to judge them with some technical sureness. One way of dividing the essay field has been suggested in our discussion of the four so-called kinds of composition. We have spoken of essays as narrative, descriptive, expository, or argumentative. But if we limited ourselves to this division, we should find ourselves at a loss to provide for the classification of such an essay as Mr. Brooks's *Journeys to Bagdad*. An essayist when he sits down to write never says to himself, "Go to, we shall now pen an expository essay," and we have spoken of the essay in terms of the four so-called kinds of writing only because our doing so helped us to realize certain qualities. But, because it is personal writing, the essay tends always toward a lack of definite form, and what we might call the *highly personal* type is frankly a law unto itself. *Journeys to Bagdad* is an example of what a man may write who, with a general idea uppermost in his mind, simply puts on paper the thoughts and feelings that "swim into his ken" while that general idea is dominant. In such an essay the writer does not seek to explain, or describe, or narrate, or prove, anything; the value of what he writes (aside from the merit of his theme) lies in the grace and whimsy of his thoughts and moods, and in the way he expresses

them. Plainly this is not narrative or descriptive writing, and it would be forcing a classification to say that it is definitely argumentative or expository.

What we have just said might suggest another plan of classifying essays—that of dividing them into *highly personal essays* and *essays of subject matter*. Such a division was suggested on page xii.

We saw that in *Journeys to Bagdad* there seems little definite plan, and that the essayist's subject was valuable to him only as ground upon which the seeds of his mood and whim might grow quickly, like Jack-the-Giant-Killer's beanstalk, into a region where realities could be pleasantly slighted. But in *essays of subject matter*, like Mrs. Fisher's *Notes from a French Village in the War Zone*, our interest is largely in the information we are given. To be sure, the writer has a definite point of view and gives her facts in a pleasantly personal way. But she has information that she is interested in giving us, and her presentation has definite form. Such an essay deals with realities, for Mrs. Fisher gives us facts of life and circumstance. We realize that these have been selected by a keen and sympathetic observer, and that they owe much of their meaning and significance to their fresh and original treatment, but we are interested in them largely as facts, notwithstanding.

We have so far considered two possible ways of classifying essays, and neither is completely satisfactory. The first is based on form, and with essays in general form is not an essential feature. The second division depends upon the relative importance of the subject matter and the personal quality that all essays show in some degree. Any essayist must have something to write about, and

since he is an essayist he will show individuality of attitude and treatment. But a single line of cleavage will not provide a division of the essay field that will be useful. Moreover, most essays that are more than a few pages in length are likely to be *essays of subject matter* rather than *highly personal ones*. This must be true, for a mood or fancy is soon expressed and it is essentially of short duration.

Another possible way to classify essays is by their subjects. For example, we may call such an essay as Mr. Macy's *Mark Twain* a literary essay of the critical sort because it has to do with the judgment of an author's work and his place in literature. Dr. Finney's essay deals with economics, William James's article is philosophical, and Mr. Beebe's deals with nature. But even this division is not wholly satisfactory either, for we shall not always name the essential character of an essay by naming its type of subject.

The best way to classify essays is by their outstanding features. This is the way that we naturally classify people, though we could classify them in many ways—by their nationality, for example, or by their occupation, their wealth, their size, their facial expression, or even the color of their hair. But if we wished to refer to several men in such a way as to recall them to an acquaintance of ours, we should very likely mention for each man some outstanding trait, or feature of his appearance, or place in society. We should certainly not characterize all of them according to any one classification. We might describe one man as "pleasant looking," another as "the chemist," a third as a "little man," a fourth as "the watchman," a fifth as "the red-headed

man," and still another as "the millionaire." If we used these expressions we should be employing terms that imply six different classifications, and our characterization would be more effective than if we referred to the six men by the terms of some one classification only—their occupation or size, for example.

So with our classification of essays. One is best called a critical essay, another best referred to as descriptive, others as biographical, autobiographical, historical, expository, didactic, whimsical, and so on. It will be profitable to try to classify the essays in this book by their outstanding features.

### STYLE IN THE ESSAYS

The individual quality that results from a writer's diction and sentence structure is called his *style*. Other elements go to form style, but these are the most important. Many writers show in the way they write qualities that are just as distinctive as those they show in their personalities. Some people's personalities are attractive, others are colorless, others are tiresome; but we should find it difficult to analyze any personality into just the elements that give it its particular quality. In the same way we should not find it easy to analyze anyone's style of writing. We could readily judge its effect upon us, yet it would probably be difficult to say just what it is in a writer's diction and sentence structure that gives his writing the distinctive quality it shows. Fortunately, such an analysis is not often necessary. But if a writer's style is so distinctive as

to impress us at all strongly, we may be able to characterize it in a general way, although we could not analyze it exactly.

Each writer, then, may have a style of his own. But if he is a good writer, his style will vary according to his subject. Certainly no one writes a report on his firm's increase of business in the same style that he would use for a letter of sympathy to a friend who had lost a loved one. Similarly, if an essayist wrote a serious essay on *Simple Faith* and a humorous one on *Huckleberry Pies I Have Met*, he would be expected to show some change in his style.

So far we have said two things about style: First, that a writer's style may be expected at all times to show certain fundamental qualities, for the reason that it will always be *his* style. Second, that a writer's style may change somewhat with a change of subject. And there is a third point to consider about style, which is that a writer should adapt his individual manner of expression to the requirements of whatever clearly marked type of writing he may do. Any distinctive kind of writing may require a correspondingly distinctive flavor in the style of those who practise it. The essay is such a distinctive type, and since its main characteristic is its personal quality, we can realize that the style of an essayist should be marked by an informal and conversational tone. This tone is most obvious in the *highly personal* essay, which is often called the *familiar essay* for the reason that the writer tells his thoughts and feelings as naturally and unrestrainedly as though he were chatting with intimate friends.

The articles in this book are by different writers and

have to do with different subjects, although they are all essays. We should be able to recognize the fundamental essay quality of style in each article, and at the same time to judge the individual qualities of style and the degree in which these qualities suit the subject. In doing this we shall find ourselves using such terms as *dignified*, *chatty*, *smooth*, *clear*, *graceful*, *colloquial*, *familiar*, *poetic*, *forceful*, *varied*, *figurative*, *quaint*, *rapid*, *terse*, and *simple*. We ought to be able to speak of the kind of words used, and perhaps of the length and type of sentences. Style is an important element in any writing but particularly so in the essay, the charm of which lies in spirit and manner fully as much as in material.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH

As a distinct form, the essay is considered to have been originated by Michel de Montaigne, a French nobleman, who died in 1592. His *Essays* are short articles in which he expressed his own ideas on various phases of life. His illustrations are mainly historical, but he wrote personally, in an easy conversational style, on such subjects as "The Profit of One Man Is the Damage of Another," "Of the Inequality That Is Between Us," and "Of the Vanity of Words."

Montaigne's essays were translated into English and influenced Francis Bacon and others, who wrote short pieces in which they gave their own ideas much as Montaigne had done. But their work was generally solemn rather than sprightly. They sought to write improovingly, where Montaigne had written to please himself and had cared nothing about inducing his readers

to take what he might think a proper attitude on any matter. Bacon died in 1626. Other early essayists whose names we should know were Richard Burton (1576-1640), Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), Richard Baxter (1615-1691), Sir William Temple (1628-1699), Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), and John Dryden (1631-1700).

The writings of these men seem quaint to us. This is largely due to their style, which is far from that of our own day. But their subjects, too, seem old-fashioned; these are mainly philosophical, moral, or religious, though Dryden's essays were literary criticisms. Fuller shows real humor, and Cowley is pleasantly personal, but on the whole these early essayists appeal to us only for the old-time flavor of style and topic.

The chief writers of the next group of essayists were Daniel Defoe (1661-1731), Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), Richard Steele (1671-1729), Joseph Addison (1672-1719), Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), and Samuel Johnson (1709-1784). They wrote on literary and political subjects and on questions of manners and customs. Dr. Johnson's style is the stiff and rather heavy style of the days when the classical tradition was still strong. The classical influence is noticeable in Addison, too; but Defoe, Steele, and Goldsmith were more simple and natural in the way they wrote. Swift was a trenchant satirist. Many of the essays by these men were written in the form of letters to periodicals, Steele and Addison being large contributors to *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*.

The writers of this group interest us principally because their articles show the life of their times. Their style

seems artificial compared to that of to-day, and what they wrote about does not concern us much. But the politics, the manners and customs, and the spirit of their age, are all reflected in their pages.

The next essayists were more or less influenced by the spirit of romanticism that was becoming noticeable in English literature. This was a tendency to regard form in writing as less important than naturalness, and reason as less necessary than feeling. As we might expect, men began now to write more and more of themselves, and the personal or familiar essay that had hardly yet been written in English, began to appear. Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was the first to write whimsical, fanciful, and sentimental pieces in an easy, conversational style, though it was a style that he intentionally made somewhat quaint. With him should be mentioned Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), John Wilson (1785-1854)—better known as Christopher North—and William Hazlitt (1778-1830). Lamb's essays were the nearest thing to Montaigne's delightfully personal writings that English literature had yet seen.

But most of the essays of this period were not of the highly personal type. Many essayists dealt seriously with literary subjects: Lamb himself was interested in Elizabethan literature, and Hazlitt was (and even still is) respected as a critic; others were Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), Robert Southey (1774-1843), Thomas De Quincy (1785-1859), Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859), and Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). Not all of these confined their essay writing to the field of literature: Coleridge considered philosophical questions, Carlyle treated broad

questions of human attitude, and Macaulay wrote easily and pleasantly (although not penetratingly) on political matters.

The highly personal essay that flourished with Lamb, Wilson, Hunt, and Hazlitt did not continue to bloom luxuriantly. The great essayists of yesterday seem to have been thinking rather than feeling. They were men of strong personality, whose points of view were definite and whose styles were individual; but first and foremost they were concerned with their themes and subject matter. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895), Walter Pater (1839-1894), John Ruskin (1819-1900), and David Henry Thoreau (1817-1862) are important figures in the field of the essay, but we do not expect to find in their writing that informal presentation that marks the conversational manner, any more than we should look to them for subjects of especial present-day concern.

Yet, though the writers that we have called the great essayists of yesterday did not write in an intimate and conversational way, other men, of only less importance in the field of the essay did. These were Alexander Smith (1830-1867), George William Curtis (1824-1892), Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), and Donald Grant Mitchell (1822-1908). Curtis and Mitchell (Ik Marvel) and to a considerable extent Holmes and Smith, wrote what is called the sentimental essay. Curtis's *Prue and I*, and Mitchell's *Dream Life* are not the type of essay common to-day, for humor has usurped sentiment as the dominant feature of the highly personal essay. But

these writers, along with Thackeray, kept the familiar essay alive.

The essay of to-day is always personal, whether it is *highly* personal or not. Modern essayists may or may not write *about* themselves, but they at least write *through* themselves; and facts and ideas gain in charm when they are seen through a writer's colorful individuality. The present-day essay is informal and conversational, as well as personal; our essayists write to us just as they would talk. These are excellent qualities, but we must remember that while every good fashion has elements of permanency, no fashion is greatly to be admired in its extreme manifestations of those elements. In the case of the modern essay we may properly suspect that the two admirable characteristics we have named—its personal and informal qualities—are being somewhat exaggerated; that many men and women are writing too much *about* themselves, and too little *through* themselves about matters of real importance. We believe that Emerson, Lowell, Arnold, Huxley, Pater, Ruskin and Thoreau were not informal or personal enough; but let us understand that our essayists of to-day frequently emphasize these two qualities to the neglect of subject value.

But this unfortunate tendency is not shown by all modern essayists. The best of them evince a proper appreciation of the importance of their subjects. The older writers we have just mentioned always had something valuable to say—though it was often not of vital importance or of general interest—and the foremost essayists of to-day are not inferior in the value of their material. True, they show the modern leaning toward

matters of popular interest, but their work is the better for that. Their subjects, though they have this wide appeal, are likely to be vital problems, phases of common experience, topics of essential human interest, or matters that attract us by their picturesque or novel aspects. The essays in this book are representative of the best in the modern essay. They are not mere pleasant nothings, but essays that give us food for thought while they please us in their informal and personal presentation.



## FUJI-NO-YAMA\*

By LAFCADIO HEARN

Kité miréba,  
Sahodo madé nashi,  
Fuji no Yama!

Seen on close approach, the mountain of Fuji does not come up to expectation.—*Japanese proverbial philosophy.*

THE most beautiful sight in Japan, and certainly one of the most beautiful in the world, is the distant apparition of Fuji on cloudless days,—more especially days of spring and autumn, when the greater part of the peak is covered with late or with early snows. You can seldom distinguish the snowless base, which remains the same color as the sky: you perceive only the white cone seeming to hang in heaven; and the Japanese comparison of its shape to an inverted half-open fan is made wonderfully exact by the fine streaks that spread downward from the notched top, like shadows of fan-ribs. Even lighter than a fan the vision appears,—rather the ghost or dream of a fan;—yet the material reality a hundred miles away is grandiose among the mountains of the globe. Rising to a height of nearly 12,500 feet, Fuji is visible from thirteen provinces of the Empire. Nevertheless it is one of the easiest of lofty mountains to climb; and for a thousand years it has been scaled

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every summer by multitudes of pilgrims. For it is not only a sacred mountain, but the most sacred mountain of Japan,—the holiest eminence of the land that is called Divine,—the Supreme Altar of the Sun;—and to ascend it at least once in a life-time is the duty of all who reverence the ancient gods. So from every district of the Empire pilgrims annually wend their way to Fuji; and in nearly all the provinces there are pilgrim-societies—*Fuji-Kō*,—organized for the purpose of aiding those desiring to visit the sacred peak. If this act of faith cannot be performed by everybody in person, it can at least be performed by proxy. Any hamlet, however remote, can occasionally send one representative to pray before the shrine of the divinity of Fuji, and to salute the rising sun from that sublime eminence. Thus a single company of Fuji pilgrims may be composed of men from a hundred different settlements.

By both of the national religions Fuji is held in reverence. The Shintō deity of Fuji is the beautiful goddess Ko-no-hana-saku-ya-himé,—she who brought forth her children in fire without pain, and whose name signifies “Radiant-blooming-as-the-flowers-of-the-trees,” or, according to some commentators, “Causing-the-flowers-to-blossom-brightly.” On the summit is her temple; and in ancient books it is recorded that mortal eyes have beheld her hovering, like a luminous cloud, above the verge of the crater. Her viewless servants watch and wait by the precipices to hurl down whomsoever presumes to approach her shrine with unpurified heart. . . . Buddhism loves the grand peak because its form is like the white bud of the Sacred Flower,—and because the eight cusps of its top, like the eight petals of the Lotos,

symbolize the Eight Intelligences of Perception, Purpose, Speech, Conduct, Living, Effort, Mindfulness, and Contemplation.

But the legends and traditions about Fuji, the stories of its rising out of the earth in a single night,—of the shower of pierced-jewels once flung down from it,—of the first temple built upon its summit eleven hundred years ago,—of the Luminous Maiden that lured to the crater an Emperor who was never seen afterward, but is still worshipped at a little shrine erected on the place of his vanishing,—of the sand that daily rolled down by pilgrim feet nightly reascends to its former position,—have not all these things been written in books? There is really very little left for me to tell about Fuji except my own experience of climbing it.

I made the ascent by way of Gotemba,—the least picturesque, but perhaps also the least difficult of the six or seven routes open to choice. Gotemba is a little village chiefly consisting of pilgrim-inns. You reach it from Tōkyō in about three hours by the Tōkaidō railway, which rises for miles as it approaches the neighborhood of the mighty volcano. Gotemba is considerably more than two thousand feet above the sea, and therefore comparatively cool in the hottest season. The open country about it slopes to Fuji; but the slope is so gradual that the table-land seems almost level to the eye. From Gotemba in perfectly clear weather the mountain looks uncomfortably near,—formidable by proximity,—though actually miles away. During the rainy season it may appear and disappear alternately many times in one day,—like an enormous spectre. But on the grey August morning when I entered Gotemba as a pilgrim,

the landscape was muffled in vapors; and Fuji was totally invisible. I arrived too late to attempt the ascent on the same day; but I made my preparations at once for the day following, and engaged a couple of *gōriki* ("strong-pull men"), or experienced guides. I felt quite secure on seeing their broad honest faces and sturdy bearing. They supplied me with a pilgrim-staff, heavy blue *tabi* (that is to say, cleft-stockings, to be used with sandals), a straw hat shaped like Fuji, and the rest of a pilgrim's outfit;—telling me to be ready to start with them at four o'clock in the morning.

What is hereafter set down consists of notes taken on the journey, but afterwards amended and expanded,—for notes made while climbing are necessarily hurried and imperfect.

## I

August 24th, 1897.

From strings stretched above the balcony upon which my inn-room opens, hundreds of towels are hung like flags,—blue towels and white, having printed upon them in Chinese characters the names of pilgrim-companies and of the divinity of Fuji. These are gifts to the house, and serve as advertisements. . . . Raining from a uniformly grey sky. Fuji always invisible.

August 25th.

3:30 a. m.—No sleep;—tumult all night of parties returning late from the mountain, or arriving for the pilgrimage;—constant clapping of hands to summon serv-

ants;—banqueting and singing in the adjoining chambers, with alarming bursts of laughter every few minutes. . . . Breakfast of soup, fish, and rice. Gōriki arrive in professional costume, and find me ready. Nevertheless they insist that I shall undress again and put on heavy underclothing;—warning me that even when it is Doyō (the period of greatest summer heat) at the foot of the mountain, it is Daikan (the period of greatest winter cold) at the top. Then they start in advance, carrying provisions and bundles of heavy clothing. . . . A kuruma waits for me, with three runners,—two to pull, and one to push, as the work will be hard uphill. By kuruma I can go to the height of five thousand feet.

Morning black and slightly chill, with fine rain; but I shall soon be above the rain-clouds. . . . The lights of the town vanish behind us;—the kuruma is rolling along a country-road. Outside of the swinging penumbra made by the paper-lantern of the foremost runner, nothing is clearly visible; but I can vaguely distinguish silhouettes of trees and, from time to time, of houses,—peasants' houses with steep roofs.

Grey wan light slowly suffuses the moist air;—day is dawning through drizzle. . . . Gradually the landscape defines with its colors. The way lies through thin woods. Occasionally we pass houses with high thatched roofs that look like farmhouses; but cultivated land is nowhere visible. . . .

Open country with scattered clumps of trees,—larch and pine. Nothing in the horizon but scraggy tree-tops

above what seems to be the rim of a vast down. No sign whatever of Fuji. . . . For the first time I notice that the road is black,—black sand and cinders apparently, volcanic cinders: the wheels of the kuruma and the feet of the runners sink into it with a crunching sound.

The rain has stopped, and the sky becomes a clearer grey. . . . The trees decrease in size and number as we advance.

What I have been taking for the horizon, in front of us, suddenly breaks open, and begins to roll smokily away to left and right. In the great rift part of a dark-blue mass appears,—a portion of Fuji. Almost at the same moment the sun pierces the clouds behind us; but the road now enters a copse covering the base of a low ridge, and the view is cut off. . . . Halt at a little house among the trees,—a pilgrims' resting-place,—and there find the gōriki, who have advanced much more rapidly than my runners, waiting for us. Buy eggs, which a gōriki rolls up in a narrow strip of straw matting;—tying the matting tightly with straw cord between the eggs,—so that the string of eggs has somewhat the appearance of a string of sausages. . . . Hire a horse.

Sky clears as we proceed;—white sunlight floods everything. Road reascends; and we emerge again on the moorland. And, right in front, Fuji appears,—naked to the summit,—stupendous,—startling as if newly risen from the earth. Nothing could be more beautiful. A vast blue cone,—warm-blue, almost violet through the vapors not yet lifted by the sun,—with two white streak-

lets near the top which are great gullies full of snow, though they look from here scarcely an inch long. But the charm of the apparition is much less the charm of color than of symmetry,—a symmetry of beautiful bending lines with a curve like the curve of a cable stretched over a space too wide to allow of pulling taut. (This comparison did not at once suggest itself: The first impression given me by the grace of those lines was an impression of femininity;—I found myself thinking of some exquisite sloping of shoulders towards the neck.) I can imagine nothing more difficult to draw at sight. But the Japanese artist, through his marvellous skill with the writing-brush,—the skill inherited from generations of calligraphists,—easily faces the riddle: he outlines the silhouette with two flowing strokes made in the fraction of a second, and manages to hit the exact truth of the curves,—much as a professional archer might hit a mark, without consciously taking aim, through long exact habit of hand and eye.

## II

I see the *goriki* hurrying forward far away,—one of them carrying the eggs round his neck! . . . Now there are no more trees worthy of the name,—only scattered stunted growths resembling shrubs. The black road curves across a vast grassy down; and here and there I see large black patches in the green surface,—bare spaces of ashes and scoriæ; showing that this thin green skin covers some enormous volcanic deposit of recent date. . . . As a matter of history, all this district was buried two yards deep in 1707 by an eruption from the side of

Fuji. Even in far-off Tōkyō the rain of ashes covered roofs to a depth of sixteen centimetres. There are no farms in this region, because there is little true soil; and there is no water. But volcanic destruction is not eternal destruction; eruptions at last prove fertilizing; and the divine "Princess-who-causes-the-flowers-to-blossom-brightly" will make this waste to smile again in future hundreds of years.

. . . The black openings in the green surface become more numerous and larger. A few dwarf-shrubs still mingle with the coarse grass. . . . The vapors are lifting; and Fuji is changing color. It is no longer a glowing blue, but a dead sombre blue. Irregularities previously hidden by rising ground appear in the lower part of the grand curves. One of these to the left,—shaped like a camel's hump,—represents the focus of the last great eruption.

The land is not now green with black patches, but black with green patches; and the green patches dwindle visibly in the direction of the peak. The shrubby growths have disappeared. The wheels of the kuruma, and the feet of the runners sink deeper into the volcanic sand. . . . The horse is now attached to the kuruma with ropes, and I am able to advance more rapidly. Still the mountain seems far away; but we are really running up its flank at a height of more than five thousand feet.

Fuji has ceased to be blue of any shade. It is black,—charcoal black,—a frightful extinct heap of visible ashes and cinders and slaggy lava. . . . Most of the green has

disappeared. Likewise all of the illusion. The tremendous naked black reality,—always becoming more sharply, more grimly, more atrociously defined,—is a stupefaction, a nightmare. . . . Above—miles above—the snow patches glare and gleam against that blackness,—hideously. I think of a gleam of white teeth I once saw in a skull,—a woman's skull,—otherwise burnt to a sooty crisp.

So one of the fairest, if not the fairest of earthly visions, resolves itself into a spectacle of horror and death. . . . But have not all human ideals of beauty, like the beauty of Fuji seen from afar, been created by forces of death and pain?—are not all, in their kind, but composites of death, beheld in retrospective through the magical haze of inherited memory?

### III

The green has utterly vanished;—all is black. There is no road,—only the broad waste of black sand sloping and narrowing up to those dazzling, grinning patches of snow. But there is a track,—a yellowish track made by thousands and thousands of cast-off sandals of straw (*waraji*), flung aside by pilgrims. Straw sandals quickly wear out upon this black grit; and every pilgrim carries several pair for the journey. Had I to make the ascent alone, I could find the path by following that wake of broken sandals,—a yellow streak zigzagging up out of sight across the blackness.

6:40 a. m.—We reach Tarōbō, first of the ten stations on the ascent: height, 6000 feet. The station is a large

wooden house, of which two rooms have been fitted up as a shop for the sale of staves, hats, raincoats, sandals,—everything pilgrims need. I find there a peripatetic photographer offering for sale photographs of the mountain which are really very good as well as very cheap. . . . Here the *gōriki* take their first meal; and I rest. The *kuruma* can go no further; and I dismiss my three runners, but keep the horse,—a docile and surefooted creature; for I can venture to ride him up to *Ni-gō-goséki*, or Station No.  $2\frac{1}{2}$ .

Start for No.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  up the slant of black sand, keeping the horse at a walk. No.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  is shut up for the season . . . Slope now becomes steep as a stairway, and further riding would be dangerous. Alight and make ready for the climb. Cold wind blowing so strongly that I have to tie on my hat tightly. One of the *gōriki* unwinds from about his waist a long stout cotton girdle, and giving me one end to hold, passes the other over his shoulder for the pull. Then he proceeds over the sand at an angle, with a steady short step, and I follow; the other guide keeping closely behind me to provide against any slip.

There is nothing very difficult about this climbing, except the weariness of walking through sand and cinders: it is like walking over dunes. . . . We mount by zigzags. The sand moves with the wind; and I have a slightly nervous sense—the feeling only, not the perception; for I keep my eyes on the sand,—of height growing above depth. . . . Have to watch my steps carefully, and to use my staff constantly, as the slant is now very

steep. . . . We are in a white fog,—passing through clouds! Even if I wished to look back, I could see nothing through this vapor; but I have not the least wish to look back. The wind has suddenly ceased—cut off, perhaps, by a ridge; and there is a silence that I remember from West Indian days: the Peace of High Places. It is broken only by the crunching of the ashes beneath our feet. I can distinctly hear my heart beat. . . . The guide tells me that I stoop too much,—orders me to walk upright, and always in stepping to put down the heel first. I do this, and find it relieving. But climbing through this tiresome mixture of ashes and sand begins to be trying. I am perspiring and panting. The guide bids me keep my honorable mouth closed, and breathe only through my honorable nose.

We are out of the fog again. . . . All at once I perceive above us, at a little distance, something like a square hole in the face of the mountain,—a door! It is the door of the third station,—a wooden hut half-buried in black drift. . . . How delightful to squat again,—even in a blue cloud of wood-smoke and under smoke-blackened rafters! Time, 8:30 a. m. Height, 7085 feet.

In spite of the wood-smoke the station is comfortable enough inside; there are clean mattings and even kneeling-cushions. No windows, of course, nor any other opening than the door; for the building is half-buried in the flank of the mountain. We lunch. . . . The station-keeper tells us that recently a student walked from Gōtemba to the top of the mountain and back again—in geta! Geta are heavy wooden sandals, or clogs, held

to the foot only by a thong passing between the great and the second toe. The feet of that student must have been made of steel!

Having rested, I go out to look around. Far below white clouds are rolling over the landscape in huge fluffy wreaths. Above the hut, and actually trickling down over it, the sable cone soars to the sky. But the amazing sight is the line of the monstrous slope to the left,—a line that now shows no curve whatever, but shoots down below the clouds, and up to the gods only know where (for I cannot see the end of it), straight as a tightened bowstring. The right flank is rocky and broken. But as for the left,—I never dreamed it possible that a line so absolutely straight and smooth, and extending for so enormous a distance at such an amazing angle, could exist even in a volcano. That stupendous pitch gives me a sense of dizziness, and a totally unfamiliar feeling of wonder. Such regularity appears unnatural, frightful; seems even artificial,—but artificial upon a super-human and demoniac scale. I imagine that to fall thence from above would be to fall for leagues. Absolutely nothing to take hold of. But the *goriki* assure me that there is no danger on that slope: it is all soft sand.

#### IV

Though drenched with perspiration by the exertion of the first climb, I am already dry, and cold. . . . Up again. . . . The ascent is at first through ashes and sand as before; but presently large stones begin to mingle with the sand; and the way is always growing steeper. . . . I constantly slip. There is nothing firm, nothing

resisting to stand upon: loose stones and cinders roll down at every step. . . . If a big lava-block were to detach itself from above! . . . In spite of my helpers and of the staff, I continually slip, and am all in perspiration again. Almost every stone that I tread upon turns under me. How is it that no stone ever turns under the feet of the *gōriki*? *They* never slip,—never make a false step,—never seem less at ease than they would be in walking over a matted floor. Their small brown broad feet always poise upon the shingle at exactly the right angle. They are heavier men than I; but they move lightly as birds. . . . Now I have to stop for rest every half-a-dozen steps. . . . The line of broken straw sandals follows the zigzags we take. . . . At last—at last another door in the face of the mountain. Enter the fourth station, and fling myself down upon the mats. Time, 10:30 a. m. Height, only 7937 feet;—yet it seemed such a distance!

Off again. . . . Way worse and worse. . . . Feel a new distress due to the rarefaction of the air. Heart beating as in a high fever. . . . Slope has become very rough. It is no longer soft ashes and sand mixed with stones, but stones only,—fragments of lava, lumps of pumice, scoriæ of every sort, all angled as if freshly broken with a hammer. All would likewise seem to have been expressly shaped so as to turn upside-down when trodden upon. Yet I must confess that they never turn under the feet of the *gōriki* . . . The cast-off sandals strew the slope in ever-increasing numbers. . . . But for the *gōriki* I should have had ever so many bad tumbles: they cannot prevent me from slipping; but

they never allow me to fall. Evidently I am not fitted to climb mountains. . . . Height, 8659 feet—but the fifth station is shut up! Must keep zigzagging on to the next. Wonder how I shall ever be able to reach it! . . . And there are people still alive who have climbed Fuji three and four times, *for pleasure!* . . . Dare not look back. See nothing but the black stones always turning under me, and the bronzed feet of those marvellous gōriki who never slip, never pant, and never perspire. . . . Staff begins to hurt my hand. . . . Gōriki push and pull: it is shameful of me, I know, to give them so much trouble. . . . Ah! sixth station!—may all the myriads of the gods bless my gōriki! Time, 2:07 p. m. Height, 9317 feet.

Resting, I gaze through the doorway at the abyss below. The land is now dimly visible only through rents in a prodigious wilderness of white clouds; and within these rents everything looks almost black. . . . The horizon has risen frightfully,—has expanded monstrously. . . . My gōriki warn me that the summit is still miles away. I have been too slow. We must hasten upward.

Certainly the zigzag is steeper than before. . . . With the stones now mingle angular rocks; and we sometimes have to flank queer black bulks that look like basalt. . . . On the right rises, out of sight, a jagged black hideous ridge,—an ancient lava-stream. The line of the left slope still shoots up, straight as a bow-string. . . . Wonder if the way will become any steeper;—doubt whether it can possibly become any rougher. Rocks dislodged by my feet roll down soundlessly;—I am afraid to look

after them. Their noiseless vanishing gives me a sensation like the sensation of falling in dreams. . . .

There is a white gleam overhead—the lowermost verge of an immense stretch of snow. . . . Now we are skirting a snow-filled gully,—the lowermost of those white patches which, at first sight of the summit this morning, seemed scarcely an inch long. It will take an hour to pass it. . . . A guide runs forward, while I rest upon my staff, and returns with a large ball of snow. What curious snow! Not flaky, soft, white snow, but a mass of transparent globules,—exactly like glass beads. I eat some, and find it deliciously refreshing. . . . The seventh station is closed. How shall I get to the eighth? . . . Happily, breathing has become less difficult. . . . The wind is upon us again, and black dust with it. The gōriki keep close to me, and advance with caution. . . . I have to stop for rest at every turn on the path;—cannot talk for weariness. . . . I do not feel;—I am much too tired to feel. . . . How I managed it, I do not know;—but I have actually got to the eighth station! Not for a thousand millions of dollars will I go one step further to-day. Time, 4:40 p. m. Height, 10,693 feet.

## V

It is much too cold here for rest without winter clothing; and now I learn the worth of the heavy robes provided by the guides. The robes are blue, with big white Chinese characters on the back, and are padded thickly as bedquilts; but they feel light; for the air is really like the frosty breath of February. . . . A meal is pre-

paring;—I notice that charcoal at this elevation acts in a refractory manner, and that a fire can be maintained only by constant attention. . . . Cold and fatigue sharpen appetite: we consume a surprising quantity of *Zō-sui*,—rice boiled with eggs and a little meat. By reason of my fatigue and of the hour, it has been decided to remain here for the night.

Tired as I am, I cannot but limp to the doorway to contemplate the amazing prospect. From within a few feet of the threshold, the ghastly slope of rocks and cinders drops down into a prodigious disk of clouds miles beneath us,—clouds of countless forms, but mostly wreathings and fluffy pilings;—and the whole huddling mass, reaching almost to the horizon, is blinding white under the sun. (By the Japanese, this tremendous cloud-expanses is well named *Wata-no-Umi*, “the Sea of Cotton.”) The horizon itself—enormously risen, phantasmally expanded—seems half-way up above the world: a wide luminous belt ringing the hollow vision. Hollow, I call it, because extreme distances below the sky-line are sky-colored and vague,—so that the impression you receive is not of being on a point under a vault, but of being upon a point rising into a stupendous blue sphere, of which this huge horizon would represent the equatorial zone. To turn away from such a spectacle is not possible. I watch and watch until the dropping sun changes the colors,—turning the Sea of Cotton into a Fleece of Gold. Half-round the horizon a yellow glory grows and burns. Here and there beneath it, through cloud-drifts, colored vaguenesses define: I now see golden water, with long purple headlands reaching into it, with ranges of

violet peaks thronging behind it;—these glimpses curiously resembling portions of a tinted topographical map. Yet most of the landscape is pure delusion. Even my guides, with their long experience and their eagle-sight, can scarcely distinguish the real from the unreal;—for the blue and purple and violet clouds moving under the Golden Fleece, exactly mock the outlines and the tones of distant peaks and capes: you can detect what is vapor only by its slowly shifting shape. . . . Brighter and brighter glows the gold. Shadows come from the west,—shadows flung by cloud-pile over cloud-pile; and these, like evening shadows upon snow, are violaceous blue. . . . Then orange-tones appear in the horizon; then shoulder-ing crimson. And now the greater part of the Fleece of Gold has changed to cotton again,—white cotton mixed with pink. . . . Stars thrill out. The cloud-waste uniformly whitens;—thickening and packing to the horizon. The west glooms. Night rises; and all things darken except that wondrous unbroken world-round of white,—the Sea of Cotton.

The station-keeper lights his lamps, kindles a fire of twigs, prepares our beds. Outside it is bitterly cold, and, with the fall of night, becoming colder. Still I cannot turn away from that astounding vision. . . . Countless stars now flicker and shiver in the blue-black sky. Nothing whatever of the material world remains visible, except the black slope of the peak before my feet. The enormous cloud-disk below continues white; but to all appearance it has become a liquidly level white, without forms,—a white flood. It is no longer the Sea of Cotton. It is a Sea of Milk, the Cosmic Sea of an-

cient Indian legend,—and always self-luminous, as with ghostly quickenings.

## VI

Squatting by the wood fire, I listen to the gōriki and the station-keeper telling of strange happenings on the mountain. One incident discussed I remember reading something about in a Tōkyō paper: I now hear it retold by the lips of a man who figured in it as a hero.

A Japanese meteorologist named Nonaka, attempted last year the rash undertaking of passing the winter on the summit of Fuji for purposes of scientific study. It might not be difficult to winter upon the peak in a solid observatory furnished with a good stove, and all necessary comforts; but Nonaka could afford only a small wooden hut, in which he would be obliged to spend the cold season *without fire!* His young wife insisted on sharing his labors and dangers. The couple began their sojourn on the summit toward the close of September. In midwinter news was brought to Gotemba that both were dying.

Relatives and friends tried to organize a rescue-party. But the weather was frightful; the peak was covered with snow and ice; the chances of death were innumerable; and the gōriki would not risk their lives. Hundreds of dollars could not tempt them. At last a desperate appeal was made to them as representatives of Japanese courage and hardihood: they were assured that to suffer a man of science to perish, without making even one plucky effort to save him, would disgrace the country;—they were told that the national honor was in their hands. This appeal brought forward two volunteers. One was

a man of great strength and daring, nicknamed by his fellow-guides, *Oni-guma*, "the Demon-Bear," the other was the elder of my gōriki. Both believed that they were going to certain destruction. They took leave of their friends and kindred, and drank with their families the farewell cup of water,—*midzu-no-sakazuki*,—in which those about to be separated by death pledge each other. Then, after having thickly wrapped themselves in cotton-wool, and made all possible preparation for ice-climbing, they started,—taking with them a brave army-surgeon who had offered his services, without fee, for the rescue. After surmounting extraordinary difficulties, the party reached the hut; but the inmates refused to open! Nonaka protested that he would rather die than face the shame of failure in his undertaking; and his wife said that she had resolved to die with her husband. Partly by forcible, and partly by gentle means, the pair were restored to a better state of mind. The surgeon administered medicines and cordials; the patients, carefully wrapped up, were strapped to the backs of the guides; and the descent was begun. My gōriki, who carried the lady, believes that the gods helped him on the ice-slopes. More than once, all thought themselves lost; but they reached the foot of the mountain without one serious mishap. After weeks of careful nursing, the rash young couple were pronounced out of danger. The wife suffered less, and recovered more quickly, than the husband.

The gōriki have cautioned me not to venture outside during the night without calling them. They will not tell me why; and their warning is peculiarly uncanny. From previous experiences during Japanese travel, I surmise

that the danger implied is supernatural; but I feel that it would be useless to ask questions.

The door is closed and barred. I lie down between the guides, who are asleep in a moment, as I can tell by their heavy breathing. I cannot sleep immediately;—perhaps the fatigues and the surprises of the day have made me somewhat nervous. I look up at the rafters of the black roof,—at packages of sandals, bundles of wood, bundles of many indistinguishable kinds there stowed away or suspended, and making queer shadows in the lamplight. . . . It is terribly cold, even under my three quilts; and the sound of the wind outside is wonderfully like the sound of great surf,—a constant succession of bursting roars, each followed by a prolonged hiss. The hut, half buried under tons of rock and drift, does not move; but the sand does, and trickles down between the rafters; and the small stones also move after each fierce gust, with a rattling just like the clatter of shingle in the pull of a retreating wave.

4. *a. m.*—Go out alone, despite last evening's warning, but keep close to the door. There is a great and icy blowing. The Sea of Milk is unchanged: it lies far below this wind. Over it the moon is dying. . . . The guides, perceiving my absence, spring up and join me. I am reproved for not having awakened them. They will not let me stay outside alone: so I turn in with them.

Dawn: a zone of pearl grows round the world. The stars vanish; the sky brightens. A wild sky, with dark wrack drifting at an enormous height. The Sea of Milk has turned again into Cotton,—and there are wide rents

in it. The desolation of the black slope,—all the ugliness of slaggy rock and angled stone, again defines. . . . Now the cotton becomes disturbed;—it is breaking up. A yellow glow runs along the east like the glare of a wind-blown fire. . . . Alas! I shall not be among the fortunate mortals able to boast of viewing from Fuji the first lifting of the sun! Heavy clouds have drifted across the horizon at the point where he should rise. . . . Now I know that he has risen; because the upper edges of those purple rags of cloud are burning like charcoal. But I have been so disappointed!

More and more luminous the hollow world. League-wide heapings of cottony cloud roll apart. Fearfully far-away there is a light of gold upon water: the sun here remains viewless, but the ocean sees him. It is not a flicker, but a burnished glow;—at such a distance ripplings are invisible. . . . Further and further scattering, the clouds unveil a vast grey and blue landscape;—hundreds and hundreds of miles throng into vision at once. On the right I distinguish Tōkyō bay, and Kamakura, and the holy island of Enoshima (no bigger than the dot over this letter “i”);—on the left the wilder Suruga coast, and the blue-toothed promontory of Idzu, and the place of the fishing-village where I have been summering,—the merest pin-point in that tinted dream of hill and shore. Rivers appear but as sun-gleams on spider-threads;—fishing-sails are white dust clinging to the grey-blue glass of the sea. And the picture alternately appears and vanishes while the clouds drift and shift across it, and shape themselves into spectral islands and mountains and valleys of all Elysian colors. . . .

## VII

6:40 a. m.—Start for the top. . . . Hardest and roughest stage of the journey, through a wilderness of lava-blocks. The path zigzags between ugly masses that project from the slope like black teeth. The trail of cast-away sandals is wider than ever. . . . Have to rest every few minutes. . . . Reach another long patch of the snow that looks like glass-beads, and eat some. The next station—a half-station—is closed; and the ninth has ceased to exist. . . . A sudden fear comes to me, not of the ascent, but of the prospective descent by a route which is too steep even to permit of comfortably sitting down. But the guides assure me that there will be no difficulty, and that most of the return-journey will be by another way,—over the interminable level which I wondered at yesterday,—nearly all soft sand, with very few stones. It is called the *bashiri* (“glissade”); and we are to descend at a run! . . .

All at once a family of field-mice scatter out from under my feet in panic; and the gōriki behind me catches one, and gives it to me. I hold the tiny shivering life for a moment to examine it, and set it free again. These little creatures have very long pale noses. How do they live in this waterless desolation,—and at such an altitude,—especially in the season of snow? For we are now at a height of more than eleven thousand feet! The gōriki say that the mice find roots growing under the stones. . . .

Wilder and steeper;—for me, at least, the climbing is sometimes on all fours. There are barriers which we sur-

mount with the help of ladders. There are fearful places with Buddhist names, such as the *Sai-no-Kawara*, or Dry Bed of the River of Souls,—a black waste strewn with heaps of rock, like those stone-piles which, in Buddhist pictures of the underworld, the ghosts of children build. . . .

Twelve thousand feet, and something,—the top! Time, 8:20 a. m. . . . Stone huts; Shintō shrine with tōrii; icy well, called the Spring of Gold; stone tablet bearing a Chinese poem and the design of a tiger; rough walls of lava-blocks round these things,—possibly for protection against the wind. Then the huge dead crater,—probably between a quarter of a mile and half-a-mile wide, but shallowed up to within three or four hundred feet of the verge by volcanic detritus,—a cavity horrible even in the tones of its yellow crumbling walls, streaked and stained with every hue of scorching. I perceive that the trail of straw sandals ends *in* the crater. Some hideous overhanging cusps of black lava—like the broken edges of a monstrous cicatrix—project on two sides several hundred feet above the opening; but I certainly shall not take the trouble to climb them. Yet these,—seen through the haze of a hundred miles,—through the soft illusion of blue spring-weather,—appear as the opening snowy petals of the bud of the Sacred Lotos! . . . No spot in this world can be more horrible, more atrociously dismal, than the cindered tip of the Lotos as you stand upon it.

But the view—the view for a hundred leagues,—and the light of the far faint dreamy world,—and the fairy vapors of morning,—and the marvellous wreathings of cloud: all this, and only this, consoles me for the labor

and the pain. . . . Other pilgrims, earlier climbers,—poised upon the highest crag, with faces turned to the tremendous East,—are clapping their hands in Shintō prayer, saluting the mighty Day. . . . The immense poetry of the moment enters into me with a thrill. I know that the colossal vision before me has already become a memory ineffaceable,—a memory of which no luminous detail can fade till the hour when thought itself must fade, and the dust of these eyes be mingled with the dust of the myriad million eyes that also have looked, in ages forgotten before my birth, from the summit supreme of Fuji to the Rising of the Sun.

## THE GAME\*

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

### I

OFTEN I think how monotonous life must be to Jerome D. Travers or Francis Ouimet,—compared, that is, with what life can offer to a player of my quality. When Travers drives off, it is a question whether the ball will go 245 yards or 260 yards; and a difference of fifteen yards is obviously nothing to thrill over. Whereas, when I send the ball from the tee the possible range of variation is always 100 yards, running from 155 down to 55; provided, that is, that the ball starts at all. To me there is always a freshness of surprise in having the club meet the ball, which Travers, I dare say, has not experienced in the last dozen years.

With him, of course, it is not sport, but mathematics. A wooden club will give one result, an iron another. The sensation of getting greater distance with a putting iron than with a brassie is something Ouimet can hardly look forward to. Always mathematics, with this kind of swing laying the ball fifteen feet on the farther side of the hole, and that kind of chop laying it ten feet on the nearer side. I have frequently thought that playing off the finals for the golf championship is a waste of time. All that is necessary is to call in Professor Münsterberg

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and have him test Travers's blood-pressure and reaction index on the morning of the game, and then take "Chick" Evans's blood-pressure and reaction index. The referee would then award the game to Travers or to Evans by 2 up and 1 to play, or whatever score Professor Münsterberg's figures would indicate.

The true zest of play is for the duffer. When he swings club or racket he can never tell what miracles of accomplishment or negation it will perform. That is not an inanimate instrument he holds in his hands, but a living companion, a totem comrade whom he is impelled to propitiate, as Hiawatha crooned to his arrow before letting it fly from the string. And that is why duffers are peculiarly qualified to write about games, or for that matter, about everything,—literature, music, or art,—as they have always done. To be sufficiently inexpert in anything is to be filled with corresponding awe at the hidden soul in that thing. To be sufficiently removed from perfection is to worship it. Poets, for example, are preëminently the interpreters of life because they make such an awful mess of the practice of living. And for the same reason poets always retain the zest of life—because the poet never knows whether his next shot will land him on the green or in the sandpit, in Heaven or in the gutter. The reader will now be aware that in describing my status as a golfer I am not making a suicidal confession. On the contrary, I am presenting my credentials.

## II

A great many people have been searching during ever so many years for the religion of democracy. I believe I

have found it. That is, not a religion, if by it you mean a system completely equipped with creed, formularies, organization, home and foreign missions, schisms, an empty-church problem, an underpaid-minister's problem, a Socialist and I. W. W. problem, and the like; although, if I had the time to pursue my researches, I might find a parallel to many of these things. What I have in mind is a great democratic rite, a ceremonial which is solemnized on six days in the week during six months in the year by large masses of men with such unfailing regularity and such unquestioning good faith that I cannot help thinking of it as essentially a religious performance.

It is a simple ceremonial, but impressive, like all manifestations of the soul of a multitude. I need only close my eyes to call up the picture vividly: It is a day of brilliant sunshine and a great crowd of men is seated in the open air, a crowd made up of all conditions, ages, races, temperaments, and states of mind. The crowd has sat there an hour or more, while the afternoon sun has slanted deeper into the west and the shadows have crept across greensward and hard-baked clay to the eastern horizon. Then, almost with a single motion,—the time may be somewhere between four-thirty and five o'clock,—this multitude of divers minds and tempers rises to its feet and stands silent, while one might count twenty perhaps. Nothing is said; no high priest intones prayer for this vast congregation; nevertheless the impulse of ten thousand hearts is obviously focused into a single desire. When you have counted twenty the crowd sinks back to the benches. A half minute at most and the rite is over.

I am speaking, of course, of the second half of the seventh inning, when the home team comes to bat. The precise nature of this religious half minute depends on the score. If the home team holds a safe lead of three or four runs; if the home pitcher continues to show everything, and the infield gives no sign of cracking, and the outfield isn't bothered by the sun, then I always imagine a fervent Te Deum arising from that inarticulate multitude, and the peace of a great contentment falling over men's spirits as they settle back in their seats. If the game is in the balance you must imagine the concentration of ten thousand wills on the spirit of the nine athletes in the field, ten thousand wills telepathically pouring their energies into the powerful arm of the man in the box, into the quick eye of the man on first base, and the sense of justice of the umpire.

But if the outlook for victory is gloomy, the rite does not end with the silent prayer I have described. As the crowd subsides to the benches there arises a chant which I presume harks back to the primitive litanies of the Congo forests. Voices intone unkind words addressed to the players on the other team. Ten thousand voices chanting in unison for victory, twenty thousand feet stamping confusion to the opposing pitcher—if this is not worship of the most fundamental sort, because of the most primitive sort, then what is religion?

Consider the mere number of participants in this national rite of the seventh inning. I have said a multitude of ten thousand. But if the day be Saturday and the place of worship one of the big cities of either of the major leagues, the crowd may easily be twice as large. And all over the country at almost the same moment,

exultant or hopeful or despairing multitudes are rising to their feet. Multiply this number of worshipers by six days—or by seven days if you are west of the Alleghanies, where Sunday baseball has somehow been reconciled with a still vigorous Puritanism—and it is apparent that a continuous wave of spiritual ardor sweeps over this continent between three-thirty and six p. m. from the middle of April to the middle of October. We can only guess at the total number of worshipers. The three major leagues will account for five millions. Add the minor leagues and the state leagues and the interurban contests—and the total of seventh-inning communicants grows overwhelming. Take the twenty-five million males of voting age in this country, assume one visit per head to a baseball park in the season, and the result is dazzling.

It is easier to estimate the number of worshipers than the intensity of the mood. I have no gauge for measuring the spiritual fervor which exhales on the baseball stadiums of the country from mid-April to mid-October, growing in ardor with the procession of the months, until it attains a climax of orgiastic frenzy in the World's Series. Foreigners are in the habit of calling this an unspiritual nation. But what nation so frequently tastes—or for that matter has ever tasted—the emotional experience of the score tied in the ninth inning with the bases full? Foreigners call us an unspiritual people because they do not know the meaning of a double-header late in September—a double-header with two seventh innings.

I began by renouncing any claim to the discovery of a complete religion of democracy. But the temptation to point out parallels is irresistible. If Dr. Frazer had

not finished with his *Golden Bough*,—or if he is thinking of a supplementary volume,—I can see how easily the raw material of the sporting columns would shape itself to religious forces and systems in his hands. If religious ceremonial has its origin in the play instinct of man, why go back to remote origins like the Australian corroboree and neglect Ty Cobb stealing second? If religion has its origin in primitive man's worship of the eternal rebirth of earth's fructifying powers with the advent of spring, how can we neglect the vivid stirring in the hearts of millions that marks the departure of the teams for spring training in Texas?

If I were a trained professional sociologist instead of a mere spectator at the Polo Grounds, it seems to me that I should have little trouble in tracing the history of the game several thousand years back of its commonly accepted origin somewhere about 1830. I could easily trace back the catcher's mask to the mask worn by the medicine-man among the Swahili of the West Coast. The three bases and home-plate would easily be the points of the compass, going straight back to the sun myth. Murray pulling down a fly in left field would hark back straight to Zoroaster and the sun-worshipers. Millions of primitive hunters must have anointed, and prayed to, their weapons before Jeff Tesreau addressed his invocation to the spit ball; and when Mathewson winds himself up for delivering the ball, he is not far removed from the sacred warrior dancer of Polynesia. If only I were a sociologist!

An ideal faith, this religion of baseball, the more you examine it. See, for instance, how it satisfies the prime requirement of a true faith that it shall ever be present

in the hearts of the faithful; practiced not once a week on Sunday, but six times a week—and in the West seven times a week; professed not only in the appointed place of worship, but in the Subway before the game, and in the Subway after the game, and in the offices and shops and factories on rainy days. If a true religion is that for which a man will give up wife and children and forget the call of meat and drink, what shall we say of baseball? If a true religion is not dependent on æsthetic trappings, but voices itself under the open sky and among the furniture of common life, this is again the true religion. The stadium lies open to the sun, the rain, and the wind. The mystic sense is not stimulated by Gothic roof-traceries and the dimmed light of stained-glass windows. The congregation rises from wooden benches on a concrete flooring; it stands in the full light of a summer afternoon and lets its eyes rest on walls of bill-boards reminiscent of familiar things,—linen collars, table-waters, tobacco, safety-razors. Surely we have here a clear, dry, real religion of the kind that Bernard Shaw would approve.

I have said quite enough on this point. Otherwise I should take time to show how this national faith has created its own architecture, as all great religions have done. Our national contribution to the building arts has so far been confined to two forms—the skyscraper and the baseball stadium, corresponding precisely to the two great religions of business and of play. I know that the Greeks and Romans had amphitheaters, and that the word stadium is not of native origin. But between the Coliseum and the baseball park there is all the difference that lies between imperialism and democracy. The an-

cient amphitheaters were built as much for monuments as for playgrounds. Consequently they were impressed with an æsthetic character which is totally repugnant to our idea of a baseball park.

There is no spiritual resemblance between Vespasian's amphitheater with its stone and marble, its galleries and imperial tribunes, its purple canvases stretched out against the sun—and our own Polo Grounds. Iron girders, green wooden benches, and a back fence frescoed with safety-razors and ready-made clothing—what more would a modern man have? The ancient amphitheaters were built for slaves who had to be flattered and amused by pretty things. The baseball park is for freemen who pay for their pleasures and can afford the ugliest that money can buy.

### III

The art of keeping my eye on the ball is something I no longer have hope of mastering. If I fail to watch the ball it is because I am continually watching faces about me. The same habit pursues me on the street and in all public places—usually with unpleasant consequences, though now and then I have the reward of catching the reflection of a great event or a tense moment in the face of the man next to me. Then, indeed, I am repaid; but it is a procedure fatal to the scientific pursuit of baseball. While I am hunting in the face of the man next to me for the reflection of Doyle's stinging single between first and second base, I hear a roar and turn to find that something dramatic has happened at third, and a stout young man in a green hat behind me says that the run-

ner was out by a yard and should be benched for trying to spike the man on the bag.

The eagle vision of the stout young man behind me always fills me with amazement and envy. I concede his superior knowledge of the game. He knows every man on the field by his walk. He recalls under what circumstances the identical play was pulled off three years ago in Philadelphia. He knows beforehand just at what moment Mr. McGraw will take his left fielder out of the game and send in a "pinch hitter." Long years of steady application will no doubt supply this kind of post-graduate expertise. But when it is a question not of theory but of a simple, concrete play which I did happen to be watching carefully, how is it that the man behind me can see that the runner was out by a yard and had nearly spiked the man on the bag, whereas all I can see is a tangle of legs and arms and a cloud of dust? My eyesight is normal; how does my neighbor manage to see all that he does as quickly as he does?

The answer is that he does not see. When he declares that the runner was out by a yard, and I turn around and regard him with envy, it is a comfort to have the umpire decide that the runner was safe after all. It is a comfort to hear the man behind me say that the ball cut the plate squarely, and to have the umpire call it a ball. It shakes my faith somewhat in human nature, but it strengthens my self-confidence. Yet it fails to shake the self-confidence of the man behind me. When I turn about to see his crestfallen face, I find him chewing peanut-brittle in a state of supreme calm, and as I stare at him, fascinated by such peace of mind in the face of discomfiture, I hear a yell and turn to find the third

baseman and all the outfield congregated near the left bleachers. I have made a psychological observation, but have missed the beginning of a double play.

My chagrin is temporary. As the game goes on my self-confidence grows enormously. I am awakening to the fact that the man behind me knows as little about the game as I do. When the pitcher of the visiting team delivered the first ball of the first inning, the man behind me remarked that the pitcher didn't have anything. My neighbor could tell by the pitcher's arm action that he was stale, and he recalled that the pitcher in question never did last more than half a game. This declaration of absolute belief did not stand in the way of a contradictory remark, made some time in the fifth inning, with our team held so far to two scratch hits. The stout young man behind me then said that the visiting pitcher was a wonder, that he had everything, that he would keep on fanning them till the cows came home, and that he was, in fact, the best southpaw in both leagues, having once struck out eight men in an eleven-inning game at Boston.

When a man gives vent to such obviously irreconcilable statements in less than five innings, it is inevitable that I should turn in my seat to get a square look at him. But I still find him calm and eating peanut-brittle; and as I stare at him and try to classify him, the man at the bat does something which brings half the crowd to its feet. By dint of much inquiry I discover that he has rolled a slow grounder to third and has made his base on it. Decidedly, psychology and baseball will not mix.

I suppose the stout young man behind me is a Fan,—provided there is really such a type. My own belief is that the Fan, as the baseball writers and cartoonists have

depicted him, is a very rare thing. To the extent that he does exist he is the creation, not of the baseball diamond, but of the sporting writer and the comic artist. The Fan models himself consciously upon the type set before him in his favorite newspaper. It is once more a case of nature imitating art. If Mr. Gibson, many years ago, had not drawn a picture of fat men in shirt-sleeves, perspiring freely and waving straw hats, the newspaper artist would not have imitated Mr. Gibson, and the baseball audience would not have imitated the newspapers. It is true that I have seen baseball crowds in frenzy; but these have been isolated moments of high tension when all of us have been brought to our feet with loud explosions of joy or agony. But the perspiring, ululant Fan in shirt-sleeves, ceaselessly waving his straw hat, uttering imprecations on the enemy, his enthusiasm obviously aroused by stimulants preceding his arrival at the baseball park, is far from being representative of the baseball crowd.

The spirit of the audience is best expressed in quite a different sort of person. He is always to be seen at the Polo Grounds, and when I think of baseball audiences it is he who rises before me, to the exclusion of his fat, perspiring brother with the straw hat. He is young, tall, slender, wears blue serge, and even on very cool days in the early spring he goes without an overcoat. He sits out the game with folded arms, very erect, thin-lipped, and with the break of a smile around the eyes. He is usually alone, and has little to say. He is not a snob; he will respond to his neighbor's comments in moments of exceptional emotional stress, but he does not wear his heart on his sleeve.

I imagine him sitting, in very much the same attitude, in college lecture-rooms, or taking instructions from the head of the office. Complete absorption under complete control—he fascinates me. While the stout young man behind me chatters on for his own gratification, forgetting one moment what he said the moment before,—an empty-headed young man with a tendency to profanity as the game goes on,—this other trim young figure in blue serge, with folded arms, sits immobile, watching, watching with a calm that must come out of real knowledge and experience, enjoying the thing immensely, but giving no other sign than a sharper glint of the eye, a slight opening of the lips. In a moment of crisis, being only human, he rises with the rest of us, but deliberately, to follow the course of a high fly down the foul line far toward the bleachers. When the ball is caught he smiles and sits down and folds his arms. I envy him his capacity for drinking in enjoyment without display. This is the kind of Fan I should like to be.

## IV

Does my thin-lipped friend in blue serge read the sporting-page? I wonder. My own opinion is that he does not, except to glance through the box-score. It is for the other man, I imagine, the stout young man behind me who detected from the first ball thrown that the pitcher's arm was no good, and who later identified him as the best southpaw in the two leagues, that the sporting page with its humor, its philosophy, its art, and its poetry, is edited. The sporting page has long ceased to be a mere chronicle of sport and has become an encyclopædia, an anthology, a five-foot book-shelf, a little

university in itself. The life mirrored in the pictures on the sporting page is not restricted to the prize-ring and the diamond, though the language of the prize-ring and the baseball field is its vernacular. The art of the sporting page has expanded beyond the narrow field of play to life itself, viewed as play.

The line of development is plain: from pictures of the Fan at the game the advance has been to pictures of the Fan at home, and so on to his wife and his young, and his *Weltanschauung*, until now the artist frequently casts aside all pretense of painting sport and draws pictures of humanity. The sporting cartoon has become a social chronicle. It is still found on the sporting page; partly, I suppose, because it originated there, partly because there is no other place in the paper where it can get so wide an audience. It entraps the man in the street who comes to read baseball and remains to study contemporary life—in violent, exaggerated form, but life none the less.

Even poetry. Sporting columns to-day run heavily to verse. Here, as well as in the pictures, there has been an evolution. From the mere rhymed chronicle of what happened to Christy Mathewson we have passed on to generalized reflections on life, expressed, of course, in terms of the game. Kipling has been the great model. His lilt and his “punch” are so admirably adapted to the theme and the audience. How many thousand parodies of “Danny Deever” and “The Vampire” have the sporting editors printed? I should hesitate to say. But Kipling and his younger imitators, with Henley’s “Invictus” and “When I was a King in Babylon,” and the late Langdon Smith’s “Evolution”: “When I was a Tadpole and You were a Fish”—have become the patterns for a

vast popular poetry which deals in the main with the red-blooded virtues,—grit, good humor, and clean hitting,—but which drops with surprising frequency for an optimist race into the mood of Ecclesiastes:—

Demon of Slow and of Fast Ones,  
Monarch of Moisture and Smoke,  
Who made Wagner swing at Anyoldthing,  
And Baker look like a Joke.

And the writer goes on to remind the former king of the boxmen that sooner or later “Old Pop” Tempus asks for waivers on the best of us, and that Matty and Johnson must in due time make way for

Youngsters with pep from the Texas Steppe—  
The Minors wait for us all.

Yes, you prince of batsmen, who amidst the bleachers’ roar,

Strolled to the plate with your T. Cobb gait,  
Hitting .364—

alas, Old Pop Tempus has had his way with you, too:—

Your Average now is Rancid  
And the Pellet you used to maul  
In Nineteen O Two has the Sign on you—  
The Minors wait for us all.

Not that it matters, of course. The point is to keep on smiling and unafraid in Bushville as under the Main Tent, always doing one’s best.

To swing at the Pill with right good will,  
Hitting .164.

This is evidently something more than a sporting page. This is a cosmology.

## V

Will those gentlemen who are in the habit of sneering at professional baseball kindly explain why it is precisely the professional game which has inspired the newspaper poets? Personally I like professional baseball, and for the very reasons why so many persons profess to dislike it. The game is played for money by men who play all the time. They would rather win than lose, but they are not devoured by the passion for victory. They will play with equal zest for Chicago to-day and for Boston to-morrow. But when you say all this you are really asserting what I have discovered to be a fact,—unless Mr. G. K. Chesterton has discovered it before me,—that only in professional sport does the true amateur spirit survive.

By the amateur spirit I mean the spirit which places the game above the victory; which takes joy, though it may be a subdued joy, in the perfect coördination of mind and muscle and nerve; which plays to win because victory is the best available test of ability, but which is all the time aware that life has other interests than the standing of the clubs and the Golf Committee's official handicap. I contend that the man who plays to live is a better amateur than the man who lives to play. I am not thinking now of the actual amount of time one gives to the game, though even then it might be shown that Mr. Walter J. Travis devotes more hours to golf than Mr. Mathewson devotes to baseball. I am thinking rather of the adjustment of the game to the general scheme of life. It seems to be pretty well established that when your ordinary amateur takes up golf he deteriorates as a citizen, a husband and father; but I cannot

imagine Mr. Walter Johnson neglecting his family in his passion for baseball. As between the two, where do you find the true amateur spirit?

I insist. Professional baseball lacks the picturesque and stimulating accessories of an intercollegiate game—the age-old rivalries, the mustering of the classes, the colors, the pretty women, the cheering carried on by young leaders to the verge of apoplexy. But after all, why this *Saturnalia* of pumped-up emotion over the winning of a game? The winning, it will be observed, and not the playing. Compared with such an exhibition of the lust for victory, a professional game, with its emphasis on the performance and not on the result, comes much nearer to the true heart of the play instinct. An old topic this, and a perilous one. Before I know it I shall be advocating the obsolete standards of English sport, which would naturally appeal to a duffer. Well, I will take the consequences and boldly assert that there is such a thing as playing too keenly,—even when playing with perfect fairness,—such a thing as bucking the line too hard.

It is distortion of life values. After all, there are things worth breaking your heart to achieve and others that are not worth while. Francis Ouimet's victory over Vardon and Ray is something we are justly proud of; not so much as a display of golf, but as a display of our unrivaled capacity for rallying all the forces of one's being to the needs of the moment; for its display of that grit and nerve on which our civilization has been built so largely. Only observe, Ouimet's victory was magnificent, but it was not play. It was fought in the fierce spirit of the struggle for existence which it is the purpose of play to make us forget. It was Homeric, but who wants base-

ball or tennis or golf to be Homeric? Herbert Spencer was not merely petulant when he said that to play billiards perfectly argued a misspent life. He stated a profound truth. To play as Ouimet did against Vardon and Ray argues a distortion of the values of life. What shall it profit us if we win games and lose our sense of the proportion of things? It is immoral.

I think Maurice McLoughlin's hurricane service is immoral. I confess that when McLoughlin soars up from the base line like a combination Mercury and Thor, and pours the entire strength of his lithe, magnificent body through the racket into the ball, it is as beautiful a sight as any of the Greek sculptors have left us. But I cannot share the crowd's delight when McLoughlin's opponent stands helpless before that hurtling, twisting missile of fate. What satisfaction is there in developing a tennis service which nobody can return? The natural advantage which the rules of the game confer on the server ceases to be an advantage and becomes merely a triumph of machinery, even if it is human machinery. A game of tennis which is won on aces is opposed to the very spirit of play. As a matter of fact, the crowd admits this when it applauds a sharp rally over the net, for then it is rejoicing in play, whereas applause for an ace is simply joy in winning. I repeat: McLoughlin making one of his magnificent kills on the return is play; McLoughlin shooting his unreturnable service from the back line is merely a scientific engineer—and nothing is more immoral than scientific management, especially when applied to anything really worth while in life. Incidentally, a change in the rules of tennis seems unavoidable. The ball, instead of being handed over to McLoughlin for

sure destruction, will have to be thrown into the court by the umpire, as in polo.

## VI

You will now see why I am so much drawn to the slender young man in blue serge who sits with folded arms and only smiles when Mr. Doyle is caught napping on first. It is because I am convinced that he sees the game as it ought to be seen,—with an intense sympathy and understanding, but, after all, with a sense of humor which recognizes that a great world lies outside the Polo Grounds. You would not think that such a world existed from the way in which the stout young man behind me has been carrying on. It will be recalled that he began by instantly discovering that the visiting pitcher's arm was no good. This discovery he had modified by the end of the fourth inning to the extent that the visiting pitcher now had everything. At the beginning of the ninth inning this revised opinion still held good. The score was 2 to 0 against the home team, and the stout young man got up in disgust, remarking that he had no use for a bunch of cripples who presumed to go up against a real team.

But he did not go home. He hovered in the aisle, and when the home team, in the second half of the ninth, bunched four hits and won the game, the stout young man hurled himself down the aisle and out upon the field, shrieking madly. But the thin young man in blue serge got to his feet, smiled, made some observation to his neighbor in an undertone, which I failed to catch, and walked away.

## WOMAN ENTHRONED.\*

By AGNES REPLIER

THE Michigan magistrate who gave orders that a stalwart male angel presiding over the gateway of a cemetery should be recast in feminine mould may have been an erring theologian and a doubtful art-critic; but that he was a sound-hearted American no one can deny. He was not thinking of Azrael the mighty who had garnered that little harvest of death; or of Michael, great leader of the "fighting seraphim," whose blade

"smote and felled  
Squadrons at once";

or of Gabriel the messenger. Holy Writ was as remote from his mental vision as was *Paradise Lost*. He was thinking very properly of the "angel in the house," and this feminine ideal was affronted by the robust outlines, no less than by the robust virtues, associated with the heavenly host. Cowley's soothing compromise, which was designed as a compliment to a lady, and which, instead of unsexing angels, endowed them with a double line of potencies,—

"They are than Man more strong, and more than  
Woman sweet,"—

is not easily expressed in art. The very gallant Michi-

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gan gentleman simplified the situation by eliminating the masculine element. He registered his profession of faith in the perfectibility of women.

It is awkward to be relegated to the angelic class, and to feel that one does not fit. Intelligent feminists sometimes say that chivalry—that inextinguishable point of view which has for centuries survived its own death-notices—is more disheartening than contempt. Chivalry is essentially protective. It is rooted in the consciousness of superior strength. It is expansively generous and scrimpingly just. It will not assure to women a fair field and no favours, which is the salvation of all humanity; but it will protect them from the consequences of their own deeds, and that way lies perdition.

Down through the ages we see the working of this will. Rome denied to women all civic rights, but allowed them many privileges. They were not permitted to make any legal contract. They were not permitted to bequeath their own fortunes, or—ordinarily—to give testimony in court. But they might plead ignorance of the law, “as a ground for dissolving an obligation,” which, if often convenient, was always demoralizing. Being somewhat contemptuously absolved from the oath of allegiance in the Middle Ages, they were as a consequence immune from outlawry. On the other hand, the severity with which they were punished for certain crimes which were presumed to come easy to them—poisoning, husband-murder, witchcraft (King Jamie was not the only wise-acre who marvelled that there should be twenty witches to one warlock)—is evidence of fear on the legislators’ part. The oldest laws, the oldest axioms which antedate all laws, betray this uneasy sense of insecurity. “Day

and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence," says Manu, the Hindu Noah, who took no female with him in his miraculously preserved boat, but was content with his own safety, and trusted the continuance of the race to the care and ingenuity of the gods.

In our day, and in our country, women gained their rights (I use the word "rights" advisedly, because, though its definition be disputed, every one knows what it implies) after a prolonged, but not embittered struggle. Certain States moved so slowly that they were overtaken by a Federal Amendment. Even with the franchise to back them, American women have a hard time making their way in the professions, though a great deal of courtesy is shown them by professional men. They have a hard time making their way in trades, where the unions block their progress. They have a very small share of political patronage, and few good positions on the civil lists. Whether the best interests of the country will be advanced or retarded by a complete recognition of their claims—which implies giving them an even chance with men—is a point on which no one can speak with authority. The absence of data leaves room only for surmise. Women are striving to gain this "even chance" for their own sakes, which is lawful and reasonable. Their public utterances, it is true, dwell pointedly on the regeneration of the world. This also is lawful and reasonable. Public utterances have *always* dwelt on the regeneration of the world, since the apple was eaten and Paradise closed its gates.

Meanwhile American chivalry, a strong article and equal to anything Europe ever produced, clings passion-

ately and persistently to its inward vision. Ellen Key speaks casually of "the vices which men call woman's nature." If Swedish gentlemen permit themselves this form of speech, it finds no echo in our loyal land. Two things an American hates to do,—hold a woman accountable for her misdeeds, and punish her accordingly. When Governor Craig of North Carolina set aside the death-sentence which had been passed upon a murderer, and committed her to prison for life, he gave to the public this plain and comprehensive statement: "There is no escape from the conclusion that Ida Bell Warren is guilty of murder, deliberate and premeditated. Germany executed the woman spy; England did not. The action of the military Governor of Belgium was condemned by the conscience of the world. The killing of this woman would send a shiver through North Carolina."

Apart from the fact that Edith Cavell was not a spy, and that her offence was one which has seldom in the world's history been so cruelly punished, Governor Craig's words deserve attention. He explicitly exempted a woman, because she was a woman, from the penalty which would have been incurred by a man. Incidentally he was compelled to commute the death-sentence of her confederate, as it was hardly possible to send the murderous wife to prison, and her murderous accomplice to the chair. That the execution of Mrs. Warren would have sent a "shiver" through North Carolina is doubtless true. The Governor had received countless letters and telegrams protesting against the infliction of the death-penalty on a woman.

One of the reasons which has been urged for the total abolition of this penalty is the reluctance of juries to

convict women of crimes punishable by death. The number of wives who murder their husbands, and of girls who murder their lovers, is a menace to society. Our sympathetic tolerance of these *crimes passionnés*, the sensational scenes in court, and the prompt acquittals which follow, are a menace to law and justice. Better that their perpetrators should be sent to prison, and suffer a few years of corrective discipline, until soft-hearted sentimentalists circulate petitions, and secure their pardon and release.

The right to be judged as men are judged is perhaps the only form of equality which feminists fail to demand. Their attitude to their own *errata* is well expressed in the solemn warning addressed by Mr. Louis Untermeyer's *Eve to the Almighty*,

"Pause, God, and ponder, ere Thou judgest me!"

The right to be punished is not, and has never been, a popular prerogative with either sex. There was, indeed, a London baker who was sentenced in the year 1816 to be whipped and imprisoned for vagabondage. He served his term; but, whether from clemency or from oversight, the whipping was never administered. When released, he promptly brought action against the prison authorities because he had not been whipped, "according to the statute," and he won his case. Whether or not the whipping went with the verdict is not stated; but it was a curious joke to play with the grim realities of British law.

American women are no such sticklers for a code. They acquiesce in their frequent immunity from punishment, and are correspondingly, and very naturally, indignant

when they find themselves no longer immune. There was a pathetic ring in the explanation offered some years ago by Mayor Harrison of Chicago, whose policemen were accused of brutality to female strikers and pickets. "When the women do anything in violation of the law," said the Mayor to a delegation of citizens, "the police arrest them. And then, instead of going along quietly as men prisoners would, the women sit down on the side-walks. What else can the policemen do but lift them up?"

If men "go along quietly," it is because custom, not choice, has bowed their necks to the yoke of order and equity. They break the law without being prepared to defy it. The lawlessness of women may be due as much to their long exclusion from citizenship,

"Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,"

as to the lenity shown them by men,—a lenity which they stand ever ready to abuse. We have only to imagine what would have happened to a group of men who had chosen to air a grievance by picketing the White House, the speed with which they would have been arrested, fined, dispersed, and forgotten, to realize the nature of the tolerance granted to women. For months these female pickets were unmolested. Money was subscribed to purchase for them umbrellas and overshoes. The President, whom they were affronting, sent them out coffee on cold mornings. It was only when their utterances became treasonable, when they undertook to assure our Russian visitors that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Root were deceiving Russia, and to entreat these puzzled foreigners to help them free our nation, that their sport was sup-

pressed, and they became liable to arrest and imprisonment.

Much censure was passed upon the unreasonable violence of these women. The great body of American suffragists repudiated their action, and the anti-suffragists used them to point stern morals and adorn vivacious tales. But was it quite fair to permit them in the beginning a liberty which would not have been accorded to men, and which led inevitably to licence? Were they not treated as parents sometimes treat children, allowing them to use bad language because, "if you pay no attention to them, they will stop it of their own accord"; and then, when they do not stop it, punishing them for misbehaving before company? When a sympathetic gentleman wrote to a not very sympathetic paper to say that the second Liberty Loan would be more popular if Washington would "call off the dogs of war on women," he turned a flashlight upon the fathomless gulf with which sentimentalism has divided the sexes. No one dreams of calling policemen and magistrates "dogs of war" because they arrest and punish men for disturbing the peace. If men claim the privileges of citizenship, they are permitted to suffer its penalties.

A few years before the war, a rage for compiling useless statistics swept over Europe and the United States. When it was at its height, some active minds bethought them that children might be made to bear their part in the guidance of the human race. Accordingly a series of questions—some sensible and some foolish—were put to English, German, and American school-children, and their enlightening answers were given to the world. One of these questions read: "Would you rather be a man or

a woman, and why?" Naturally this query was of concern only to little girls. No sane educator would ask it of a boy. German pedagogues struck it off the list. They said that to ask a child, "Would you rather be something you must be, or something you cannot possibly be?" was both foolish and useless. Interrogations concerning choice were of value only when the will was a determining factor.

No such logical inference chilled the examiners' zeal in this inquisitive land. The question was asked and was answered. We discovered, as a result, that a great many little American girls (a minority, to be sure, but a respectable minority) were well content with their sex; not because it had its duties and dignities, its pleasures and exemptions; but because they plainly considered that they were superior to little American boys, and were destined, when grown up, to be superior to American men. One small New England maiden wrote that she would rather be a woman because "Women are always better than men in morals." Another, because "Women are of more use in the world." A third, because "Women learn things quicker than men, and have more intelligence." And so on through varying degrees of self-sufficiency.

These little girls, who had no need to echo the Scotchman's prayer, "Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' ourselves!" were old maids in the making. They had stamped upon them in their tender childhood the hall-mark of the American spinster. "The most ordinary cause of a single life," says Bacon, "is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds." But it is reserved for the American woman to remain unmarried because she

feels herself too valuable to be entrusted to a husband's keeping. Would it be possible in any country save our own for a lady to write to a periodical, explaining "Why I am an Old Maid," and be paid coin of the realm for the explanation? Would it be possible in any other country to hear such a question as "Should the Gifted Woman Marry?" seriously asked, and seriously answered? Would it be possible for any sane and thoughtful woman who was not an American to consider even the remote possibility of our spinsters becoming a detached class, who shall form "the intellectual and economic *élite* of the sex, leaving marriage and maternity to the less developed woman"? What has become of the belief, as old as civilization, that marriage and maternity are developing processes, forcing into flower a woman's latent faculties; and that the less-developed woman is inevitably the woman who has escaped this keen and powerful stimulus? "Never," said Edmond de Goncourt, "has a virgin, young or old, produced a work of art." One makes allowance for the Latin point of view. And it is possible that M. de Goncourt never read "Emma."

There is a formidable lack of humour in the somewhat contemptuous attitude of women, whose capabilities have not yet been tested, toward men who stand responsible for the failures of the world. It denotes, at home and abroad, a density not far removed from dullness. In Mr. St. John Ervine's depressing little drama, "Mixed Marriage," which the Dublin actors played in New York some years ago, an old woman, presumed to be witty and wise, said to her son's betrothed: "Sure, I believe the Lord made Eve when He saw that Adam could not take care of himself"; and the remark reflected painfully upon

the absence of that humorous sense which we used to think was the birthright of Irishmen. The too obvious retort, which nobody uttered, but which must have occurred to everybody's mind, was that if Eve had been designed as a care-taker, she had made a shining failure of her job.

That astute Oriental, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, manifested a wisdom beyond all praise in his recognition of American standards, when addressing American audiences. As the hour for his departure drew nigh, he was asked to write, and did write, a "Parting Wish for the Women of America," giving graceful expression to the sentiments he knew he was expected to feel. The skill with which he modified and popularized an alien point of view revealed the seasoned lecturer. He told his readers that "God has sent woman to love the world," and to build up a "spiritual civilization." He condoled with them because they were "passing through great sufferings in this callous age." His heart bled for them, seeing that their hearts "are broken every day, and victims are snatched from their arms to be thrown under the car of material progress." The Occidental sentiment which regards man simply as an offspring, and a fatherless offspring at that (no woman, says Olive Schreiner, could look upon a battle-field without thinking, "So many mothers' sons!"), came as naturally to Sir Rabindranath as if he had been to the manner born. He was content to see the passion and pain, the sorrow and heroism of men, as reflections mirrored in a woman's soul. The ingenious gentlemen who dramatize Biblical narratives for the American stage, and who are hampered at every step by the obtrusive masculinity of the East, might find a

sympathetic supporter in this accomplished and accommodating Hindu.

The story of Joseph and his Brethren, for example, is perhaps the best tale ever told the world,—a tale of adventure on a heroic scale, with conflicting human emotions to give it poignancy and power. It deals with pastoral simplicities, with the splendours of court, and with the “high finance” which turned a free landholding people into tenantry of the crown. It is a story of men, the only lady introduced being a disedifying *dea ex machina*, whose popularity in Italian art has perhaps blinded us to the brevity of her Biblical rôle. But when this most dramatic narrative was cast into dramatic form, Joseph’s splendid loyalty to his master, his cold and vigorous chastity, were nullified by giving him an Egyptian sweetheart. Lawful marriage with this young lady being his sole solicitude, the advances of Potiphar’s wife were less of a temptation than an intrusion. The keynote of the noble old tale was destroyed, to assure to woman her proper place as the guardian of man’s integrity.

Still more radical was the treatment accorded to the parable of the “Prodigal Son,” which was expanded into a pageant play, and acted with a hardy realism permitted only to the strictly ethical drama. The scriptural setting of the story was preserved, but its patriarchal character was sacrificed to modern sentiment which refuses to be interested in the relation of father and son. Therefore we beheld the prodigal equipped with a mother and a trusting female cousin, who, between them, put the poor old gentleman out of commission, reducing him to his proper level of purveyor-in-ordinary to the household.

It was the prodigal's mother who bade her reluctant husband give their wilful son his portion. It was the prodigal's mother who watched for him from the house-top, and silenced the voice of censure. It was the prodigal's mother who welcomed his return, and persuaded father and brother to receive him into favour. The whole duty of man in that Syrian household was to obey the impelling word of woman, and bestow blessings and bags of gold according to her will.

The expansion of the maternal sentiment until it embraces, or seeks to embrace, humanity, is the vision of the emotional, as opposed to the intellectual, feminist. "The Mother State of which we dream" offers no attraction to many plain and practical workers, and is a veritable nightmare to others. "Woman," writes an enthusiast in the "Forum," "means to be, not simply the mother of the individual, but of society, of the State with its man-made institutions, of art and science, of religion and morals. All life, physical and spiritual, personal and social, needs to be mothered."

"Needs to be mothered"! When men proffer this welter of sentiment in the name of women, how is it possible to say convincingly that the girl student standing at the gates of knowledge is as humble-hearted as the boy; that she does not mean to mother medicine, or architecture, or biology, any more than the girl in the banker's office means to mother finance? Her hopes for the future are founded on the belief that fresh opportunities will meet a sure response; but she does not, if she be sane, measure her untried powers by any presumptive scale of valuation. She does not consider the advantages which accrue to medicine, biology, or archi-

ture by her entrance—as a woman—into any one of these fields. Their need for her maternal ministrations concerns her less than her need for the magnificent heritage they present.

It has been said many times that the craving for material profit is not instinctive in women. If it is not instinctive, it will be acquired, because every legitimate incentive has its place in the progress of the world. The demand that women shall be paid men's wages for men's work may represent a desire for justice rather than a desire for gain; but money fairly earned is sweet in the hand, and to the heart. An open field, an even start, no handicap, no favours, and the same goal for all. This is the worker's dream of paradise. Women have long known that lack of citizenship was an obstacle in their path. Self-love has prompted them to overrate their imposed, and underrate their inherent, disabilities. "Whenever you see a woman getting a high salary, make up your mind that she is giving twice the value received," writes an irritable correspondent to the "Survey"; and this pretension paralyzes effort. To be satisfied with ourselves is to be at the end of our usefulness.

M. Émile Faguet, that most radical and least sentimental of French feminists, would have opened wide to women every door of which man holds the key. He would have given them every legal right and burden which they are physically fitted to enjoy and to bear. He was as unvexed by doubts as he was uncheered by illusions. He had no more fear of the downfall of existing institutions than he had hope for the regeneration of the world. The equality of men and women, as he

saw it, lay, not in their strength, but in their weakness; not in their intelligence, but in their stupidity; not in their virtues, but in their perversity. Yet there was no taint of pessimism in his rational refusal to be deceived. No man saw more clearly, or recognized most justly, the art with which his countrywomen have cemented and upheld a social state at once flexible and orderly, enjoyable and inspiring. That they have been the allies, and not the rulers, of men in building this fine fabric of civilization was also plain to his mind. Allies and equals he held them, but nothing more. "*La femme est parfaitement l'égale de l'homme, mais elle n'est que son égale.*"

Naturally to such a man the attitude of Americans toward women was as unsympathetic as was the attitude of Dahomeyans. He did not condemn it (possibly he did not condemn the Dahomeyans, seeing that the civic and social ideas of France and Dahomey are in no wise comparable); but he explained with careful emphasis that the French woman, unlike her American sister, is not, and does not desire to be, "*un objet sacro-saint.*" The reverence for women in the United States he assumed to be a national trait, a sort of national institution among a proud and patriotic people. "*L'idolâtrie de la femme est une chose américaine par excellence.*"

The superlative complacency of American women is due largely to the oratorical adulation of American men,—an adulation that has no more substance than has the foam on beer. I have heard a candidate for office tell his female audience that men are weak and women are strong, that men are foolish and women are wise, that men are shallow and women are deep, that men are submissive tools whom women, the leaders of the

race, must instruct to vote for *him*. He did not believe a word that he said, and his hearers did not believe that he believed it; yet the grossness of his flattery kept pace with the hypocrisy of his self-depreciation. The few men present wore an attitude of dejection, not unlike that of the little boy in "Punch" who has been told that he is made of

"Snips and snails,  
And puppy dogs' tails,"

and can "hardly believe it."

What Mr. Roosevelt called the "lunatic fringe" of every movement is painfully obtrusive in the great and noble movement which seeks fair play for women. The "full habit of speech" is never more regrettable than when the cause is so good that it needs but temperate championing. "Without the aid of women, England could not carry on this war," said Mr. Asquith in the second year of the great struggle,—an obvious statement, no doubt, but simple, truthful, and worthy to be spoken. Why should the "New Republic," in an article bearing the singularly ill-mannered title, "Thank You For Nothing!" have heaped scorn upon these words? Why should its writer have made the angry assertion that the British Empire had been "deprived of two generations of women's leadership," because only a world's war could drill a new idea into a statesman's head? The war has drilled a great many new ideas into all our heads. Absence of brain matter could alone have prevented this infusion. But "leadership" is a large word. It is not what men are asking, and it is not what women are offering, even at this stage of the game. Partnership is

as far as obligation on the one side and ambition on the other are prepared to go; and a clear understanding of this truth has accomplished great results.

Therefore, when we are told that the women of to-day are "giving their vitality to an anæmic world," we wonder if the speaker has read a newspaper for the past half-dozen years. The passionate cruelty and the passionate heroism of men have soaked the earth with blood. Never, since it came from its Maker's hands, has it seen such shame and glory. There may be some who still believe that this blood would not have been spilled had women shared in the citizenship of nations; but the arguments they advance in support of an undemonstrable theory show a soothing ignorance of events.

"War will pass," says Olive Schreiner, "when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and government of modern national life." And why? Because "Arbitration and compensation will naturally occur to her as cheaper and simpler methods of bridging the gaps in national relationship."

Strange that this idea never "naturally" occurred to man! Strange that no delegate to The Hague should have perceived so straight a path to peace! Strange that when Germany struck her long-planned, well-prepared blow, this cheap and simple measure failed to stay her hand! War will pass when injustice passes. Never before, unless hope leaves the world.

That any civilized people should bar women from the practice of law is to the last degree absurd and unreasonable. There never can be an adequate cause for such an injurious exclusion. There is, in fact, no cause at

all, only an arbitrary decision on the part of those who have the authority to decide. Yet nothing is less worth while than to speculate dizzily on the part women are going to play in any field from which they are at present debarred. They may be ready to burnish up "the rusty old social organism," and make it shine like new; but this is not the work which lies immediately at hand. A suffragist who believes that the world needs house-cleaning has made the terrifying statement that when English women enter the law courts they will sweep away all "legal frippery," all the "accumulated dust and rubbish of centuries." Latin terms, flowing gowns and wigs, silly staves and worn-out symbols, all must go, and with them must go the antiquated processes which confuse and retard justice. The women barristers of the future will scorn to have "legal natures like Portia's," basing their claims on quibbles and subterfuges. They will cut all Gordian knots. They will deal with naked simplicities.

References to Portia are a bit disquieting. Her law was stage law, good enough for the drama which has always enjoyed a jurisprudence of its own. We had best leave her out of any serious discussion. But why should the admission of women to the bar result in a volcanic upheaval? Women have practised medicine for years, and have not revolutionized it. Painstaking service, rather than any brilliant display of originality, has been their contribution to this field. It is reasonable to suppose that their advance will be resolute and beneficial. If they ever condescended to their profession, they do so no longer. If they ever talked about belonging to "the class of real people," they have relinquished such flowers of rhetoric. If they have earnestly desired the

franchise, it was because they saw in it justice to themselves, not the torch which would enlighten the world.

It is conceded theoretically that woman's sphere is an elastic term, embracing any work she finds herself able to do,—not necessarily do well, because most of the world's work is done badly, but well enough to save herself from failure. Her advance is unduly heralded and unduly criticized. She is the target for too much comment from friend and foe. On the one hand, a keen (but of course perverted) misogynist like Sir Andrew Macphail, welcomes her entrance into public life because it will tend to disillusionment. If woman can be persuaded to reveal her elemental inconsistencies, man, freed in some measure from her charm—which is the charm of *retenue*—will no longer be subject to her rule. On the other hand, that most feminine of feminists, Miss Jane Addams, predicts that “the dulness which inheres in both domestic and social affairs when they are carried on by men alone, will no longer be a necessary attribute of public life when gracious and grey-haired women become part of it.”

If Sir Andrew is as acid as Schopenhauer, Miss Addams is early Victorian. Her point of view presupposes a condition of which we had not been even dimly aware. Granted that domesticity palls on the solitary male. Housekeeping seldom attracts him. The tea-table and the friendly cat fail to arrest his roving tendencies. Granted that some men are polite enough to say that they do not enjoy social events in which women take no part. They showed no disposition to relinquish such pastimes until the arid days of prohibition, and even now they cling forlornly to the ghost of a cheerful past.

When they assert, however, that they would have a much better time if women were present, no one is wanton enough to contradict them. But public life! The arena in which whirling ambition sweeps human souls as an autumn wind sweeps leaves; which resounds with the shouts of the conquerors and the groans of the conquered; which is degraded by cupidity and ennobled by achievement; that this field of adventure, this heated racetrack needs to be relieved from dulness by the presence and participation of elderly ladies is the crowning vision of sensibility.

*“Qui veut faire l’ange fait la bête,”* said Pascal; and the Michigan angel is a danger signal. The sentimental and chivalrous attitude of American men reacts alarmingly when they are brought face to face with the actual terms and visible consequences of woman’s enfranchisement. There exists a world-wide and age-long belief that what women want they get. They must want it hard enough and long enough to make their desire operative. It is the listless and preoccupied unconcern of their own sex which bars their progress. But men will fall into a flutter of admiration because a woman runs a successful dairy farm, or becomes the mayor of a little town; and they will look aghast upon such commonplace headlines as these in their morning paper: “Women Confess Selling Votes”; “Chicago Women Arrested for Election Frauds”;—as if there had not always been, and would not always be, a percentage of unscrupulous voters in every electorate. No sane woman believes that women, as a body, will vote more honestly than men; but no sane man believes that they will vote less honestly. They are neither the “gateway to hell,” as Tertullian pointed

out, nor the builders of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's "spiritual civilization." They are neither the repositories of wisdom, nor the final word of folly.

It was unwise and unfair to turn a searchlight upon the first woman in Congress, and exhibit to a gaping world her perfectly natural limitations. Such limitations are common in our legislative bodies, and excite no particular comment. They are as inherent in the average man as in the average woman. They in no way affect the question of enfranchisement. Give as much and ask no more. Give no more and ask as much. This is the watchword of equality.

"God help women when they have only their rights!" exclaimed a brilliant American lawyer; but it is in the "only" that all savour lies. Rights and privileges are incompatible. Emancipation implies the sacrifice of immunity, the acceptance of obligation. It heralds the reign of sober and disillusioning experience. Women, as M. Faguet reminds us, are only the equals of men; a truth which was simply phrased in the old Cornish adage, "Lads are as good as wenches when they are washed."

## MARK TWAIN\*

By JOHN MACY

“GULLIVER’S TRAVELS” is to be found in two editions, one for adult minds, the other for adventurous immaturity. The texts differ but little, if at all; differences are mainly differences in the reader. For one audience “Gulliver’s Travels” is a story book like “Robinson Crusoe” and “Treasure Island.” For the other audience it is a tremendous satire on human nature, a vast portrait of man, the nakedly simple narrative uttering profundities before which the sentimental quail and hypocrites wear an unhappy smile. The boy who follows the strange fortunes of Doctor Gulliver does not know that Swift is talking over his head to the parents who gave the boy the wonder book. All satire is dual in its nature. It speaks in parable, saying one thing and meaning a deeper parallelism. It is a preacher in cap and bells.

To the holiday mood of the world and the wholesomely childish popular mind Mark Twain’s books, like “Gulliver’s Travels,” appeal instantly. For forty years he has been a favourite comedian, a beloved jester, picturesque, histrionic in all his public attitudes. His books have been sold by hundreds of thousands. Of “Joan of Arc,” one of his least popular books (“I wrote it for love,” he says, “and never expected it to sell”), sixteen thousand

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copies were sold in the years from 1904 to 1908. Mark Twain was the most successful man of letters of his time; in the duration and variety of his powers, in the number and enthusiasm of his audience he has no rival in English literature after Dickens.

To say in the face of that towering popularity that he is greater than his reputation may seem praise beyond reason, and it may be presumptuous to suggest that the millions who admire him do not all know how great a man they admire or what in him is most admirable. Nevertheless it is true that this incorrigible and prolific joker has kept the world chuckling so continuously that it has not sobered down to comprehend what a powerful, original thinker he is. If you mention his name, some one says, "Oh, yes! do you remember what he said when it was reported that he was dead?" You smile appreciatively and insist, "Yes, but have you read 'Joan of Arc'? Have you really read, since you grew up, the greatest piece of American fiction, 'Huckleberry Finn'?" The response is apt to be more willing than intelligent. Some men of letters, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, and some critics, such as Professor W. L. Phelps and Professor Brander Matthews, have measured his significance. Mr. Howells, after warning us not to forget the joker in the gravity of our admiration, said it all in a few words, "Clemens, the sole and incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature." Other critics remain truer to the critic type by condescending to contemporary greatness and reserving highest praise for Mark Twain's equals who lived long ago, Swift, Molière, Cervantes, Fielding. As an example of the timid ineptitude of critics in the presence of living greatness, I quote from a handbook of American litera-

ture published five or six years ago. In it "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" is called a "cruel parody of Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur.'" It is not cruel and it is not a parody; in other respects the criticism is profoundly true. "It is unfortunate"—says the same handbook—"it is unfortunate for Mr. Clemens that he is a humorist; no one can ever take such a man seriously." It is unfortunate; just as it is a burning shame that Lamb was not an epic poet and that Swift was not a church historian.

To take humorists seriously is superficially incongruous. We should approach all satirists from Aristophanes to George Meredith in a spirit of gay delight. If we talk too solemnly about them, their spirits will wink us out of countenance. However, it is a well-established custom to discuss masters of humour, who have been dead a long time, as if they were really important in the history of human thought; and, without a too ponderous solemnity, one may seriously praise and expound the wisdom of the great laugh-maker who died two years ago.

Mark Twain began as a newspaper reporter, a "funny-column" man. He was a natural story-teller; his delightful, flexible voice was a melancholy vehicle for outrageous absurdities, and the mask of a grieved and puzzled countenance was a gift of the gods to a platform humourist. His natural talents of mind and manner made him successful on the Pacific Coast before he thought of himself as a professional man of letters. As he grew older, he cultivated the gifts which he had discovered by accident, came in time to a perfect and conscious command of his art, and by much reading and writing and experience made himself a very great master of prose.

His first book of sketches, printed in 1867, is of no better quality than the work of hundreds of newspaper men who put a little fun into their day's scribbling and so get a little fun out of it. The sketches had given Clemens a local reputation before they were printed as a book, and prompted the proprietors of the *Alta California* to send him on the famous voyage of the steamer *Quaker City*. The report of that voyage is "Innocents Abroad," a first-rate book of travel, which revealed at once an accomplished writer of sincere, vigorous English. As if the spirit of incongruities had conspired to make fun doubly funny, "Innocents Abroad" has been regarded, by those who read with any part of their organism except their intellect, as an expression of American irreverence grinning at the august beauties of Europe. So far as it is disrespectful, its satire is aimed at the dishonest American tourist, at the gaping pretender who feigns to see beauty where it is not, or where he does not see it, and misses beauty where it is. Upon the "pilgrims" with their fraudulent enthusiasms, their vandal thefts of "souvenirs" from places that they call sacred, the clerk of the party pours his scornful ridicule. To swindlers who exploit art and antiquity for the sake of the tourist's dollar he gives no quarter. Romances that thoughtless people accept as lovely but which are essentially base, like the story of Abelard, he tears to shreds. The unshakable realist here begins to deal those blows to sentimentality and pretension which ring through all his work to the last.\* Disingenuous books of travel he piles

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\* Be it noted, as is proper in a consideration of a master of irony and hater of sham, that Mark Twain was himself a sentimentalist at least once, in "A Dog's Tale."

in a heap, sets fire to them and dances round the pyre.

"Nearly every book concerning Galilee and its lake describes the scenery as beautiful. No—not always so straightforward as that. Sometimes the *impression* intentionally conveyed is that it is beautiful, at the same time that the author is careful not to *say* that it is, in plain Saxon. But a careful analysis of these descriptions will show that the materials of which they are formed are not individually beautiful and cannot be wrought into combinations that are beautiful. The veneration and the affection which some of these men felt for the scenes they were speaking of heated their fancies and biased their judgment; but the pleasant falsities they wrote were full of honest sincerity at any rate. Others wrote as they did, because they feared it would be unpopular to write otherwise. Others were hypocrites and deliberately meant to deceive. Any of them would say in a moment, if asked, that it is *always* right and always *best* to tell the truth. They would say that, at any rate, if they did not perceive the drift of the question. But why should not the truth be spoken of this region? Is the truth harmful? Has it ever needed to hide its face? God made the Sea of Galilee and its surroundings as they are. Is it the province of Mr. Grimes to improve upon the work? I am sure, from the tenor of the books I have read, that many who have visited this land in years gone by were Presbyterians, and came seeking evidences in support of their particular creed; they found a Presbyterian Palestine, and they had already made up their minds to find no other, though possibly they did not know it, being blinded by their zeal. Others were Baptists, seeking Baptist evidences and a Baptist Palestine,

Others were Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalian, seeking evidences indorsing their creeds, and a Catholic, a Methodist, an Episcopalian Palestine. Honest as these men's intentions may have been, they were full of partialities and prejudices, they entered the country with their verdicts already prepared, and they could no more write dispassionately and impartially about it than they could about their own wives and children. Our pilgrims have brought *their* verdicts with them. They have shown it in their conversations ever since we left Beirut. I can almost tell, in set phrase, what they will say when they see Tabor, Nazareth, Jericho, and Jerusalem—*because I have the books they will 'smouch' their ideas from.* These authors write pictures and frame rhapsodies, and lesser men follow and see with the author's eyes instead of their own, and speak with his tongue."

The passage expresses Mark Twain's lifelong attitude toward books and men. He looked on the world with a serious, candid and penetrating eye, analyzing the human fool, affectionately tolerant of his folly except when it is mixed with meanness and cruelty. In a letter he wrote shortly before his death he said, referring to his book on Shakespeare: "In that booklet I courteously hinted at the long-ago well established fact that even the most gifted human being is merely an ass, & always an ass, when his forbears have furnished him an idol to worship. Reasoning cannot convert him, facts cannot influence him. I wrote the booklet for pleasure—not in the expectation of convincing anybody that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare. And don't *you* write with any such expectation. Such labors are not worth the ink & the paper—except when you do them for the pleasure

of it. Shakespeare the Stratford tradesman will still be the divine Shakespeare to our posterity a thousand years hence."

In "Innocents Abroad," the self-deceptions and pious buncombe of the pilgrims, the mendacious guides, the "tall" traditional stories told for money to tourists by vergers and ciceroni (stories beside which "American exaggeration" is shrinking understatement)—all these impositions move the recording Innocent to cut capers, to play the vacant idiot, and then to pour out one of his level streams of deadly accurate and demolishing irony. It is a pleasure to read him in his abusive moods, and it was a greater pleasure to hear him in one of his coolly passionate tirades, speaking sentences amazingly finished and constructed as if a prose style were as natural to him as breathing, in a voice even, deliberate, modulated and sweet with rage.

Besides much excellent fooling and vigorous destruction of what is revered but not reverend, there is in "Innocents Abroad" a good deal of fine, clear description of things seen. Indeed the book is on the whole a serious report of sights and events. The characterization of the pilgrims reveals the gift that was later to draw shrewd portraits of human beings, real and fictitious. Mark Twain shows in this book, as in much of his writing, the deep enthusiasm for natural beauty which is impossible to people who can harbour dishonest admirations. The description of Vesuvius is powerful, graphic, as fresh as if no other man had seen and described it.

Clemens's next book, "Roughing It," is "merely a personal narrative" describing "the rise, growth and culmination of the silver mining fever in Nevada." It ap-

peared at the time when Bret Harte was capturing the fancy of unsophisticated readers with his delightful, disingenuous tales of the Wild West. "O. Henry," in some respects a better story-teller than Bret Harte, has said that the editors of New York magazines (and their Eastern readers) are so naïvely ignorant that in a cowboy yarn the author can stab a man with a lariat and they will not know the difference. To this romantic ignorance Bret Harte appealed with pictures of a theatric California and portraits of miners such as never dug in the real earth. His tales are skilfully written, humorous, quasi-pathetic and engagingly readable, but they are made "for export" to people who do not know the flavour of better native wines. In his book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" Mark Twain says: "I know the argot of the quartz-mining and milling industry familiarly; and so whenever Bret Harte introduces that industry into a story, the first time one of his miners opens his mouth I recognize from his phrasing that Harte got the phrasing by listening—like Shakespeare—I mean the Stratford one—not by experience. No one can talk the quartz dialect correctly without learning it with pick and shovel and drill and fuse."

Harte's unreality is deeper than that; he is a sentimentalist, who makes untrustworthy assays of man and society. He mistakes the iron pyrites of melodrama and farce for the gold-bearing quartz of human nature. This is not to deny Bret Harte's merits, which are genuine if not of a high order. He is not exceptional in his attitude toward life and toward fiction. Too many American story-tellers of considerable literary skill are thinly romantic; they move in regions of artificial adventure

and moonlit emotion. Only in the last quarter of the nineteenth century did the spirit of realism find itself at home among a people reputed to be sensible and practical, but really sentimental and foolish and content with a conduct of private and public affairs that fills an intelligent business man with despair. Their thinking is childish, and they swallow with delight any silly story, whether it is presented as a work of fiction or a fact of history and government.

The first strong voice of realism in the western part of America is Mark Twain, and "*Roughing It*" is its first expression—a statement that some Americans would probably meet by pointing out that Mark Twain changes the names of Nevada people and invents things that really did not happen! Imagination is wasted on a people who hug Mark Twain's jokes as a child hugs a jumping-jack and do not know that "*Roughing It*" is an important social study, reconstructing in its own unmethodical fashion a phase of American history, a section of the national life. Under the touch of a great instinctive humourist, whose vision is sharp and undeluded, whose lively caricature plays over a cold sense of fact, the silver boom-town, its comedy and tragedy, takes permanent and accurate shape for the benefit of an inquisitive posterity that will wish to study our social history.

In "*The Gilded Age*" Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner worked together two claims, only one of which shows real metal. The story is of two sets of characters brought together in a forced and unconvincing unity. The young people from the east with their commonplace love affairs figure in one plot, which crosses the fortunes

and misfortunes of Colonel Sellers and his family. Everything in the book except Colonel Sellers may be sacrificed without great loss to literature. Sellers is a colossal comic creation, the embodied spirit of western mushroom hopes and bubble enterprise. The type is so true to human nature, and especially to American human nature in a land of rapid haphazard exploitation, sudden wealth and disastrous "progress," that the authors were besieged with claimants for the honour of having sat as model. There was a real person, a kinsman of Clemens, who suggested the character, but there was no model except perennial humanity. The book as a whole is amateurish and lacking in cohesion. One suspects that Colonel Sellers kept the two humourists gayly interested in the work, and that they made up the rest of the book in a perfunctory way at a low pitch of creative enthusiasm. Some years later in "The American Claimant" Mark Twain brought Colonel Sellers on the stage again. In this book, as in "The Gilded Age," the story is nothing (unless it is a "cruel parody" of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"). But Sellers is himself, generous and pathetically lovable, for all his sham wisdom and magniloquent inflation. He is, like Don Quixote and some of Dickens's characters, drawn taller than life-size, but he is true to the outlines of humanity, a pantographic enlargement of man.

The delight with which the public received Colonel Sellers encouraged Clemens to try another work of fiction. He wrote one of the best of boys' books, "Tom Sawyer." The adventure in the cave and the finding of gold are the good old-fashioned stuff of dime novels. Mark Twain, like that other wise man with the heart

of a boy, Stevenson, has taken the traditional boy romance and made it literature. Except for its one affluent adventure in treasure-trove, the book is all actual boy life, a masterly biography of the universal youngster. The adult novel in America is not yet adult, but four men of letters, Aldrich, Warner, Mr. Howells and Mark Twain, have limned us immortally as we all were in the golden age. It may be that "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," Howells's "Flight of Pony Baker," and Warner's "Being a Boy" are the reaction of humour and naturalism against the era of St. Rollo.

Like all true books about boys, "Tom Sawyer" gives glimpses of the social conditions and habits of the older generation. There are wider glimpses in "Huckleberry Finn." Indeed this is more than a boy's book or a book about boys. It is a study of many kinds of society seen through eyes at once innocent and prematurely sage. Those who are fond of classifying books may see in "Huckleberry Finn" a new specimen of the picaresque novel of adventure; some classifiers, going back further for analogies, have called it the "Odyssey of the Mississippi," which is strikingly inept. It is a piece of modern realism, original, deep and broad, and it is in American literature deplorably solitary. It is one of the unaccountable triumphs of creative power that seem to happen now and again, as "Robinson Crusoe" happened, and the surrounding intellectual territory has not its comrade.

Huck's dialect is a marvel of artistry. As Clemens says in a significant preface, the shadings in the dialects reported by Huck "have not been done in a haphazard

fashion, or by guesswork; but painstakingly, and with the trustworthy guidance and support of personal familiarity with these several forms of speech." To maintain Huck's idiom and through it to describe a storm on the Mississippi with intense vividness; through the same dialect to narrate the tragic feud between the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons; to hint profound social facts through the mouth of a boy and not violate his point of view—this is the work of a very great imagination. Huck's reflection on Tom Sawyer's proposal to "steal a nigger out of slavery" is a more dramatic revelation of the slaveholder's state of mind than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and expresses more powerfully than a thousand treatises the fact that "morality" is based on economic and social conditions.

"Well, one thing was dead sure, and that was that Tom Sawyer was in earnest, and was actually going to help steal that nigger out of slavery. That was the thing that was too many for me. Here was a boy that was respectable and well brought up; and had a character to lose; and folks at home that had characters; and he was bright and not leather-headed; and knowing and not ignorant; and not mean, but kind; and yet here he was, without any more pride, or rightness, or feeling, than to stoop to this business, and make himself a shame, before everybody."

Colonel Sherburn's speech to the crowd that came to lynch him is a sermon on cowardice and valour delivered to the American bully. It is Mark Twain uttering one of his favourite ideas through the Colonel. (Perhaps Huck would not have reported the Colonel's words so accurately.)

"They swarmed up in front of Sherburn's palings as thick as they could jam together, and you couldn't hear yourself think for the noise. It was a little twenty-foot yard. Some sung out, 'Tear down the fence! tear down the fence!' Then there was a racket of ripping and tearing and smashing, and down she goes, and the front wall of the crowd begins to roll in like a wave.

"Just then Sherburn steps out on to the roof of his little front porch, with a double-barrel gun in his hand, and takes his stand, perfectly ca'm and deliberate, not saying a word. The racket stopped, and the wave sucked back.

"Sherburn never said a word—just stood there, looking down. The stillness was awful creepy and uncomfortable. Sherburn run his eye slow along the crowd; and wherever it struck, the people tried to outgaze him, but they couldn't; they dropped their eyes and looked sneaky. Then pretty soon Sherburn sort of laughed; not the pleasant kind, but the kind that makes you feel like when you are eating bread that's got sand in it.

"Then he says, slow and scornful:

"The idea of *you* lynching anybody! It's amusing. The idea of you thinking you had pluck enough to lynch a *man*! Because you're brave enough to tar and feather poor friendless cast-out women that come along here, did that make you think you had grit enough to lay your hands on a *man*? Why, a *man's* safe in the hands of ten thousand of your kind—as long as it's daytime and you're not behind him.

"Do I know you? I know you clear through. I was born and raised in the South, and I've lived in the North; so I know the average all around. The average

man's a coward. In the North he lets anybody walk over him that wants to, and goes home and prays for a humble spirit to bear it. In the South one man, all by himself, has stopped a stage full of men in the daytime, and robbed the lot. Your newspapers call you a brave people so much that you think you *are* braver than any other people—whereas you're just *as* brave, and no braver. Why don't your juries hang murderers? Because they're afraid the man's friends will shoot them in the back, in the dark—and it's just what they *would* do.

“‘So they always acquit; and then a *man* goes in the night, with a hundred masked cowards at his back, and lynches the rascal. Your mistake is that you didn't bring a man with you; that's one mistake, and the other is that you didn't come in the dark and fetch your masks. You brought *part* of a man—Buck Harkness, there—and if you hadn't had him to start you, you'd a taken it out in blowing.

“‘You didn't want to come. The average man don't like trouble and danger. *You* don't like trouble and danger. But if only *half* a man—like Buck Harkness, there—shouts “Lynch him! lynch him!” you're afraid to back down—afraid you'll be found out to be what you are—*cowards*—and so you raise a yell, and hang yourselves on to that half-a-man's coat-tail, and come raging up here, swearing what big things you're going to do. The pitifullest thing out is a mob; that's what an army is—a mob; they don't fight with courage that's born in them, but with courage that's borrowed from their mass, and from their officers. But a mob without any *man* at the head of it is *beneath* pitifulness. Now

the thing for *you* to do is to droop your tails and go home and crawl in a hole. If any real lynching's going to be done it will be done in the dark, Southern fashion; and when they come they'll bring their masks, and fetch a *man* along. Now *leave*—and take your half-a-man with you—tossing his gun up across his left arm and cocking it when he says this.

"The crowd washed back sudden, and then broke all apart, and went tearing off every which way, and Buck Harkness he heeled it after them, looking tolerable cheap. I could a stayed if I wanted to, but I didn't want to."

"The Prince and the Pauper," which like "Huckleberry Finn," is read with delight by children, is a parable in democracy. Lazarus and Dives, in the figures of two pretty boys, change places, and for once the mighty learn by experience how the other half lives. The same idea is dramatized in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," where the king, incognito, goes out among the people. Mark Twain hated the lords of the earth. In "The Czar's Soliloquy" his hatred is at a white heat. In the course of one of those enchanting monologues with which he entertained his guests he said that every Russian child should drink in with his mother's milk the resolution to kill a czar, "until every Romanoff would rather sit on a stool in his back yard than on a throne of crime." He laughed also at the hypocrisy of false republicanism and proved that every democrat loves a lord and why. Humanity, ridiculous, pathetic and pretentious, is all divided into castes, each caste merciless and snobbish. Its portrait is drawn in this passage from "A Connecticut Yankee":

"Toward the shaven monk who trudged along with his

cowl tilted back and the sweat washing his fat jowls, the coal-burner was deeply reverent; to the gentleman he was abject; with the small farmer and the free mechanic he was cordial and gossipy; and when a slave passed by with a countenance respectfully lowered, this chap's nose was in the air—he couldn't even see him. Well, there are times when one would like to hang the whole human race and finish the farce." That is written not about a mythical England of the dark ages, but about *us*. The book is a satire on society. Two conditions of uncivilization are thrown into grotesque contrast primarily for the fun of it all, and also for the sake of flaying priesthood and kingship. The book is not a "parody" of "Morte d'Arthur," and it is not cruel. Mark Twain would not have been so witless as to parody a harmless old book; he is not interested in Malory, but in man, and especially in the conflict between man's intelligence and his superstitions.

It is, however, worth noting that like all wise men who chance to give their opinions about books Mark Twain is a good critic. He touches unerringly on Malory's weaknesses, his lack of humour and his inability to characterize. In Malory Sir Dinadan is represented as having delivered a convulsing ballad, but Malory cannot give the ballad, or furnish his humourist with anything to say. Mark Twain seizes this chance to make Sir Dinadan the court bore. Sandy tells the Yankee a story which is taken from Malory, and the Yankee makes a comment which is a just and compact criticism of that inchoate bundle of legends. "When you come to figure up results, you can't tell one fight from another, nor who whipped; and as a picture of

living, raging, roaring battle, sho! why, it's pale and noiseless—just ghosts scuffling in a fog. Dear me, what would this barren vocabulary get out of the mightiest spectacle?—the burning of Rome in Nero's time, for instance? Why, it would merely say, 'Town burned down; no insurance; boy brast a window; fireman brake his neck!' Why, that ain't a picture!"

Clemens was a shrewd critic of books because he was a shrewd critic of men. He was not hypnotized by what other people thought of the good and the great; he thought for himself. The essays on Cooper and Shelley and Mr. Howells are better than most of the work of professional critics. Some of his casual remarks about books and authors are memorable. He disliked "The Vicar of Wakefield," because the misadventure of Moses at the fair is represented as funny, whereas it is a pathetic and touching thing when a boy is deceived. Clemens had no admiration for Jane Austen and used to argue with Mr. Howells, who adores her. Most people will agree with Mr. Howells, but nobody can forget, once he has heard it, Mark Twain's way of putting his disapproval: "A very good library can be started by leaving Jane Austen out."

"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" has obvious kinship to "Don Quixote." Both books satirize the ideals of a spurious chivalry. Don Quixote, an idealist, tilts with facts and is beaten, until finally his mind is "freed from the dark clouds of ignorance with which the continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it." The Yankee, the incarnation of facts, tilts with childish idealism and religious credulity and is beaten! It has been often said that "Don

Quixote gave the death blow to chivalry”—a statement which carelessly overlooks the fact that chivalry never existed. The state of society of which it is the legendary picture had passed before Cervantes; and if by chivalry is meant the literary ideal, that ideal Cervantes did not kill, for it survived lustily to the nineteenth century. The Knight of La Mancha was product of a library of romance which was never read by greater numbers of people than in the past hundred years.

It may be that Cervantes *ought* to have laughed “Amadis de Gaul and all his generation” off the stage. Then we should have been spared those poor modern imitations of a genuine old literature, those legends of paper kings and tinsel knights which Tennyson and other men of our world, having no real feeling for them, except in a half-hearted anachronistic way, could not make convincing. That Tennyson should have devoted a lifetime to a masterpiece of such flimsy stuff as the “Idylls of the King,” which are not of the spirit of the age and therefore not vital, and that people should take seriously as a kingly ideal his insufferable prig of a hero, show that unfortunately Cervantes did not succeed in clarifying the English mind, whatever medicinal effect he may have had on the Spanish. Wagner used legends akin to the Arthurian for operatic purposes, and in his Ring he turned the stories into parables on modern society. One English poet, Swinburne, tried to make the Arthurian story truly tragic by adding to it, or imputing to it, a Greek fate-motive of which the old legends are quite innocent. In the hands of most other modern poets the ideals of chivalry, not being native and intensely felt,

but merely admired through a misty literary haze, are both confused and feeble.

“A Connecticut Yankee” is a humourist’s jest, not at any true ancient manner of thought or at any class of fairy tale, but at the falsification of history and at idiotic moonshine held up to admiration as serious story and clothed in the grave beauty of poetry. Not that Mark Twain was a conscious critic of nineteenth-century imitation romance, but like all realists he was filled with the spirit of his time, and quite without intention of making romantic poets and other sentimentalists uncomfortable, he sends the world of terrific and really interesting facts crashing into the stage world of false moonlight and tin armour. The knights of legend, as their modern poetic champions portray them, are garrulous boobies and bullies. Their chivalric attitude toward women is a fraud that disgusts a truly chivalrous man. The sentimentalist who admires Arthur as “perfectly lovely” and who thinks it philistine to laugh at him, will never understand, of course, that Tennyson’s Idylls are commonplace and the laureate himself a tedious philistine; nor will they ever understand the great realists, Molière, Fielding, Cervantes, Mark Twain. True chivalry is possible only in those who detest false chivalry. Mark Twain was a supremely chivalrous man, a man of exquisite courtesy and of beautiful loyalty to all ancient and contemporary idealisms. I have read somewhere the opinion that he was vulgar, but the unique cannot be vulgar; moreover, as Pudd’nhead Wilson says, “There are no people who are quite so vulgar as the over-refined.” Clemens has also been called irreverent. He was disrespectful of all superstitions, including his own.

Says Pudd'nhead Wilson, "Let me make the superstitions of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws or its songs either."

Mark Twain was a globe-trotter; he knew all grades and conditions of man, and he was a reader of history and biography; he was early cured of the grossest of superstitions, abject patriotism, with which all peoples are drenched and with which Americans, especially, seem to be afflicted.

"You see my kind of loyalty," says the Yankee, "was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its officeholders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags—that is a loyalty of unreason, it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it. I was from Connecticut, whose Constitution declares 'that all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; and that they have *at all times* an undeniably and indefeasible right to *alter their form of government* in such a manner as they may think expedient.'

"Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet holds his peace and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal; he is a traitor. That he may be the only one who thinks he sees this decay, does not excuse

him; it is his duty to agitate anyway, and it is the duty of the others to vote him down if they do not see the matter as he does."

That is the Mark Twain who "jokingly" said that the only distinct native criminal class in America is congressmen, the Mark Twain who despairingly predicted that America, having proved that it was not capable of being truly democratic, would probably set up a monarchy in the course of another century, and who uttered as blasting an arraignment of American plutocracy as ever fell from a man's lips. Americans, complaisant and sentimental, do not yet know the power of Mark Twain's Swiftian attacks on our flimsy-minded patriotism and religiosity. After his death he was slandered by nice critics who purvey optimism and water to the multitude; they spoke of his "kindly wit and humour which never hurt any one." From such libel may he be defended! Some missionaries, politicians, soldiers, and priests of several churches from Rome to Huntington Avenue, Boston, will, if they have read his works, tell a different story.

Only a man whose heart is purged of counterfeit idealism can be the lofty idealist that Mark Twain was. He worshipped truth and worthy individuals dead and living. His "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" is a tribute to a heroine whose nobility is authentic, whose good head and good heart are proved by documents. It is an eloquent book, instinct with such reverence and passion for beauty as are possible in a soul that is not moved by hazy pieties or tricked by too easy credulity. The tone of the book is sustainedly perfect, the style excellently managed by the same imagination that holds

unbrokenly true the character and diction of *Huckleberry Finn*. After he acknowledged the book everybody saw that he must have written it, and pointed to the obvious Mark-Twainisms, but when the story was first published anonymously, many wise critics failed to guess the authorship. In one character Mark Twain is enjoying himself in his everyday manner—in the *Paladin*, the comic foil, the picturesque liar whom Mark Twain likes to introduce into all human company. The episode in the Fifteenth Chapter of the Second Book, laughter in the lap of tragedy, is one of those wrenching contrasts of human feelings such as only the Shakespeares can draw unfalteringly.

In the work of no modern prose writer is there wider range than in the work of Mark Twain—from “*Huckleberry Finn*” to “*Joan of Arc*.” He had wonderful breadth of knowledge and interest; whatever he encountered he pondered. And he seems to have turned almost every experience into a written page. When, at the end of his life, he came to write what was to be “the best and truest autobiography ever written,” he confessed in whimsical desperation that he could not tell the truth and never had told the truth, that as *Pudd'nhead Wilson* says, the very ink with which history is written is prejudice. He must also have found that he had already written in his other books as much of his autobiography as it was possible for him to write. His books are a record of his career from his memories of boyhood to his last travels round the world.

He wrote three more books of the desultory type of “*Innocents Abroad*,” and “*Roughing It*”—namely, “*A Tramp Abroad*,” “*Life on the Mississippi*,” and “*Follow-*

ing the Equator." His sketches of travel are first-rate examples of that informal sort of tourists' essay to which in their way belong Thackeray's "Cornhill to Cairo" and Kinglake's "Eothen." Of travel books there are many; of vital ones there are all too few. Those few are made by great original talkers who find something more or less apropos to say in any scene they chance to visit. "Life on the Mississippi" is the record in "the King's English" of the country and types of life made even more surely immortal in the dialect of "Huckleberry Finn." "Pudd'n-head Wilson," a fantastic tale, is laid on the lower Mississippi before the war. Like Mark Twain's other attempts to write a novel in conventional form, "Pudd'n-head Wilson" is not well-constructed; it succeeds by virtue of one comic character, whose "calendar" became the vehicle of Mark Twain's epigrams. As he confesses in the introduction to "Those Extraordinary Twins," he is not a born novelist; his account of his difficulty in managing a story will make any one chuckle who has ever tried to write fiction.

"The book was finished, she (Rowena) was side-tracked, and there was no possibility of crowding her in, anywhere. I could not leave her there, of course; it would not do. After spreading her out so, and making such a to-do over her affairs, it would be absolutely necessary to account to the reader for her. I thought and thought and studied and studied; but I arrived at nothing. I finally saw plainly that there was really no way but one—I must simply give her the grand bounce. It grieved me to do it, for after associating with her so much I had come to kind of like her after a fashion, notwithstanding she was such an ass and said such stupid,

irritating things, and was so nauseatingly sentimental. Still it had to be done. So, at the top of Chapter XVII, I put a 'Calendar' remark concerning July the Fourth, and began the chapter with this statistic:

"'Rowena went out in the back yard after supper to see the fireworks and fell down the well and got drowned.'

"It seemed abrupt, but I thought maybe the reader wouldn't notice it, because I changed the subject right away to something else. Anyway it loosened Rowena up from where she was stuck and got her out of the way and that was the main thing. It seemed a prompt good way of weeding out people that had got stalled, and a plenty good enough way for those others; so I hunted up the two boys and said, 'they went out back one night to stone the cat and fell down the well and got drowned.' Next I searched around and found old Aunt Patsy Cooper and Aunt Betsy Hale where they were aground, and said, 'they went out back one night to visit the sick and fell down the well and got drowned.' I was going to drown some of the others, but I gave up the idea partly because I believed that if I kept that up it would arouse attention, and perhaps sympathy with those people, and partly because it was not a large well and would not hold any more anyway."

Among Clemens's miscellanies are several little masterpieces, "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," "Eve's Diary," and "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" condenses human avarice and human mendacity into a fable that says, "There you are numbered," and leaves you laughing and morally naked. Hadleyburg is a town lying on

the east bank of the Mississippi River; it extends eastward to the west bank of the river.

“Eve’s Diary” is a beautiful piece of poetic prose. It is a joke, of course; the absent-minded brontosaurus is there to prove it, and the respectable American librarians and library trustees, who (owing to their lack of historical knowledge) objected to Eve’s costume and ruled the book off the shelves, made the joke a perfect torture of hilarity. Nevertheless it is poetry. Eve’s effort to gather the stars in a basket is such a conception as only genius is blessed with. The comedy of the sketch appeals immediately to that national calamity, American humour, which never was on earth until after the voyages of Columbus. Many Americans no doubt curl up in convulsed delight at the excruciating fun of the passage which closes the book; but a civilized man will appreciate its tender beauty.

#### “FORTY YEARS LATER

“It is my prayer, it is my longing, that we may pass from this life together—a longing which shall never perish from the earth, but shall have place in the heart of every wife that loves, until the end of time; and it shall be called by my name.

“But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be I; for he is strong and I am weak, I am not so necessary to him as he is to me—life without him would not be life; how could I endure it? This prayer is also immortal, and will not cease from being offered up while my race continues. I am the first wife, and in the last wife I shall be repeated.

## “AT EVE’S GRAVE

“Adam: ‘Wheresoever she was, *there* was Eden.’ ”

“Captain Stormfield’s Visit to Heaven” completes the work which satire, science, and intellectual honesty have been engaged in for over a century—it makes ultimate nonsense of the sentimentalist’s Heaven.

Mark Twain’s mind was of universal proportions; he meditated on all the deep problems, and somewhere in his work he touches upon most of the vital things that men commonly think about and wonder about. As he once quaintly said: “I am the only man living who understands human nature; God has put me in charge of this branch office; when I retire, there will be no one to take my place. I shall keep on doing my duty, for when I get over on the other side, I shall use my influence to have the human race drowned again, and this time drowned good, no omissions, no Ark.” His was the veracity of an accurately controlled extravagance. A destroyer of false idols, he was an idolater of beauty, especially of beautiful women. He was a man of exquisite dignity, very sensitive and fine, and yet capable at seventy of fooling like a boy.

The final philosophy of this lover of boys and men and women and cats is, as he says, “a desolating doctrine.” That is, it is desolating to timidity, but very brave for those who can square their shoulders and look things straight in the eye. It teaches that we have an interior Master whom our conduct must satisfy and whom nothing but good conduct will leave in peace. It eliminates all extraneous bribes to be good. It is like

the religion which is preached in a work by another austere moralist—in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet." And it bears some resemblance to the humane scepticism of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Without studying or caring at all for official philosophy (and all the wiser for the omission), Mark Twain came to a position of ethical and materialistic determinism which is rife in the thought of our time and is in one aspect as old as the Greek who said: "Character is fate." For his philosophy most readers quite properly care nothing. They care for his portrait of Mankind. And that is the greatest canvas that any American has painted.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835. He died in Redding, Connecticut, April 21, 1910. He never went to school after his father died, in 1847. When he was eighteen years old he wandered east for a year, supporting himself by setting type. In 1857 he became a pilot on the Mississippi. The war put an end to that occupation. His brother was appointed by Lincoln first Secretary of the new Territory of Nevada, and Clemens accompanied him as private secretary without pay. He hunted for fortune in the mines, as he narrates in "Roughing It," and found fortune in his pen in the offices of local newspapers. A quarrel with a rival editor resulted in a duel (nobody hurt), and Clemens was obliged to leave the state. He went to San Francisco and worked on the newspapers there. For one of them he made the voyage to Honolulu described in "Roughing It." In 1867 he

was sent by the *Alta California* as correspondent on the voyage of the *Quaker City*; the result was "Innocents Abroad," of which a hundred thousand copies were sold the first year. For the next four years he lectured successfully. In 1870 he married Olivia Langdon. He bought an interest in the *Express* of Buffalo, New York, where he stayed a year. Then he moved to Hartford. In 1873 he travelled abroad and lectured in London. A later journey in 1878 bore fruit in "A Tramp Abroad." In 1885 he put his fortune and brains into the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Company. He was the publisher—indeed, the instigator and editor—of Grant's "Memoirs," which was hugely successful. But the business failed and Clemens assumed the debts of the firm, which he paid off by a lecturing tour in 1895-96. He spent the next few years in Europe. After his return to this country he lived in New York and later at "Stormfield" in Redding, Connecticut.

His works are: *The Celebrated Jumping Frog*, 1867; *Innocents Abroad*, 1869; *Roughing It*, 1872; *The Gilded Age* (with Charles Dudley Warner), 1873; *Sketches*, 1875; *Tom Sawyer*, 1876; *Sketches*, 1878; *A Tramp Abroad*, 1880; *The Prince and the Pauper*, 1882; *The Stolen White Elephant, Etc.*, 1882; *Life on the Mississippi*, 1883; *Huckleberry Finn*, 1884; *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, 1889; *Merry Tales*, 1892; *The American Claimant*, 1892; *The £1,000,000 Bank Note*, 1893; *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, 1894; *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, 1894; *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, 1895; *Following the Equator*, 1897; *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*, 1899; *To the Person Sitting in Darkness*, 1901; *A Double-Barrelled*

Detective Story, 1902; King Leopold's Soliloquy, 1905; Eve's Diary, 1906; Christian Science, 1907; Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven, 1909; Is Shakespeare Dead? 1909; Speeches, 1910.

Mark Twain's biography in three volumes is by his appointed Boswell, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine; Mark Twain's "Autobiography" is to be published complete, it is understood, twenty-five years after his death; parts of it have appeared in the *North American Review*. Mr. Howells's "My Mark Twain" is a beautiful book. An admirable appreciation is Professor Brander Matthews's introduction to the complete edition of Mark Twain's Works. Another first-rate essay is that by Professor William Lyon Phelps in "Essays on Modern Novelists."

## NOTES FROM A FRENCH VILLAGE IN THE WAR ZONE \*

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

PERHAPS the first thing which brought our boys to a halt, and a long, long look around them, was the age of the place. Apparently it has—the statement is hardly exaggerated—always been there. As a matter of historical fact it has been there for more than a thousand years. On hearing that, the American boys always gasped. They were used to the conception of the great age of “historical” spots, by which they meant cities in which great events have occurred—Paris, Rome, Stratford-on-Avon, Granada. But that an inconsiderable settlement of a thousand inhabitants, where nothing in particular ever happened beyond the birth, life, and death of its people, should have kept its identity through a thousand years gave them, so they said, “a queer feeling.” As they stood in the quiet gray street, looking up and down, and taking in the significance of the fact, one could almost visibly see their minds turning away from the text-book idea of the Past as an unreal, sparsely settled period with violent historical characters in doublet and ruff or chain mail thrusting broadswords into one another or signing treaties which condemned all succeeding college students to a new feat of memory; you

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could almost see their brilliant, shadowless, New World youth deepened and sobered by a momentary perception of the Past as a very long and startlingly real phenomenon, full, scarily full of real people, entirely like ourselves, going about the business of getting born, being married and dying, with as little conscious regard as we for historical movements and tendencies. They were never done marveling that the sun should have fallen across Crouy streets at the same angle before Columbus discovered America as to-day; that at the time of the French Revolution, just as now, the big boys and sturdy men of Crouy should have left the same fields which now lie golden in the sun and have gone out to repel the invader; that people looked up from drawing water at the same fountain which now sparkles under the sycamore trees and saw Catherine de Medici pass on her way north as now they see the gray American Ambulance rattle by. . . . "And I bet it was over these same cussed hard-heads!" cried the boy from Ohio, trying vainly to ease his car over the knobby paving-stones.

"No, oh no," answered the town notary reasonably. "The streets of Crouy were paved in comparatively recent times, not earlier than 1620."

"Oh, the Pilgrim Fathers!" cried the boy from Connecticut.

"And nothing ever happened here all that time?" queried the boy from California incredulously.

"Nothing," said the notary, "except a great deal of human life."

"Geel what a lot o' that!" murmured the thoughtful boy from Virginia, his eyes widening imaginatively.

After the fact that it had been there so long, they were

astonished by the fact that it was there at all, existing as far as they could see, with no visible means of support beyond a casual sawmill or two. "How do all these people earn their living?" they always asked, putting the question in the same breath with the other inevitable one: "*Where* do the people live who care for all this splendid farming country? We see them working in the fields, these superb wheat-fields, or harvesting the oats, but you can drive your car for mile after mile and never see a human habitation. We thought Europe was a thickly populated place!"

Of course you know the obvious answer. The people who till the fields all live in the villages. If you inhabit such a settlement you hear every morning, very, very early, the slow, heavy tread of the big farm-horses and the rumble of the huge two-wheeled carts going out to work, and one of the picturesque sights of the sunset hour is the procession of the powerful Percherons, their drivers sitting sideways on their broad backs, plodding into the village, both horses and farmers with an imitable air of leisurely philosophy; of having done a good day's work and letting it go at that; of attempting no last nervous whack at the accumulated pile of things to be done which always lies before every one; with an unembittered acceptance of the facts that there are but twenty-four hours in every day and that it is good to spend part of them eating savory hot soup with one's family. According to temperament, this appearance, only possible, apparently, when you have lived a thousand years in the same place, enormously reposes or enormously exasperates the American observer.

You do not see the cows going out to pasture, or com-

ing back at night through the village streets, because those farmers who have a dairy live on the outskirts of the town, with their big square courtyards adjacent to the fields. The biggest farmhouse of this sort in Crouy is lodged in the remnants of the medieval castle of the old seigneurs (symbol of modern France!) where at night the cows ramble in peaceably through the old gate where once the portcullis hung, and stand chewing their cud about the great courtyards whence marauding knights in armor once clattered out to rob.

Of course this arrangement whereby country folk all live in villages turns inside out and upside down most of those conditions which seem to us inevitable accompaniments of country life; for instance, the isolation and loneliness of the women and children. There is no isolation possible here, when, to shake hands with the woman of the next farm, you have only to lean out of your front window and have her lean out of hers, when your children go to get water from the fountain along with all the other children of the region, when you are less than five minutes' walk from church and the grocery-store, when your children can wait till the school-bell is ringing before snatching up their books to go to school.

You do not have to wait for your mail till some one can go to town or till the R. F. D. man brings it around six hours after it has arrived in town. The village mail-carrier brings it to you directly it arrives, just as though you lived in a city. You do not have to wait for your community news till it filters slowly to your remote door by the inaccurate medium of the irresponsible grocery-boy. The moment anything of common interest happens, the town crier walks up your street. At the sound of

his announcing drum or bell you drop your work, stick your head out of your door, and hear at once, hot off the griddle, as soon as any one, that there will be an auction of cows at the Brissons on Saturday next, that poor sick old Madame Mantier has at last passed away, or that school reopens a week from Monday and all children must be ready to go. And if one of the children breaks his arm, or if a horse has the colic, or your chimney gets on fire, you do not suffer the anguished isolation of American country life. The whole town swarms in to help you, in a twinkling of an eye. In fact, for my personal taste, I must confess that the whole town seemed only too ready to swarm in, on any friendly pretext at all. But then, I have back of me many generations of solitary-minded farmer ancestors, living sternly and grimly to themselves, and not a thousand years of really sociable community life.

"But if they are country-people who live in these dry-looking villages," asked our American Ambulance boys, "what makes them huddle up so close together and run the houses into one long wall of buildings that look like tenement-houses? Why don't they have nice front yards like ours, with grass and flowers, and people sitting on the front porch, enjoying life? You can go through village after village here and never see a thing but those ugly, stony streets and long, high, stone walls, and bare, stony houses, and never a soul but maybe an old woman with a gunny sack on her back, or a couple of kids lug-  
ging water in a pail."

The best answer to that was to open the door into our own bare, stone house, which, like all the others on the street, presented to the public eye an unalluring,

long, gray-white, none-too-clean plastered wall, broken by square windows designed for utility only. The big door opening showed a stone-paved corridor leading straight to what seemed at first glance an earthly Paradise of green; an old, old garden with superb nut-trees, great flowering bushes, a bit of grass, golden graveled paths, and high old gray walls with grapevines and fruit-trees carefully trained against them.

Our American visitor stared about him with dazzled eyes. "What a heavenly place! But who ever would have guessed such a garden was in Crouy!"

"Oh, but this is not one of the really good gardens of the town," we assured him. "This is a poor old neglected one compared with those all around us."

"But where *are* they?" asked our American incredulously, his vision cut off by the ten-foot wall.

At this we invited him upstairs to a lofty window at the back of the house, leaning from which he had a totally new view of the town whose arid gray streets he had traversed so many times. Back of every one of these gray-white, monotonously aligned plastered houses stretched a garden, often a very large one, always a jewel, gleaming, burnished, and ordered, with high old trees near the house, and flowers and vines; and, back of this pleasure spot, a great fertile stretch of well-kept vegetables and fruit. He stared long, our American, reconstructing his ideas with racial rapidity. On withdrawing his head his first comment was, usually:

"But for the Lord's sake, how ever do they get the money to pay for building all those miles of huge stone walls? It must cost every family a fortune."

Upon learning that those walls had stood exactly there

in those very lines for hundreds of years, requiring only to be periodically kept in repair, he sank into another momentary reconstructive meditation.

Then came the inevitable American challenge, the brave new note from the New World which I always rejoiced to hear:

"But what's the *point* of shutting yourself up that way from your neighbors and making such a secret of your lovely garden that nobody gets any good of it but yourself? Why not open up and let everybody who goes by take pleasure in your flowers and your lawn and see the kids playing and hear them laughing?"

Of course I always went duly through the orthodox historical and social explanations. I pointed out that it was only in comparatively late times—only since that very recent event the French Revolution or the beginning of our life as a nation—that isolated houses in the fields would have been safe; that up to that time people were obliged to huddle together inside the walls of a town at night as a safeguard against having their throats cut; that an age-old habit of apprehension and precaution leaves ineradicable marks on life; and that it still seems entirely natural for French people to conceal their gardens behind ten-foot stone walls with broken bottles on top, although for generations the community life has been as peaceful as that of any drowsy New England village. But having given this academic explanation, I went on to hazard a guess that age-old habits of fear leave behind them more than material marks, like stone walls and broken bottles. They shape and form human minds into tastes and preferences and prejudices, the un-

courageous origin of which the owners of the minds are far from divining.

"You know," I said to our boy from home, "they can't understand our open villages with no fences or walls, with everybody's flowers open to everybody's view, with our pretty girls showing their fresh summer dresses and bright, sweet faces to the chance passerby as well as to the selected few who have the countersign to enter. They can't understand it, and they don't try to, for they don't like it. They don't like our isolated houses. They, like all Europeans, apparently like the feeling of having neighbors near so that they can enjoy shutting them out. They say they like the feeling of 'being all to themselves'; they have a passion for 'privacy' which often seems to mean keeping desirable things away from other people; they can't see how we endure the 'staring eyes of strangers.'"

At this point I was usually interrupted by the boy from home who cried out hotly:

"Well, I hope *we* won't ever get so afraid of people we haven't been introduced to! I guess we can stand it, not being so darned private as all that! I don't see that you need take any less satisfaction in a rosebush because it's given pleasure to a lot of work-people going by in the morning!"

On which proposition we always cordially shook hands.

"And yet, d'you know," added the boy from home, a little wistfully, looking down into the green, secluded peace of the walled-in garden, "there *must* be something kind o' nice about the quiet of it, being able to do as you please without everybody looking at you. It sort

of makes our front yards seem like a public park, instead of a home, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I said sadly, "it does, a little."

Oh, Europe, Europe! seductive old Europe, ever up to thine old game of corrupting the fresh candor of invading barbarians!

"But, anyhow," ended the boy from home bravely, "I don't care. I think our way is lots the nicest . . . for *everybody*!"

Dear boy from home!

Then we went downstairs and visited our modest establishment, typical in a small way of all those about us, and although made up of the same essential features as those of a small American town home, differing in a thousand ways.

"Why, there are apples on this hedge, real apples!" said the American. "Who ever heard of apples on a little low hedge plant?"

"Those aren't hedge plants," we told him. "Those are real apple-trees, trained to grow low, cut back year after year, pruned, watched, nipped, fertilized, shaped, into something quite different from what they meant to be. They produce a tenth, a twentieth part of what would grow if the tree were left to itself, but what golden apples of Hesperides they are! The pears are like that, too. Here is a pear-tree older than I, and not so tall, which bears perhaps a dozen pears, but *what* pears! And you see, too, when the trees are kept small, you can have ever so many more in the same space. They don't shade your vegetables, either. See those beans growing up right to the base of the trees."

The chicken-yard was comforting to our visitors be-

cause it was like any chicken-yard; if anything, not so well kept or so well organized as an American one. But beyond them is a row of twelve well-constructed brick rabbit-hutches with carefully made lattice gates and cement floors, before which visitors always stopped to gaze at the endlessly twitching pink noses and vacuous faces of the little beasts. I hastened to explain that they were not at all for the children to play with, but that they form a serious part of the activities of every country family in the region, supplying for many people the only meat they ever eat beyond the very occasional fowl in the pot for a *féte*-day. They take the place, as far as I could see, of the American farm family's hog, and are to my mind a great improvement on him. Their flesh is much better food than the hog's, and since the animal is so small and so prolific, he provides a steady succession all the year round of fresh meat, palatable and savory, not smoked and salted into indigestibility like most of our country pork. In addition, he costs practically nothing to raise. This is, under the usual conditions of the French countryside, almost literally true. They are given those scraps from the kitchen and garden which hens will not touch, the potato and vegetable parings, the carrot-tops, the pea-vines after they have stopped bearing, the outer leaves of the cabbages, and, above all, herbage of all sorts which otherwise would be lost. Every afternoon, the old women of the town, armed with gunny sacks and sickles, go out for an hour or so of fresh air and exercise. The phrase is that they *va à l'herbe* (go for the grass). It is often a lively expedition, with the children skipping and shouting beside their grandmother, or one of the bigger boys pushing the

wheelbarrow, cherished and indispensable accessory of French country life. They take what with us would be a "walk in the country," and as they pass they levy toll on every sod beside the road, or in a corner of a wall; on the fresh green leaves and twigs of neglected thickets; on brambles and weeds—rabbits adore weeds!—on underbrush and vines. Since seeing these patient, ruddy, vigorous, white-capped old women at their work I have made another guess at the cause of the miraculously neat and ordered aspect of French landscapes. It is an effect not wholly due to the esthetic sense of the nation. Toward twilight, the procession of old women and children, red-cheeked and hungry, turns back to the village, with wheelbarrows loaded and sacks bursting with food which otherwise would have served no human purpose. No need to give the rabbit, as we do the hog, expensive golden corn, fit for our own food, and which takes the heart out of the soil which produces it. The rabbit lives, and lives well, on the unconsidered and unmissed crumbs from Mother Nature's table.

The rabbit-hutches being near the kitchen, we usually went next into that red-and-white-tiled room, with the tiny coal-range (concession to the twentieth century) with the immense open hearth (heritage of the past) and the portable charcoal-stove, primitive, universal implement.

"But you can't bake your bread in such a play-stove as that," commented the American.

And with that we were launched into a new phase of Crouy life, the close-knit communal organization of a French settlement. Since all these country people live side by side, they discovered long ago that there is no

need to duplicate, over and over, in each house, labors which are better done in centralized activity. Instead of four hundred cook-stoves being heated to the baking-point, with a vast waste of fuel and effort, one big fire in the village *boulangerie* bakes the bread for all the community. These French country women no more bake their own bread than they make their own shoes. In fact, if they tried to they could not produce anything half so appetizing and nourishing as the crusty, well-baked loaves turned out by that expert specialist, the village bakeress; and they buy those loaves for less than it would cost to produce them in each kitchen.

In addition to the *boulangerie* where you buy your bread, there is in Crouy (and in all other French towns of that size) another shop kept by a specially good cook among the housewives, where you can always buy certain cooked foods which are hard to prepare at home in small quantities. Ham, for instance. In American towns too small to have a delicatessen shop, how many of us quail before the hours of continuous heat needed to boil a ham, and the still more formidable enterprise of getting it all eaten up afterward without a too dreary monotony! I have known American villages where people said the real reason for church suppers was that they might taste boiled ham once in a while. In Crouy, backward, primitive, drainageless community that it is, they cater to the prime necessity of variety in diet with a competence like that with which the problem of good bread is solved all over France. Every Wednesday morning you know that Madame Beaugard has a ham freshly boiled. You may buy one slice, just enough to garnish a cold salad, or ten slices to serve in a hot sauce for

dinner. On Saturdays she has a big roast of beef, hot and smoking out of her oven at a quarter of twelve, and a family of two may thus enjoy this luxury without paying the usual Anglo-Saxon penalty of eating cold or hashed beef for many days thereafter. On another day she has beans, the dry beans which are such a bother to prepare in small quantities and such an admirable and savory food. She is the village fruit-seller, and when you go to buy your fruit in her little shop, which is nothing more or less than her front parlor transformed, you are sure to find something else appetizing and tempting. Note that this regular service not only adds greatly to the variety and tastefulness of the diet of the village, but enables Madame Beaugard to earn her living more amply.

In another big operation of housekeeping the simplest French country community puts its resources together, instead of scattering them. On wash days there is no arduous lifting and emptying out of water, no penetrating odor of soapsuds throughout all the house, no waste of fuel under hundreds of individual wash-boilers, no solitary drudging over the washtubs. The French country housekeeper who does her own washing brings around to the street door her faithful steed, the wheelbarrow, and loads it up; first the big galvanized boiler full of soiled clothes, then a wooden box open at one side, filled with clean straw, then the soap, a flat, short-handled wooden paddle, and a stiff scrubbing-brush. Leaving the children not yet at school in the charge of a neighbor—for whom she will perform the same service another day of the week—her head done up in a kerchief, her skirts kilted high to let her step free, she sets off down

the road for the *lavoir*. I use the French word because the institution does not exist in English.

This is usually a low stone building, with an open place in the roof, either covered with glass or open to the air. In the center is a big pool of water, constantly renewed, which gushes in clean and eddies out soapy, carrying with it the impurities of the village linen. Here our housewife finds an assortment of her friends and neighbors, and here she kneels in the open air, in her straw-filled box, and scaps, and beats, and rinses, and scrubs at the spots with her scrubbing-brush (they never use a rubbing-board), and at the same time hears all the talk of the town, gets whatever news from the outer world is going the rounds, jokes and scolds, sympathizes and laughs, sorrows with and quarrels with her neighbors,— gets, in short, the same refreshing and entire change from the inevitable monotony of the home routine which an American housewife of a more prosperous class gets in her club meeting, and which the American housewife of the same class gets, alas! almost never.

And, yes, the clothes are clean! I know it runs counter to all our fixed ideas and what we are taught in domestic-science classes. I don't pretend to explain it but the fact remains that clothes soaped and beaten and rinsed in cold water, boiled in a boiler over the open fire and dried on the grass, are of the most dazzling whiteness. It is just another wholesome reminder that there are all kinds of ways to kill a cat, and that our own, natural and inevitable as it seems to us, may not even be the most orthodox.

Another such reminder is the fashion in which they manage baths in Crouy. There are not (you can hear,

can't you, the supercilious Anglo-Saxon tourist saying, "*Of course there are not*"?) any bathrooms in the houses, nor in the one little inn. And yet the people take plenty of baths, and in big porcelain bathtubs too, bigger and deeper and fuller of hot water than those we have in our houses.

Among the many curious little industries of the place is the *établissement des bains*. As you go down the main street of a morning you stop in and fill up a little printed card stating that you wish a hot (or cold) plain (or perfumed or sulphur or starch or what not) bath, at such and such an hour. The little old woman in charge (note that this is another way for a little old woman to earn an honest living) notes your hour, and stokes up her stove according to the schedule of the day. When you arrive you are shown into an immaculately clean tiled bathroom, with an enormous tub, lined with a clean sheet (it has been definitely decided by doctors that this precaution obviates any possibility of contagion) and filled with clear, sparkling hot water. You can rent your towels for two cents apiece, and buy a bit of soap for three cents, or you may bring them from home, if you prefer. Of course, being unused to this particular way of killing the cat, you feel rather foolish and queer to be taking a bath in a community bathtub instead of in your own. But the bath is a fine one; with a cold rub-down at the end, there is no danger of taking cold; and as you dress, glowing and refreshed, you cannot put out of your mind some such colloquy as this:

"Yes, of course I prefer a bathtub in my own house. Everybody would. But suppose I haven't money enough to have one? At home, in a town like this, you can only

get a bath, or give it to your children, if you have capital enough to buy, install, and keep up a bathroom of your own. Here you can have an even better one, any time you can spare fifteen cents in cash. Which method produces the bigger area of clean skin in a given community?"

You usually end your colloquy by quoting to yourself, laughingly, the grandly American-minded remark of the boy from Illinois, whose reaction to the various eye-openers about him was thus formulated:

"Do you know, the thing we want to do at home is to keep all the good ways of doing this we've got already, and then add all the French ones too."

We laughed over the youthful self-confidence of that ambition, but, as the boy from Illinois would say, "Honestly, do you know, there is something in it."

In one of the few large, handsome houses in Crouy there is something else I wish we might import into America. Very simply, with no brass band of a formal organization, secretaries, or reports, the younger girls of the town are brought together to learn how to sew and cook and keep their household accounts. The splendid park which looks so lordly with its noble trees is only the playground for the little girls in gingham aprons in the intervals of their study; and the fine, high-ceilinged, spacious old *salon*, a veritable Henry James room, is employed in anything but a Henry James manner as the workroom where all the children from the poorer houses round about sit in the sunshine, setting beautiful fine stitches and chattering like magpies.

A large room at the side has been fitted up—oh, so long before domestic science "struck" America—as a

kitchen, and here the little girls daily prepare their own luncheons, after having, turn by turn, done the marketing and made up their small accounts under the supervision of an expert teacher. Their rosy cheeks and bright eyes testify to the good training which their own mothers received in this very room, in these very essentials of life.

The gracious, gray-haired owner of the beautiful home has always been so busy with her school and workroom that she almost never runs into Paris, although she is not more than a couple of hours away.

"I've only been there five or six times in my life," she says, shaking her head in mocking contrition, and turning superb old rings around on her soft, wrinkled hands. She adds, with a pretty whimsical smile: "To tell the truth, it bores me awfully when I do go. I have so much to see to here, that I'm uneasy to be away."

You are to remember that this has been going on for at least two generations. The quiet-eyed *châtelaine* of the manor mentions, in passing, that she is but continuing the work of her aunt who lived there before her, and who for fifty years gave all her life and property for her neighbors' children in quite the same way. When you leave you try to murmur something about what two such lives must have meant to the community, but this entirely unmodern, unradical, unread provincial French-woman cuts you short by saying in a matter-of-fact tone, with the most transparent simplicity of manner:

"Oh, but of course property is only a trust, after all, isn't it?"

Will some one please tell me what are the appropriate sentiments for good Socialists to feel about such people?

There is another *ouvroir* (sewing-room) in Crouy of

another sort, where the older girls, instead of being forced to go away from home, as in most American villages, to work in factories or shops, may earn an excellent living doing expert embroidery or fine sewing. They are well paid, and the enterprise is successful commercially because the long-headed philanthropist at the head of the organization manages to sell direct to consumers—as will always be done as a matter-of-course in the twenty-first century—instead of passing the product through the acquisitive hands of many middlemen. But there is so much to report in detail about this wholly admirable and modern undertaking that I must make another story of it. It is really curious how often, in this little, backward, drainageless French village, an American is brought to a halt, a long, scrutinizing inspection, and much profitable meditation.

So far you have seen Crouy as it was before the war, and as it is now in the brief intervals between the departure of a regiment going back to the front and the arrival of another with the trench mud still on its boots. You have seen the long, gray, stony street filled morning and evening with horses and laborers going out to work or returning, and in the meantime dozing somnolent in the sun, with only a cat or dog to cross it, an old woman going out for the grass, or a long, gray American Ford Ambulance banging along over the paving, the square-jawed, clean-shaven boy from the States zigzagging desperately with the vain idea that the other side of the street cannot be so rough as the one he is on. You have seen the big open square, sleeping under the airy shadow of the great sycamores, only the occasional chatter of

children drawing water at the fountain breaking the silence. You have seen the beautiful old church, echoing and empty save for an old, poor man, his ax or his spade beside him, as he kneels for a moment to pray for his grandsons at the front; or for a woman in black, rigid and silent before a shrine, at whose white face you dare not glance as you pass. You have seen the plain, bare walls of the old houses, turning an almost blank face to the street, with closely shuttered or thickly curtained windows.

But one morning, very early, before you are dressed, you hear suddenly, close at hand, that clear, ringing challenge of the bugle which bids all human hearts to rise and triumph, and the vehement whirring rhythm of the drums, like a violent new pulse beating in your own body. The house begins to shake as though with thunder, not the far-off roar of the great cannon of the horizon which you hear every day, but a definite vibration of the earth under your feet. You rush to your street window, throw open the shutters, and, leaning from the sill, see that all Crouy is leaning with you and looking up the street.

There, at the turn, where the road leaves the yellow wheat-fields to enter the village, the flag is coming, the torn, ragged, dingy, sacred tricolor. Back of it the trumpets, gleaming in the sun, proclaim its honor. They are here, the poilus, advancing with their quick, swinging step, so bravely light for all the cruel heavy sacks on their backs and the rifles on their shoulders. Their four-ranked file fills our street from side to side, as their trumpets fill our ears, as the fatigue and courage of their faces fill our hearts. They are here, the splendid, splen-

did soldiers who are the French poilus. Everybody's brother, cousin, husband, friend, son, is there.

All Crouy leans from its windows to welcome them back from death—one more respite. They glance up at the windows as they pass; the younger ones smile at the girls' faces; the older ones, fathers certainly, look wistfully at the children's bright heads. There are certain ones who look at nothing, staring straight ahead at immaterial sights which will not leave their eyes.

One detachment has passed; the rumbling has increased till your windows shake as though in an earthquake. The camions and guns are going by, an endless defile of monster trucks, ending with the rolling kitchen, lumbering forward, smoking from all its pipes and caldrons, with the regimental cook springing up to inspect the progress of his savory ragoût.

After the formless tumult of the wheels, the stony street resounds again to the age-old rhythm of marching men. Another detachment. . . .

You dress quickly, seize the big box of cigarettes kept ready for this time, and, taking the children by the hand, go out to help welcome the newcomers as they settle down for their three weeks' rest.

I have told you that Crouy has a thousand inhabitants. There are twelve hundred men in a regiment. Perhaps you can imagine that when the troops are there men seem to ooze from every pore of the town. There are no great barracks erected for them, you understand. Somehow Crouy people make themselves small, move over to the edge, and make the necessary room. There are seventy soldiers sleeping on straw in the big hall which was before the war used for a concert-room or for

amateur theatricals; two hundred are housed in what is left of the old *salles de garde* of the ruined castle, old guard-rooms which after five hundred years see themselves again filled with French fighting-men; every barn-loft is filled with them; every empty shed has a thick layer of straw on the ground and twenty to thirty men encamped; every empty stable has been carefully cleaned and prepared for them; every empty room harbors one or more officers; every attic has ten or fifteen men. One unused shop is transformed into the regimental infirmary, and hangs out the Red Cross flag; another sees the quartermaster and his secretaries installed at desks improvised from pine boards; a sentry stands before the Town Hall where the colonel has his headquarters, and another guards the fine old house which has the honor of sheltering the regimental flag.

The street, our quiet, sleepy street, is like an artery pulsing with rapid vibrations; despatch-riders dash up and down; camions rumble by; a staff-car full of officers looking seriously at maps halts for a moment and passes on; from out the courtyard where a regimental kitchen is installed a file of soldiers issues, walking on eggs as they carry their hot stew across the street to the lodging where they eat it. Our green-vegetable woman, that supreme flower of a race of consummate gardeners, arrives at the house, breathless and smiling, with only an onion and a handful of potatoes in her usually well-garnished donkey-cart.

“*Que voulez-vous, madame?*” she apologizes, sure of your sympathy. “The instant I leave the garden, they set upon me. You can’t refuse your own soldiers, can you! With my Jacques at the front?”

Everywhere, everywhere where there is a scrap of cover from the sky, are huddled horses, mules, guns, wagons, and camions. Every spreading chestnut-tree harbors, not a blacksmith, but a dozen army mules tied close to the trunk. Near the station the ground under the close-set double line of trees in the long mall is covered to its last inch with munition-wagons and camions, and to reach the post-office on the other side of the little shady square you must pick your way back of lines of guns, set end to end, without an inch to spare. The aviators, whose machines wheel ceaselessly over the town, can see no change in its aspect, unless perhaps the streets and courtyards send up to the sky a gray-blue reflection like its own color. Not another trace of twelve hundred men with all their impedimenta betrays to the occasional German airman that Crouy's life is transformed.

Three times a week, in the late afternoon, just before sunset, the regimental band gives a concert, in our big open square under the sycamores, where, in the softer passages of the music, the sound of splashing water mingles with the flutes. All Crouy puts on its Sunday best and comes out to join itself to the horizon-blue throngs, and the colonel and his staff stand under the greatest of the sycamores, listening soberly to the music and receiving paternally the salutes of the men who saunter near him.

Once during their stay there is a *prise-d'armes*, on the square, when the men who have especially distinguished themselves are decorated with the *croix de guerre*. All Crouy goes to see that, too—all Crouy means now, you must remember, old men, women, little children, and

babies—and stands respectfully, with tear-wet eyes, watching the white-haired colonel go down the line, pinning on each man's breast the sign of honor, taking his hand in a comrade's clasp and giving him on both cheeks a brother's kiss. That is a sight the children there will not forget, those two, bronzed, grave soldiers' faces, meeting under their steel casques in the salutation of blood-kin.

And once there is a mass said for the regimental dead in the old, old church. All Crouy goes there too, all Crouy lost in the crowd of soldiers who kneel in close ranks on the worn stones, the sonorous chant of whose deep voices fills the church to the last vaulting of the arches which echoed to the voices of those other Crusaders, praying there for their dead, six hundred years ago. The acolytes at the altar are soldiers in their shabby honorable uniforms; the priest is a soldier; the choir is filled with them singing the responses; in an interval of the service up rise two of them near the organ, violin in hand, and the French church rings with the angel's voice of whom but old Johann Sebastian Bach—oh, generous-hearted, wise poilu musicians, who hate only what is hateful!

At the end, suddenly, the regimental music is there, wood-wind, trumpets, and all. The service comes to a close in one great surging chant, upborne on the throbbing waves of the organ notes. The church rings to the pealing brass, thrilling violins, the men's deep voices. . . .

Ah, when will it resound to the song of thanksgiving at the end?

## FROM NINE TO FIVE\*

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

ONE of the necessary qualifications of an efficient business man in these days of industrial literature seems to be the ability to write, in clear and idiomatic English, a 1,000-word story on how efficient he is and how he got that way. A glance through any one of our more racy commercial magazines will serve nicely to illustrate my point, for it was after glancing through one of them only five minutes ago that the point suggested itself to me.

“What Is Making Our Business Grow;” “My \$10,000 System of Carbon-Copy Hunting;” “Making the Turn-Over Turn In;” “If I Can Make My Pencil Sharpenings Work, Why Can’t You?” “Getting Sales out of Sahara,” etc., are some of the intriguing titles which catch the eye of the student of world affairs as he thumbs over the business magazines on the news-stands before buying his newspaper. It seems as if the entire business world were devoting its work hours to the creation of a school of introspective literature.

But the trouble with these writers is that they are all successful. There is too much sameness to their stuff. They have their little troubles at first, it is true, such as lack of coördination in the central typing department, or congestion of office boys in the room where the water

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cooler is situated; but sooner or later you may be perfectly sure that Right will triumph and that the young salesman will bring in the order that puts the firm back on its feet again. They seem to have no imagination, these writers of business confessions. What the art needs is some Strindberg of Commerce to put down on paper the sordid facts of Life as they really are, and to show, in bitter words of cynical realism, that ink erasers are not always segregated or vouchers always all that they should be, and that, behind the happy exterior of many a mahogany railing, all is not so gosh-darned right with the world after all.

Now, without setting myself up as a Strindberg, I would like to start the ball rolling toward a more realistic school of business literature by setting down in my rough, impulsive way a few of the items in the account of "How We Make Our Business Lose \$100,000 a Year."

All that I ask in the way of equipment is an illustration showing a square-jawed, clean-cut American business man sitting at a desk and shaking his finger at another man, very obviously the head of the sales department because it says so under the picture, who is standing with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gnawing at a big, black cigar, and looking out through the window at the smoke-stacks of the works. With this picture as a starter, and a chart or two, I can build up a very decent business story around them.

In the first place let me say that what we have done in our business any firm can do in theirs. It is not that we have any extraordinary talents along organization lines. We simply have taken the lessons learned in

everyday trading, have tabulated and filed them in triplicate. Then we have forgotten them.

I can best give an idea of the secret of our mediocrity as a business organization by outlining a typical day in our offices. I do this in no spirit of boasting, but simply to show these thousands of systematized business men who are devoting themselves to literature that somewhere in all this miasma of success there shines a ray of inefficiency, giving promise of the day that is to come.

The first part of the morning in our establishment is devoted to the mail. This starts the day off right, for it gives every one something to do, which is, I have found, a big factor in keeping the place looking busy.

Personally I am not what is known as a "snappy" dictator. It makes me nervous to have a stenographer sitting there waiting for me to say something so that she can pounce on it and tear it into hieroglyphics. I feel that, mentally, she is checking me up with other men who have dictated to her, and that I am being placed in Class 5a, along with the licensed pilots and mental defectives, and the more I think of it the more incoherent I become. If exact and detailed notes were to be preserved of one of my dictated letters, mental processes, and all, they might read something like this:

"Good morning, Miss Kettle. . . . Take a letter, please . . . to the Nipco Drop Forge and Tool Company, Schenectady . . . S-c-h-e-c—er—well, Schenectady; you know how to spell that, I guess, Miss Kettle, ha! ha! . . . Nipco Drop Forge and Tool Company, Schenectady, New York. . . . Gentlemen—er (business of touching finger tips and looking at the ceiling meditatively)—Your favor of the 17th inst. at hand, and in

reply would state that—er (I should have thought this letter out before beginning to dictate and decided just what it *is* that we desire to state in reply)—and in reply would state that—er . . . our Mr. Mellish reports that—er . . . where is that letter from Mr. Mellish, Miss Kettle? . . . The one about the castings. . . . Oh, never mind, I guess I can remember what he said. . . . Let's see, where were we? . . . Oh, yes, that our Mr. Mellish reports that he shaw the sipment—I mean *saw* the *shipment*—what's the matter with me? (this girl must think that I'm a perfect fool) . . . that he shaw the sipment in question on the platform of the station at Miller's Falls, and that it—er . . . ah . . . ooom . . . (I'll have this girl asleep in her chair in a minute. I'll bet that she goes and tells the other girls that she has just taken a letter from a man with the mind of an eight-year-old boy). . . . We could, therefore, comma, . . . what's the matter? . . . Oh, I didn't finish that other sentence, I guess. . . . Let's see, how did it go? . . . Oh, yes . . . and that I, or rather *it*, was in good shape . . . er, cross that out, please (this girl is simply wasting her time here. I could spell this out with alphabet blocks quicker and let her copy it) . . . and that it was in excellent shape at that shape—er . . . or rather, at that *time* . . . er . . . period. New paragraph.

"We are, comma, therefore, comma, unable to . . . hello, Mr. Watterly, be right with you in half a second. . . . I'll finish this later, Miss Kettle . . . thank you."

When the mail is disposed of we have what is known as Memorandum Hour. During this period every one sends memoranda to every one else. If you happen to have nothing in particular about which to dictate a mem-

orandum, you dictate a memorandum to some one, saying that you have nothing to suggest or report. This gives a stimulating exchange of ideas, and also helps to use up the blue memorandum blanks which have been printed at some expense for just that purpose.

As an example of how this system works, I will give a typical instance of its procedure. My partner, let us say, comes in and sits down at the desk opposite me. I observe that his scarfpin is working its way out from his tie. I call a stenographer and say: "Take a memo to Mr. MacFurdle, please. *In re* Loosened Scarfpin. You are losing your scarfpin."

As soon as she has typed this it is given to Mr. MacFurdle's secretary, and a carbon copy is put in the files. Mr. MacFurdle, on receiving my memo, adjusts his scarfpin and calls his secretary.

"A memo to Mr. Benchley, please. *In re* Tightened Scarfpin. Thank you. I have given the matter my attention."

As soon as I have received a copy of this typewritten reply to my memorandum we nod pleasantly to each other and go on with our work. In all, not more than half an hour has been consumed, and we have a complete record of the negotiations in our files in case any question should ever arise concerning them. In case *no* question should ever arise, we still have the complete record. So we can't lose—unless you want to call that half hour a loss.

It is then almost lunch time. A quick glance at a pile of carbons of mill reports which have but little significance to me owing to the fact that the figures are illegible (it being a fifth-string carbon); a rapid survey of the

matter submitted for my O. K., most of which I dislike to take the responsibility for and therefore pass on to Mr. Houghtelling for his O.K.; a short tussle in the washroom with the liquid-soap container which contains no liquid soap and a thorough drying of the hands on my handkerchief, the paper towels having given out early in the morning, and I am ready to go to lunch with a man from the Eureka Novelty Company who wants to sell us a central paste-supply system (whereby all the office paste is kept in one large vat in the store-room, individual brushfuls being taken out only on requisitions O.K.'d by the head of the department).

Both being practical business men, we spend only two hours at lunch. And, both being practical business men, we know all the subtleties of selling. It is a well-known fact that personality plays a big rôle in the so-called "selling game" (one of a series of American games, among which are "the newspaper game," "the advertising game," "the cloak-and-suit game," "the ladies' mackintosh and overshoe game," "the seedless-raisin and dried-fruit game," etc.), and so Mr. Ganz of the Eureka Novelty Company spends the first hour and three-quarters developing his "personality appeal." All through the tomato bisque aux croutons and the roast prime ribs of beef, dish gravy, he puts into practice the principles enunciated in books on Selling, by means of which the subject at hand is deferred in a subtle manner until the salesman has had a chance to impress his prospect with his geniality and his smile (an attractive smile has been known to sell a carload of 1897 style derbies, according to authorities on *The Smile in Selling*), his knowledge of baseball, his rich fund of stories, and his

general aversion to getting down to the disagreeable reason for his call.

The only trouble with this system is that I have done the same thing myself so many times that I know just what his next line is going to be, and can figure out pretty accurately at each stage of his conversation just when he is going to shift to one position nearer the thing he has to sell. I know that he has not the slightest interest in my entertainment other than the sale of a Eureka Central Paste Supply System, and he knows that I know it, and so we spend an hour and three-quarters fooling the waiter into thinking that we are engaged in disinterested camaraderie.

For fifteen minutes we talk business, and I agree to take the matter up with the directors at the next meeting, holding the mental reservation that a central paste supply system will be installed in our plant only over my dead body.

This takes us until two-thirty, and I have to hurry back to a conference. We have two kinds of "conference." One is that to which the office boy refers when he tells the applicant for a job that Mr. Blevitch is "in conference." This means that Mr. Blevitch is in good health and reading the paper, but otherwise unoccupied. The other kind of "conference" is bona fide in so far as it implies that three or four men are talking together in one room, and don't want to be disturbed.

This conference is on, let us say, the subject of Window Cards for display advertising: shall they be triangular or diamond-shaped?

There are four of us present, and we all begin by biting off the ends of four cigars. Watterly has a pile

of samples of window cards of various shapes, which he hangs, with a great deal of trouble, on the wall, and which are not referred to again. He also has a few ideas on Window Card Psychology.

"It seems to me," he leads off, "that we have here a very important question. On it may depend the success of our Middle Western sales. The problem as I see it is this: what will be the reaction on the retina of the eye of a prospective customer made by the sight of a diamond-shaped card hanging in a window? It is a well-known fact in applied psychology that when you take the average man into a darkened room, loosen his collar, and shout "Diamonds!" at him suddenly, his mental reaction is one in which the ideas of Wealth, Value, Richness, etc., predominate. Now, it stands to reason that the visual reaction from seeing a diamond-shaped card in the window will . . ."

"Excuse me a moment, George," says MacFurdle, who has absorbed some pointers on Distribution from a book entitled "The World Salesman," "I don't think that it is so important to get after the psychology of the thing first as it is to outline thoroughly the Theory of Zone Apportionment on which we are going to work. If we could make up a chart, showing in red ink the types of retail-stores and in green ink the types of jobber establishments, in this district, then we could get at the window display from that angle and tackle the psychology later, if at all. Now, on such a chart I would try to show the zones of Purchasing Power, and from these could be deduced . . ."

"Just a minute, Harry," Inglesby interrupts, "let me butt in for half a second. That chart system is all very

well when you are selling goods with which the public is already familiar through association with other brands, but with ours it is different. We have got to estimate the Consumer Demand first in terms of dollar-and-a-quarter units, and build our selling organization up around that. Now, if I know anything about human nature at all—and I think I do, after being in the malleable-iron game for fifteen years—the people in this section of the country represent an entirely different trade current than . . .”

At this point I offer a few remarks on one of my pet hobbies, the influence of the Gulf Stream on Regional Commerce, and then we all say again the same things that we said before, after which we say them again, the pitch of the conversation growing higher at each repetition of views and the room becoming more and more filled with cigar smoke. Our final decision is to have a conference to-morrow afternoon, before which each one is to “think the matter over and report his reactions.”

This brings the day to a close. There has been nothing remarkable in it, as the reader will be the first one to admit. And yet it shows the secret of whatever we have not accomplished in the past year in our business.

And it also shows why we practical business men have so little sympathy with a visionary, impractical arrangement like this League of Nations. President Wilson was all right in his way, but he was too academic. What we practical men in America want is deeds, not words.

## HAMMOCK NIGHTS\*

By WILLIAM BEEBE

THERE is a great gulf between pancakes and truffles: an eternal, fixed, abysmal cañon. It is like the chasm between beds and hammocks. It is not to be denied and not to be traversed; for if pancakes with syrup are a necessary of life, then truffles with anything must be, by the very nature of things, a supreme and undisputed luxury, a regal food for royalty and the chosen of the earth. There cannot be a shadow of a doubt that these two are divided; and it is not alone a mere arbitrary division of poverty and riches as it would appear on the surface. It is an alienation brought about by profound and fundamental differences; for the gulf between them is that gulf which separates the prosaic, the ordinary, the commonplace, from all that is colored and enlivened by romance.

The romance of truffles endows the very word itself with a halo, an aristocratic halo full of mystery and suggestion. One remembers the hunters who must track their quarry through marshy and treacherous lands, and one cannot forget their confiding catspaw, that desolated pig, created only to be betrayed and robbed of the fungi of his labors. He is one of the pathetic characters of history, born to secret sorrow, victimized by those supe-

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rior tastes which do not become his lowly station. Born to labor and to suffer, but not to eat. To this day he commands my sympathy; his ghost—lean, bourgeois, reproachful—looks out at me from every market-place in the world where the truffle proclaims his faithful service.

But the pancake is a pancake, nothing more. It is without inherent or artificial glamour; and this unfortunately, when you come right down to it, is true of food in general. For food, after all, is one of the lesser considerations; the connoisseur, the gourmet, even the gourmand, spends no more than four hours out of the day at his table. From the cycle, he may select four in which to eat; but whether he will or not, he must set aside seven of the twenty-four in which to sleep.

Sleeping, then, as opposed to eating, is of almost double importance, since it consumes nearly twice as much time—and time, in itself, is the most valuable thing in the world. Considered from this angle, it seems incredible that we have no connoisseurs of sleep. For we have none. Therefore it is with some temerity that I declare sleep to be one of the romances of existence, and not by any chance the simple necessary it is reputed to be.

However, this romance, in company with whatever is worthy, is not to be discovered without the proper labor. Life is not all truffles. Neither do they grow in modest back-yards to be picked of mornings by the maid-of-all-work. A mere bed, notwithstanding its magic camouflage of coverings, of canopy, of disguised pillows, of shining brass or fluted carven posts, is, pancake like, never surrounded by this aura of romance. No, it is hammock sleep which is the sweetest of all slumber. Not

in the hideous, dyed affairs of our summer porches, with their miserable curved sticks to keep the strands apart, and their maddening creaks which grow in length and discord the higher one swings—but in a hammock woven by Carib Indians. An Indian hammock selected at random will not suffice; it must be a Carib and none other. For they, themselves, are part and parcel of the romance, since they are not alone a quaint and poetic people, but the direct descendants of those remote Americans who were the first to see the caravels of Columbus. Indeed, he paid the initial tribute to their skill, for in the diary of his first voyage he writes,—

“A great many Indians in canoes came to the ship to-day for the purpose of bartering their cotton, and *hamacas* or nets in which they sleep.”

It is supposed that this name owes its being to the hamack tree, from the bark of which they were woven. However that may be, the modern hammock of these tropical Red Men is so light and so delicate in texture that during the day one may wear it as a sash, while at night it forms an incomparable couch.

But one does not drop off to sleep in this before a just and proper preparation. This presents complexities. First, the hammock must be slung with just the right amount of tautness; then, the novice must master the knack of winding himself in his blanket that he may slide gently into his aerial bed and rest at right angles to the tied ends, thus permitting the free side-meshes to curl up naturally over his feet and head. This cannot be taught. It is an art; and any art is one-tenth technique, and nine-tenths natural talent. However, it is possible to acquire a certain virtuosity, which, after all

is said, is but pure mechanical skill as opposed to sheer genius. One might, perhaps, get a hint by watching the living chrysalid of a potential moon-moth wriggle back into its cocoon—but little is to be learned from human teaching. However, if, night after night, one observes his Indians, a certain instinctive knowledge will arise to aid and abet him in his task. Then, after his patient apprenticeship, he may reap as he has sowed. If it is to be disaster, it is as immediate as it is ignominious; but if success is to be his portion, then he is destined to rest, wholly relaxed, upon a couch encushioned and resilient beyond belief. He finds himself exalted and supreme above all mundane disturbances, with the tree-tops and the stars for his canopy, and the earth a shadowy floor far beneath. This gentle aerial support is distributed throughout hundreds of fine meshes, and the sole contact with the earth is through twin living boles, pulsing with swift running sap, whose lichenized bark and moonlit foliage excel any tapestry of man's devising.

Perhaps it is atavistic—this desire to rest and swing in a hamaca. For these are not unlike the treetop couches of our arboreal ancestors, such a one as I have seen an orang-utan weave in a few minutes in the swaying crotch of a tree. At any rate, the hammock is not dependent upon four walls, upon rooms and houses, and it partakes altogether of the wilderness. Its movement is æolian—yielding to every breath of air. It has even its own weird harmony—for I have often heard a low, whistling hum as the air rushed through the cordage mesh. In a sudden tropical gale every taut strand of my hamaca has seemed a separate, melodious, orchestral note, while I was buffeted to and fro, marking time to

some rhythmic and reckless tune of the wind playing fortissimo on the woven strings about me. The climax of this musical outburst was not without a mild element of danger—sufficient to create that enviable state of mind wherein the sense of security and the knowledge that a minor catastrophe may perhaps be brought about are weighed one against the other.

Special, unexpected, and interesting minor dangers are also the province of the hamaca. Once, in the tropics, a great fruit fell on the elastic strands and bounced upon my body. There was an ominous swish of the air in the sweeping arc which this missile described, also a goodly shower of leaves; and since the fusillade took place at midnight, it was, all in all, a somewhat alarming visitation. However, there were no honorable scars to mark its advent; and what is more important, from all my hundreds of hammock nights, I have no other memory of any actual or threatened danger which was not due to human carelessness or stupidity. It is true that once, in another continent, by the light of a camp-fire, I saw the long-liana-like body of a harmless tree-snake wind down from one of my fronded bed-posts and, like a living woof following its shuttle, weave a passing pattern of emerald through the pale meshes. But this heralded no harm, for the poisonous reptiles of that region never climb; and so, since I was worn out by a hard day, I shut my eyes and slept neither better nor worse because of the transient confidence of a neighborly serpent.

As a matter of fact, the wilderness provides but few real perils, and in a hammock one is safely removed from these. One lies in a stratum above all damp and chill of the ground, beyond the reach of crawling tick and looping

leech; and with an enveloping *mosquitaro*, or mosquito shirt, as the Venezuelans call it, one is fortified even in the worst haunts of these most disturbing of all pests.

Once my ring rope slipped and the hammock settled, but not enough to wake me up and force me to set it to rights. I was aware that something had gone wrong, but, half asleep, I preferred to leave the matter in the lap of the gods. Later, as a result, I was awakened several times by the patting of tiny paws against my body, as small jungle-folk, standing on their hind-legs, essayed to solve the mystery of the swaying, silent, bulging affair directly overhead. I was unlike any tree or branch or liana which had come their way before; I do not doubt that they thought me some new kind of ant-nest, since these structures are alike only as their purpose in life is identical—for they express every possible variation in shape, size, color, design and position. As for their curiosity, I could make no complaint, for, at best, my visitors could not be so inquisitive as I, inasmuch as I had crossed one ocean and two continents with no greater object than to pry into their personal and civic affairs as well as those of their neighbors. To say nothing of their environment and other matters.

That my rope slipped was the direct result of my own inefficiency. The hammock protects one from the dangers of the outside world, but like any man-made structure, it shows evidences of those imperfections which are part and parcel of human nature, and serve, no doubt, to make it interesting. But one may at least strive for perfection by being careful. Therefore tie the ropes of your hammock yourself, or examine and test the job done for you. The master of hammocks makes a knot the name

of which I do not know—I cannot so much as describe it. But I would like to twist it again—two quick turns, a push and a pull; then, the greater the strain put upon it, the greater its resistance.

This trustworthiness commands respect and admiration, but it is in the morning that one feels the glow of real gratitude; for, in striking camp at dawn, one has but to give a single jerk and the rope is straightened out, without so much as a second's delay. It is the tying, however, which must be well done—this I learned from bitter experience.

It was one morning, years ago, but the memory of it is with me still, vivid and painful. One of the party had left her hammock, which was tied securely since she was skilful in such matters, to sit down and rest in another, belonging to a servant. This was slung at one end of a high, tropical porch, which was without the railing that surrounds the more pretentious verandahs of civilization, so that the hammock swung free, first over the rough flooring, then a little out over the yard itself. A rope slipped, the faulty knot gave way, and she fell backward—a seven-foot fall with no support of any kind by which she might save herself. A broken wrist was the price she had to pay for another's carelessness—a broken wrist which, in civilization, is perhaps, one of the lesser tragedies; but this was in the very heart of the Guiana wilderness. Many hours from ether and surgical skill, such an accident assumes alarming proportions. Therefore, I repeat my warning: tie your knots or examine them.

It is true, that, when all is said and done, a dweller in hammocks may bring upon himself any number of diverse

dangers of a character never described in books or imagined in fiction. A fellow naturalist of mine never lost an opportunity to set innumerable traps for the lesser jungle-folk, such as mice and opossums, all of which he religiously measured and skinned, so that each, in its death, should add its mite to human knowledge. As a fisherman runs out set lines, so would he place his traps in a circle under his hammock, using a cord to tie each and every one to the meshes. This done, it was his custom to lie at ease and wait for the click below which would usher in a new specimen,—perhaps a new species,—to be lifted up, removed, and safely cached until morning. This strategic method served a double purpose: it conserved natural energy, and it protected the catch. For if the traps were set in the jungle and trustfully confided to its care until the break of day, the ants would leave a beautifully cleaned skeleton, intact, all unnecessarily entrapped.

Now it happened that once, when he had set his nocturnal traps, he straightway went to sleep in the midst of all the small jungle people who were calling for mates and new life, so that he did not hear the click which was to warn him that another little beast of fur had come unawares upon his death. But he heard, suddenly, a disturbance in the low ferns beneath his hammock. He reached over and caught hold of one of the cords, finding the attendant trap heavy with prey. He was on the point of feeling his way to the trap itself, when instead, by some subconscious prompting, he reached over and snapped on his flashlight. And there before him, hanging in mid-air, striking viciously at his fingers which were just beyond its reach, was a young fer-de-lance—

one of the deadliest of tropical serpents. His nerves gave way, and with a crash the trap fell to the ground where he could hear it stirring and thrashing about among the dead leaves. This ominous rustling did not encourage sleep; he lay there for a long time listening,—and every minute is longer in the darkness,—while his hammock quivered and trembled with the reaction.

Guided by this, I might enter into a new field of naturalizing and say to those who might, in excitement, be tempted to do otherwise, "Look at your traps before lifting them." But my audience would be too limited; I will refrain from so doing.

It is true that this brief experience might be looked upon as one illustration of the perils of the wilderness, since it is not customary for the fer-de-lance to frequent the city and the town. But this would give rise to a footless argument, leading nowhere. For danger is everywhere—it lurks in every shadow and is hidden in the bright sunlight, it is the uninvited guest, the invisible pedestrian who walks beside you in the crowded street ceaselessly, without tiring. But even a fer-de-lance should rather add to the number of hammock devotees than diminish them; for the three feet or more of elevation is as good as so many miles between the two of you. And three miles from any serpent is sufficient.

It may be that the very word danger is subjected to a different interpretation in each one of our mental dictionaries. It is elastic, comprehensive. To some it may include whatever is terrible, terrifying; to others it may symbolize a worthy antagonist, one who throws down the gauntlet and asks no questions, but who will make a good and fair fight wherein advantage is neither taken

nor given. I suppose, to be bitten by vampires would be thought a danger by many who have not graduated from the mattress of civilization to this cubiculum of the wilderness. This is due, in part, to an ignorance, which is to be condoned; and this ignorance, in turn, is due to that lack of desire for a knowledge of new countries and new experiences, which lack is to be deplored and openly mourned. Many years ago, in Mexico, when I first entered the vampire zone, I was apprised of the fact by the clotted blood on my horse's neck in the early morning. In actually seeing this evidence, I experienced the diverse emotions of the discoverer, although as a matter of fact I had discovered nothing more than the verification of a scientific commonplace. It so happened that I had read, at one time, many conflicting statements of the workings of this aerial leech; therefore, finding myself in his native habitat, I went to all sorts of trouble to become a victim to his sorceries. The great toe is the favorite and stereotyped point of attack, we are told; so, in my hammock, my great toes were conscientiously exposed night after night, but not until a decade later was my curiosity satisfied.

I presume that this was a matter of ill luck, rather than a personal matter between the vampire and me. Therefore, as a direct result of this and like experiences, I have learned to make proper allowances for the whims of the Fates. I have learned that it is their pleasure to deluge me with rainstorms at unpropitious moments, also to send me, with my hammock, to eminently desirable countries, which, however, are barren of trees and scoured of every respectable shrub. That the showers may not find me unprepared, I pack with my hamaca

an extra length of rope, to be stretched taut from foot-post to head-post, that a tarpaulin or canvas may be slung over it. When a treeless country is presented to me in prospect, I have two stout stakes prepared, and I do not move forward without them.

It is a wonderful thing to see an experienced hammocker take his stakes, first one, then the other, and plunge them into the ground three or four times, measuring at one glance the exact distance and angle, and securing magically that mysterious "give" so essential to well-being and comfort. Any one can sink them like fence-posts, so that they stand deep and rigid, a reproach and an accusation; but it requires a particular skill to judge by the pull whether or not they will hold through the night and at the same time yield with gentle and supple swing to the least movement of the sleeper. A Carib knows, instantly, worthy and unworthy ground. I have seen an Indian sink his hamaca posts into sand with one swift, concentrated motion, mathematical in its precision and surety, so that he might enter at once into a peaceful night of tranquil and unbroken slumber, while I, a tenderfoot then, must needs beat my stakes down into the ground with tremendous energy, only to come to earth with a resounding thwack the moment I mounted my couch.

The Red Man made his comment, smiling: "Yellow earth, much squeeze." Which, being translated, informed me that the clayey ground I had chosen, hard though it seemed, was more like putty in that it would slip and slip with the prolonged pressure until the post fell inward and catastrophe crowned my endeavor.

So it follows that the hammock, in company with an

adequate tarpaulin and two trustworthy stakes, will survive the heaviest downpour as well as the most arid and uncompromising desert. But since it is man-made, with finite limitations, nature is not without means to defeat its purpose. The hammock cannot cope with the cold—real cold, that is, not the sudden chill of tropical night which a blanket resists, but the cold of the north or of high altitudes. This is the realm of the sleeping-bag, the joy of which is another story. More than once I have had to use a hammock at high levels, since there was nothing else at hand; and the numbness of the Arctic was mine. Every mesh seemed to invite a separate draught. The winds of heaven—all four—played unceasingly upon me, and I became in due time a swaying mummy of ice. It was my delusion that I was a dead Indian cached aloft upon my arboreal bier—which is not a normal state of mind for the sleeping explorer.

Anything rather than this helpless surrender to the elements. Better the lowlands and that fantastic shroud, the mosquitaro. For even to wind one's self into this is an experience of note. It is ingenious, and called the mosquito shirt because of its general shape, which is as much like a shirt as anything else. A large round center covers the hammock, and two sleeves extend up the supporting strands and inclose the ends, being tied to the ring-ropes. If at sundown swarms of mosquitoes become unbearable, one retires into his netting funnel, and there disrobes. Clothes are rolled into a bundle and tied to the hammock, that one may close one's eyes reasonably confident that the supply will not be diminished by some small marauder. It is then that a miracle is enacted. For one is at last enabled, under these propitious circum-

stances, to achieve the impossible, to control and manipulate the void and the invisible, to obey that unforgotten advice of one's youth, "Oh, g'wan—crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after you!" At an early age, this unnatural advice held my mind, so that I devised innumerable means of verifying it; I was filled with a despair and longing whenever I met it anew. But it was an ambition appeased only in maturity. And this is the miracle of the tropics: climb up into the hamaca, and, at this altitude, draw in the hole of the mosquitaro funnel, making it fast with a single knot. It is done. One is at rest, and lying back, listens to the humming of all the mosquitoes in the world, to be lulled to sleep by the sad, minor singing of their myriad wings. But though I have slung my hammock in many lands, on all the continents, I have few memories of netting nights. Usually, both in tropics and in tempered climes, one may boldly lie with face uncovered to the night.

And this brings us to the greatest joy of hammock life, admission to the secrets of the wilderness, initiation to new intimacies and subtleties of this kingdom, at once welcomed and delicately ignored as any honored guest should be. For this one must make unwonted demands upon one's nocturnal senses. From habit, perhaps, it is natural to lie with the eyes wide open, but with all the faculties concentrated on the two senses which bring impressions from the world of darkness—hearing and smell. In a jungle hut a loud cry from out of the black treetops now and then reaches the ear; in a tent the faint noises of the night outside are borne on the wind, and at times the silhouette of a passing animal moves slowly across the heavy cloth; but in a hamaca one is

not thus set apart to be baffled by hidden mysteries—one is given the very point of view of the creatures who live and die in the open.

Through the meshes which press gently against one's face comes every sound which our human ears can distinguish and set apart from the silence—a silence which in itself is only a mirage of apparent soundlessness, a testimonial to the imperfection of our senses. The moaning and whining of some distant beast of prey is brought on the breeze to mingle with the silken swishing of the palm fronds overhead and the insistent chirping of many insects—a chirping so fine and shrill that it verges upon the very limits of our hearing. And these, combined, unified, are no more than the ground surge beneath the countless waves of sound. For the voice of the jungle is the voice of love, of hatred, of hope, of despair—and in the night-time, when the dominance of sense-activity shifts from eye to ear, from retina to nostril, it cries aloud its confidences to all the world. But the human mind is not equal to a true understanding of these; for in a tropical jungle the birds and the frogs, the beasts and the insects are sending out their messages so swiftly one upon the other, that the senses fail of their mission and only chaos and a great confusion are carried to the brain. The whirring of invisible wings and the movement of the wind in the low branches become one and the same: it is an epic, told in some strange tongue, an epic filled to overflowing with tragedy, with poetry and mystery. The cloth of this drama is woven from many-colored threads, for Nature is lavish with her pigment, reckless with life and death. She is generous because there is no need for her to be miserly. And in the darkness, I have heard

the working of her will, translating as best I could.

In the darkness, I have at times heard the tramping of many feet; in a land traversed only by Indian trails I have listened to an overloaded freight train toiling up a steep grade; I have heard the noise of distant battle and the cries of the victor and the vanquished. Hard by, among the trees, I have heard a woman seized, have heard her crying, pleading for mercy, have heard her choking and sobbing till the end came in a terrible, gasping sigh; and then, in the sudden silence, there was a movement and thrashing about in the topmost branches, and the flutter and whirr of great wings moving swiftly away from me into the heart of the jungle—the only clue to the author of this vocal tragedy. Once, a Pan of the woods tuned up his pipes—striking a false note now and then, as if it were his whim to appear no more than the veriest amateur; then suddenly, with the full liquid sweetness of his reeds, bursting into a strain so wonderful, so silvery clear, that I lay with mouth open to still the beating of blood in my ears, hardly breathing, that I might catch every vibration of his song. When the last note died away, there was utter stillness about me for an instant—nothing stirred, nothing moved; the wind seemed to have forsaken the leaves. From a great distance, as if he were going deeper into the woods, I heard him once more tuning up his pipes; but he did not play again.

Beside me, I heard the low voice of one of my natives murmuring, "*Muerte ha pasado.*" My mind took up this phrase, repeating it, giving it the rhythm of Pan's song—a rhythm delicate, sustained, full of color and meaning in itself. I was ashamed that one of my kind

could translate such sweet and poignant music into a superstition, could believe that it was the song of death,—the death that passes,—and not the voice of life. But it may have been that he was wiser in such matters than I; superstitions are many times no more than truth in masquerade. For I could call it by no name—whether bird or beast, creature of fur or feather or scale. And not for one, but for a thousand creatures within my hearing, any obscure nocturnal sound may have heralded the end of life. Song and death may go hand in hand, and such a song may be a beautiful one, unsung, unuttered until this moment when Nature demands the final payment for what she has given so lavishly. In the open, the dominant note is the call to a mate, and with it, that there may be color and form and contrast, there is that note of pure vocal exuberance which is beauty for beauty and for nothing else; but in this harmony there is sometimes the cry of a creature who has come upon death unawares, a creature who has perhaps been dumb all the days of his life, only to cry aloud this once for pity, for mercy, or for faith, in this hour of his extremity. Of all, the most terrible is the death-scream of a horse,—a cry of frightful timbre,—treasured, according to some secret law, until this dire instant when for him death indeed passes.

It was years ago that I heard the pipes of Pan; but one does not forget these mysteries of the jungle night: the sounds and scents and the dim, glimpsed ghosts which flit through the darkness and the deepest shadow mark a place for themselves in one's memory, which is not erased. I have lain in my hammock looking at a tapestry of green draped over a half-fallen tree, and then for a

few minutes have turned to watch the bats flicker across a bit of sky visible through the dark branches. When I looked back again at the tapestry, although the dusk had only a moment before settled into the deeper blue of twilight, a score of great lustrous stars were shining there, making new patterns in the green drapery; for in this short time, the spectral blooms of the night had awakened and flooded my resting-place with their fragrance.

And these were but the first of the flowers; for when the brief tropic twilight is quenched, a new world is born. The leaves and blossoms of the day are at rest, and the birds and insects sleep. New blooms open, strange scents pour forth. Even our dull senses respond to these; for just as the eye is dimmed, so are the other senses quickened in the sudden night of the jungle. Nearby, so close that one can reach out and touch them, the pale Cereus moons expand, exhaling their sweetness, subtle breaths of fragrance calling for the very life of their race to the whirring hawkmoths. The tiny miller who, though the hours of glare has crouched beneath a leaf, flutters upward, and the trail of her perfume summons her mate perhaps half a mile down wind. The civet cat, stimulated by love or war, fills the glade with an odor so pungent that it seems as if the other senses must mark it.

Although there may seem not a breath of air in motion, yet the tide of scent is never still. One's moistened finger may reveal no cool side, since there is not the vestige of a breeze; but faint odors arrive, become stronger, and die away, or are wholly dissipated by an onrush of others, so musky or so sweet that one can almost taste them. These have their secret purposes,

since Nature is not wasteful. If she creates beautiful things, it is to serve some ultimate end; it is her whim to walk in obscure paths, but her goal is fixed and immutable. However, her designs are hidden and not easy to decipher; at best, one achieves, not knowledge, but a few isolated facts.

Sport in a hammock might, by the casual thinker, be limited to dreams of the hunt and chase. Yet I have found at my disposal a score of amusements. When the dusk has just settled down, and the little bats fill every glade in the forest, a box of beetles or grasshoppers—or even bits of chopped meat—offers the possibility of a new and neglected sport, in effect the inversion of baiting a school of fish. Toss a grasshopper into the air and he has only time to spread his wings for a parachute to earth, when a bat swoops past so quickly that the eyes refuse to see any single effort—but the grasshopper has vanished. As for the piece of meat, it is drawn like a magnet to the fierce little face. Once I tried the experiment of a bit of blunted bent wire on a long piece of thread, and at the very first cast I entangled a flutter-mouse and pulled him in. I was aghast when I saw what I had captured. A body hardly as large as that of a mouse was topped with the head of a fiend incarnate. Between his red puffed lips his teeth showed needle-sharp and ivory-white; his eyes were as evil as a caricature from *Simplicissimus*, and set deep in his head, while his ears and nose were monstrous with fold upon fold of skinny flaps. It was not a living face, but a mask of frightful mobility.

I set him free, deeming anything so ugly well worthy of life, if such could find sustenance among his fellows

and win a mate for himself somewhere in this world. But he, for all his hideousness and unseemly mien, is not the vampire; the blood-sucking bat has won a mantle of deceit from the hands of Nature—a garb that gives him a modest and not unpleasing appearance, and makes it a difficult matter to distinguish him from his guileless confrères of our summer evenings.

But in the tropics,—the native land of the hammock,—not only the mysteries of the night, but the affairs of the day may be legitimately investigated from this aerial point of view. It is a fetish of belief in hot countries that every unacclimatized white man must, sooner or later, succumb to that sacred custom, the siesta. In the cool of the day he may work vigorously, but this hour of rest is indispensable. To a healthful person, living a reasonable life, the siesta is sheer luxury. However, in camp, when the sun nears the zenith and the hush which settles over the jungle proclaims that most of the wild creatures are resting, one may swing one's hammock in the very heart of this primitive forest and straightway be admitted into a new province, where rare and unsuspected experiences are open to the wayfarer. This is not the province of sleep or dreams, where all things are possible and preëminently reasonable; for one does not go through sundry hardships and all manner of self-denial, only to be blindfolded on the very threshold of his ambition. No naturalist of a temperament which begrudges every unused hour will, for a moment, think of sleep under such conditions. It is not true that the rest and quiet are necessary to cool the Northern blood for active work in the afternoon, but the eye and the brain can combine relaxation with keenest attention.

In the northlands the difference in the temperature of the early dawn and high noon is so slight that the effect on birds and other creatures, as well as plants of all kinds, is not profound. But in the tropics a change takes place which is as pronounced as that brought about by day and night. Above all, the volume of sound becomes no more than a pianissimo melody; for the chorus of birds and insects dies away little by little with the increase of heat. There is something geometrical about this, something precise and fine in this working of a natural law—a law from which no living being is immune, for at length one unconsciously lies motionless, overcome by the warmth and this illusion of silence.

The swaying of the hammock sets in motion a cool breeze, and lying at full length, one is admitted at high noon to a new domain which has no other portal but this. At this hour, the jungle shows few evidences of life, not a chirp of bird or song of insect, and no rustling of leaves in the heat which has descended so surely and so inevitably. But from hidden places and cool shadows come broken sounds and whisperings, which cover the gamut from insects to mammals and unite to make a drowsy and contented murmuring—a musical undertone of amity and goodwill. For pursuit and killing are at the lowest ebb, the stifling heat being the flag of truce in the world-wide struggle for life and food and mate—a struggle which halts for naught else, day or night.

Lying quietly, the confidence of every unconventional and adventurous wanderer will include your couch, since courage is a natural virtue when the spirit of friendliness is abroad in the land. I felt that I had acquired merit that eventful day when a pair of hummingbirds—

thimblefuls of fluff with flaming breastplates and caps of gold—looked upon me with such favor that they made the strands of my hamaca their boudoir. I was not conscious of their designs upon me until I saw them whirring toward me, two bright, swiftly moving atoms, glowing like tiny meteors, humming like a very battalion of bees. They betook themselves to two chosen cords and, close together, settled themselves with no further demands upon existence. A hundred of them could have rested upon the pair of strands; even the dragon-flies which dashed past had a wider spread of wing; but for these two there were a myriad glistening featherlets to be oiled and arranged, two pairs of slender wings to be whipped clean of every speck of dust, two delicate, sharp bills to be wiped again and again and cleared of microscopic drops of nectar. Then—like the great eagles roosting high overhead in the clefts of the mountainside—these mites of birds must needs tuck their heads beneath their wings for sleep; thus we three rested in the violent heat.

On other days, in Borneo, weaver birds have brought dried grasses and woven them into the fabric of my hammock, making me indeed feel that my couch was a part of the wilderness. At times, some of the larger birds have crept close to my glade, to sleep in the shadows of the low jungle-growth. But these were, one and all, timid folk, politely incurious, with evident respect for the rights of the individual. But once, some others of a ruder and more barbaric temperament advanced upon me unawares, and found me unprepared for their coming. I was dozing quietly, glad to escape for an instant the insistent screaming of a cicada which seemed to have

gone mad in the heat, when a low rustling caught my ear—a sound of moving leaves without wind; the voice of a breeze in the midst of breathless heat. There was in it something sinister and foreboding. I leaned over the edge of my hammock, and saw coming toward me, in a broad, irregular front, a great army of ants, battalion after battalion of them flowing like a sea of living motes over twigs and leaves and stems. I knew the danger and I half sat up, prepared to roll out and walk to one side. Then I gaged my supporting strands; tested them until they vibrated and hummed, and lay back, watching, to see what would come about. I knew that no creature in the world could stay in the path of this horde and live. To kill an insect or a great bird would require only a few minutes, and the death of a jaguar or a tapir would mean only a few more. Against this attack, claws, teeth, poison-fangs would be idle weapons.

In the van fled a cloud of terrified insects—those gifted with flight to wing their way far off, while the humbler ones went running headlong, their legs, four, six, or a hundred, making the swiftest pace vouchsafed them. There were foolish folk who climbed up low ferns, achieving the swaying, topmost fronds only to be trailed by the savage ants and brought down to instant death.

Even the winged ones were not immune, for if they hesitated a second, an ant would seize upon them, and, although carried into the air, would not loosen his grip, but cling to them, obstruct their flight, and perhaps bring them to earth in the heart of the jungle, where, cut off from their kind, the single combat would be waged to the death. From where I watched, I saw massacres innumerable; terrible battles in which some creature—a giant

beside an ant—fought for his life, crushing to death scores of the enemy before giving up.

They were a merciless army and their number was countless, with host upon host following close on each other's heels. A horde of warriors found a bird in my game-bag, and left of it hardly a feather. I wondered whether they would discover me, and they did, though I think it was more by accident than by intention. Nevertheless a half-dozen ants appeared on the foot-strands, nervously twiddling their antennæ in my direction. Their appraisal was brief; with no more than a second's delay they started toward me. I waited until they were well on their way, then vigorously twanged the cords under them harpwise, sending all the scouts into mid-air and headlong down among their fellows. So far as I know, this was a revolutionary maneuver in military tactics, comparable only to the explosion of a set mine. But even so, when the last of this brigade had gone on their menacing, pitiless way, and the danger had passed to a new province, I could not help thinking of the certain, inexorable fate of a man who, unable to move from his hammock or to make any defense, should be thus exposed to their attack. There could be no help for him if but one of this great host should scent him out and carry the word back to the rank and file.

It was after this army had been lost in the black shadows of the forest floor, that I remembered those others who had come with them—those attendant birds of prey who profit by the evil work of this legion. For, hovering over them, sometimes a little in advance, there had been a flying squadron of ant-birds and others which had come to feed, not on the ants, but on the insects

which had been frightened into flight. At one time, three of these dropped down to perch on my hammock, nervous, watchful, and alert, waiting but a moment before darting after some ill-fated moth or grasshopper which, in its great panic, had escaped one danger only to fall an easy victim to another. For a little while, the twittering and chirping of these camp-followers, these feathered profiteers, was brought back to me on the wind; and when it had died away, I took up my work again in a glade in which no voice of insect reached my ears. The hunting ants had done their work thoroughly.

And so it comes about that by day or by night the hammock carries with it its own reward to those who have learned but one thing—that there is a chasm between pancakes and truffles. It is an open door to a new land which does not fail of its promise, a land in which the prosaic, the ordinary, the everyday have no place, since they have been shouldered out, dethroned, by a new and competent perspective. The god of hammocks is unfailingly kind, just, and generous to those who have found pancakes wanting and have discovered by inspiration, or what-not, that truffles do not grow in back-yards to be served at early breakfast by the maid-of-all-work. Which proves, I believe, that a mere bed may be a block in the path of philosophy, a commonplace, and that truffles and hammocks—hammocks unquestionably—are twin doors to the land of romance.

The swayer in hammocks may find amusement and may enrich science by his record of observations; his memory will be more vivid, his caste the worthier, for the intimacy with wild things achieved when swinging between earth and sky, unfettered by mattress or roof.

## THE STAGING OF SHAKESPEARE\*

By TRUMAN J. SPENCER

IN speaking this evening in an informal way upon the subject announced, I wish to say two things at the outset. In the first place I construe my topic to mean the adapting, mounting, embellishing and presenting of the play as distinguished from the acting, which after all is the much more important part. And, in the second place, in what I shall say I shall give my own personal impressions, frankly and freely. I do not expect you to entirely agree with them. All I claim for them—the only thing which gives them value—is that they are my sincere and unbiased judgments based upon a personal observation of every Shakespearean production in Boston or New York during the past twenty-five years, during which time twenty-seven, or three-fourths of all of Shakespeare's plays, have been professionally produced—a remarkable record for a dramatist who has been dead three hundred years.

Of course, there are those who prefer to read Shakespeare to seeing him upon the stage. I have no quarrel with such. Charles Lamb was one of those who preferred reading the works of the great dramatist to seeing him acted, while George Eliot, on the other hand liked much better to see Shakespeare acted than she did to

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\* Delivered April 16, 1916, before the Drama League of Hartford, Reprinted by permission of the author.

read him. But Shakespeare wrote his plays for the stage; he intended them to be acted. Many things in them cannot be entirely understood except when they are seen upon the stage. Charles Reade, referring to the celebrated forgery of a Shakespearean play by Ireland said: "The Irelands palmed upon literary critics a manuscript play by Shakespeare; it was read, discussed; one or two said no; most of the critics said yes, and fell on their knees before the manuscript. It was put upon the stage. Coal-heavers and apprentices set literary criticism right in ten minutes. Why? The stuffed fish thrown upon a bank might pass for a live fish, but put it in water. It cannot swim. No! The stage is Shakespeare's home." And I believe this. Now, how shall his plays be presented?

Of course, Shakespeare wrote for a different theatre from that which we have to-day. I do not dwell upon this difference at length. The subject has been often treated. But it seems to me that there are two or three common misconceptions which might be referred to. I will say frankly that I do not know, nor do I think that any one else knows, the exact condition under which Shakespeare produced his plays. The theatre in his day was in a transitory stage. The early performances had been given upon wagons. Then plays were performed upon a scaffold erected in the inn yards, with their two or three tiers of galleries running around three sides of a court. The first theatre in England was erected in 1576 when Shakespeare was twelve years of age. It was known simply as "The Theatre." When the great dramatist came to London, some eight years later, a second playhouse,

known as "The Curtain," had been erected. In 1592 "The Rose" was built and two years later "The Swan." In 1599, Richard Burbadge, son of the man for whom "The Theatre" was erected, tore down the first English theatre and of its material constructed another, known as "The Globe," famous for centuries as Shakespeare's own playhouse. These early theatres reproduced many of the conditions of the inn-yards, but improvements were added from time to time by enterprising managers.

Ever since 1888 the commonly accepted conception of Shakespeare's theatre has been based upon what is known as the De Witt drawing of The Swan theatre. You will find a copy of it in many of the school-books. But I am convinced that is of very little value as evidence of the arrangements of Shakespeare's theatre. In the first place it was not drawn by De Witt, who visited London, it is supposed, about 1596, but by a fellow German, van Buchell; an imaginary sketch drawn from De Witt's description which is admittedly inaccurate. For one thing, he describes the Swan as built of stone, when it was of wood. As for the sketch itself it rightly shows a movable stage, for the Swan was largely used for bear-baiting. But in the drawing the stage roof is supported by heavy columns resting upon the stage, an apparent absurdity. For if the stage is removed, down goes roof, columns and all. Theatres with movable stages had the roof supported from above with brackets. So this sketch is evidently an accurate representation of neither a playhouse pure and simple nor a combination bear-garden and theatre. It has little particular value.

We have, however, for some details, a better source

of information. In 1599 Philip Henslow, one of the leading theatrical managers of Shakespeare's day, entered into a contract with a carpenter named Peter Streete for the erection of a new theatre to be known as "The Fortune." In this we read: "And the said stage to be in all other proportions and fashioned like unto the stage of the late erected play-house called the Globe." Now, the Globe was Shakespeare's own theatre. A few years ago Mr. William Archer engaged an English architect, Mr. Walter H. Godfrey, to prepare a series of architect's drawings from the original specifications, showing various elevations of this theatre. From this data we learn that the stage was forty-three feet wide and twenty-seven deep, projecting far into the unroofed pit, and surrounded by three tiers of galleries, with space for spectators all around it except directly in the rear where the dressing room adjoined it. Thus, as Mr. A. B. Walkley, the well-known dramatic critic of the "London Times" says in his work, "Drama and Life": "An Elizabethan actor was not like his modern successor a figure set in perspective in a framed picture whose conversation with his fellows is overheard by the audience. He stood forth among the crowd, hardly separated from them, and addressed them as an orator would address them. The Elizabethan drama, then, was of necessity a rhetorical drama."

It is often said that placards were hung upon Shakespeare's stage, in lieu of scenery, reading, "This is a street," or "This is a garden." But I can find no authority for this, no evidence that Shakespeare ever used such a device. All presumption is against it. If

any such were used it was doubtless merely to indicate the general scene, as Venice, Rome, or Verona, as we have such information in a line printed on our programs.

But there was a method of conveying illusion other than by painted scenery, open to Shakespeare's day. And it seems to me that not enough attention has been paid to this by the writers upon the early stage. This was by the use of so-called "properties," such as towers, tombs, trees, rocks, and mounds. Mr. Greet makes use of such a device for the statue of Pompey in *Julius Caesar*. These "properties" in Shakespeare's day were set forth upon the stage among the actors, and were to be viewed by the spectators from all sides; and Henslow, as his diary and account book show, makes frequent use of them. A study of Shakespeare's

plays will show, I think, that the great poet, except in plays written for certain purposes, rarely introduced such properties when they were not absolutely required for the development of the plot. In that most nearly perfect burlesque ever written, the play given in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* by the "hempen homespuns," Shakespeare undoubtedly ridicules the attempt to represent to the sense what he rather conjures up before the imagination of his auditor. Over the attempt of such a stage manager as Peter Quince to introduce a realistic wall and moon, Shakespeare lets fall his good natured humor, remarking that "the best in this kind are but shadows, and the worse are no worse, if imagination amend them." How inexpressibly more vivid than the moon-shine of Peter Quince is that of

William Shakespeare as brought before the mind's eye  
by the words of Romeo:

“Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.”

How Shakespeare prefers to leave such things to the imagination is evident from a comparison of the old plays which Shakespeare rewrote with his own versions.

For example, while upon the subject of the moon, take his treatment of those portents which were said to have appeared in the heavens after the death of young Arthur, in the reign of King John. As is well known Shakespeare's play is founded upon an old one called “The Troublesome Reigne of John.” In the old play these portents were made visible, and Philip says to the king:

“See, my lord, strange apparitions,  
Five moons reflecting, as you see them now.”

But Shakespeare makes the sight take place off the stage and graphically brings them before the mind's eye with the vivid lines:

“My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight;  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.”

A careful study of the plays themselves will show the care with which Shakespeare, independent of all outside help, makes evident the place and atmosphere of his situations, where it is at all essential. Shakespeare was too deft an artist to employ the crude method

of having the first man upon the scene openly announce where he is. Shakespeare creates his atmosphere and paints his background in a far more artistic way. As, for example, in the opening scene of *Hamlet*, the exquisite picture of Macbeth's castle, the famous cliff in *King Lear*, the antique oak in *As You Like It*, and the moonlight scene which closes the *Merchant of Venice*. Of course, in a great many cases it makes no difference just where the scene takes place, and commentators have shed much ink in an attempt to give to many of Shakespeare's scenes a "local habitation and a name," where the poet has failed to do so. In the early copies, his plays are not even divided into scenes. But where it is essential, one is never at a loss as to the whereabouts of the scene, even when no scenery is provided. A veteran dramatic critic who has reviewed plays for over fifty years told the writer, after witnessing Mr. Greet's *Macbeth*, that he was perfectly surprised to find how little he missed the aid of scenery in locating the action. Shakespeare's plays need no scenery to be understood.

But this does not prove that his plays would not gain by scenery. Mr. Greet thinks not. Now, we have all without doubt, enjoyed Mr. Greet's productions, outdoors and in. Personally, I have never enjoyed a Shakespearean play more than I have some of Mr. Greet's productions. They were delightful. But I think a distinction should be made here. A presentation of one of Shakespeare's plays, unless in exceptional circumstances, should be for the purpose of interpreting Shakespeare and not to portray the manner in which he produced his plays. Mr. Greet says that his purpose

is mainly educational. But I have noticed that the public is not particularly interested in this question. It is not especially anxious to study archeology. And if it were, this is not the purpose for which we maintain our theatres. It is to be moved and inspired by Shakespeare's genius.

The mistake was pushed to its logical extreme by Mr. Frank Lea Short a few years ago in what was then known as Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse on Forty-fourth street, New York, when he put on Romeo and Juliet in what was called the Elizabethan manner. Not only was an attempt made to reproduce the stage of the Swan Theatre, but the front rows of the orchestra seats were filled with a company in doublet and hose representing the audience of Shakespeare's day. The pseudo-audience filled the boxes and swarmed upon the stage, sitting upon joint stools. Orange girls circulated among them with their wares. Aside from the fact that it was inaccurate in several essential features this may have had some educational value. But it utterly destroyed the illusions of the play. The attention was distracted almost every moment. Shakespeare's drama became a very secondary consideration. In a lesser degree the same effect is produced by Mr. Greet's Beef-eaters and blue-coated boys. As Hamlet said of the clown's jokes they detract from the play itself. Mr. Short attempted to reproduce the body of Shakespeare's age; what is wanted is its soul.

One great element in the success of Mr. Greet's plays was the splendid team-work upon the part of the players, resulting in the giving of the proper value to every character in the play. The lesser parts, as well as the

greater, with their mutual reaction and converging influence, were not neglected. In his earlier years, when Miss Edith Wynne Matthison was associated with him, he had a most capable company, who knew the meaning of Shakespeare's lines, who had an insight into his portrayal of human nature, and had the requisite skill to graphically impersonate character and utter the words of the drama with force and telling expression. If you depend upon the actors to create the illusion you must have good actors. This is an axiom. And I believe that it is the first consideration. Much as I have enjoyed Mr. Greet's productions I do not favor his method as one to be universally adopted. It is a question of how best to fire the imagination of the audience. If scenery, costume, music, and lighting assist in giving wings to the imagination they have their place in the staging of Shakespeare. Anything which holds the imagination in check has no place there.

Take, for example, the ghost of Banquo in the play of Macbeth. Edwin Booth omitted it, but by his compelling art he conjured up before the minds of his audience a more convincing ghost than any of flesh and blood. Mr. Irving used a ray of green light, falling upon Banquo's seat, to aid the imagination of his auditors. Mr. Mansfield, in the play of Richard III, very effectively, also, used a ray of light, to quicken the dramatic imagination. It was in the throne-room, where Richard was seated upon the throne which murder had made his own. It was red of hue and streamed in through a stained glass window, and falling upon Richard's hand, as it rested upon the arm of the throne, it seemed to dye it in blood. Richard himself saw it, and shuddered, the significant precursor

of "those terrible dreams which shook him nightly," according to his wife.

Shakespeare, himself, sounds the key-note of the proper principle governing stage art in the prologue of *King Henry V*. It is impossible, he assures us, to turn "the accomplishment of many years into an hour glass," or to confine within the walls of a theatre "two mighty monarchies" whose "fronts the perilous narrow ocean parts asunder." Since it is impossible to "cram within the wooden O" of the *Globe Theatre* "the vasty fields of France" or "the casques that did affright the air of Agincourt," "let us," he says:

"On your imaginary forces work. . . .  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance;  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth;  
For 'tis your thought that now must deck our kings."

And again:

"Play with your fancies: . . . O, do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
Grapple your minds. . . . Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind."

The illusion of great drama can only be made by calling into operation the "imaginary forces" of the audience to "piece out the imperfections" which must ever remain. "Grapple your minds," is Shakespeare's appeal to his audience. Speaking of actors, Shakespeare's Theseus says: "The best in this kind are but shadows and the

worse are no worse, if imagination amend them”—“*your imagination*,” adds his wife. Whatever be the ancillary aids, the success of the Shakespearean drama upon the stage depends upon the interfused and interdependent imagination of the dramatist, the actor and the audience. It is not at all a question of scenic effects. As Austin Dobson writes:

“When Burbadge played the stage was bare  
Of fount and temple, tower and stair;  
Two backswords eked a battle out,  
Two supers made a rabble rout,  
The throne of Denmark was a chair!  
And yet, no less, the audience there  
Thrilled with all changes of Despair,  
Hope, Anger, Fear, Delight and Doubt,  
When Burbadge played.”

Some years ago arose the craze for “realism,” so called, in our theatres. The “real thing” must be introduced upon the stage—real water, real horses, real food, real architecture. Canon Ainger delightfully hit off this tendency, at the time when a horse and cab were first introduced upon the stage of Drury Lane, a startling innovation in those days.

“Ho! for Art and Education—  
Ho! for Progress (a la Crab)—  
Have you heard the new Sensation?  
Have you seen the Hansom Cab?

Where we’ve wept with Juliet’s sadness—  
Heard Mercutio or Queen Mab—  
Where we’ve marked Ophelia’s madness—  
There today’s a Hansom Cab.

Here we've seen the hags appalling  
    Make the gruel 'thick and slab'—  
Here we've heard King Richard calling  
    For a horse—but not a cab.

Gone—Sir Toby, Slender, Shallow,  
    Launce, with 'stony-hearted' Crab.  
Shakespeare's touch e'en curs could hallow;  
    Not e'en his—a Hansom Cab.

Touchstone, Trinculo, all vanished—  
    Hushed the jester's fluent gab—  
'For, oh, the hobby horse' is vanished—  
    Modern taste demands—the Cab.

Close the idle Panorama,  
    All is gone—and on a slab  
Let us write, 'Here lies the Drama  
    Knocked down by a Hansom Cab.' ”

In this connection perhaps some of you remember the black cat in one of our Broadway productions of *The Merchant of Venice*, scurrying along the coping in the rear of Shylock's house—Shylock's "harmless, necessary cat." It was the spirit of realism which led Mr. Mansfield when he uttered the line addressed to Antonio:

"Your worship was the last man in our mouths," to follow it with a forcible expectoration upon the stage. In this same play Mr. Daly felt it to be necessary to illustrate those beautiful lines in the last scene:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
    Sit Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

He had the stars pricked out in the canvas heavens, he had the moon low in the sky; of necessity at the back of the stage, and how its beams could turn around the corner of the palace and fall upon the bench upon which Jessica sat was one of those things which Lord Dundreary says, "no fellah can find out." But there were the stars and there was the moonlight. Shakespeare's lines were as superfluous as the inscription of the child underneath his drawing, "This is a horse."

Frederick W. Robertson once remarked: "You may paint wood so as to be mistaken for stone, iron or marble. This is delusion. You may paint rocks, trees and sky so as never to be taken for real rocks, trees or sky, and yet produce all the emotion which real rocks, trees and sky produce. This is illusion, and this is the painter's art." And this was Shakespeare's art. And it should be given free scope; not "cabin'd, crib'd, confined."

In Monet-Sully's production of Hamlet five minutes were taken up in impressing upon the audience that the weather was frosty, illustrating Hamlet's words:

"The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold."

This was hailed as a triumph of stage interpretation. As if the state of the weather was of more importance than the interpretation of the character and motives of living souls. It was an appeal to the physical senses instead of the spirit within. Take the case of those naked

nymphs which Mr. Mansfield introduced into the final scene of *The Merchant of Venice* when he first produced it at Herrmann's Theatre, and which were hissed off the stage—I suppose because they were naked. But they ought to have been hissed off anyway. What were they doing in Portia's garden at Belmont? This is not the way to interpret Shakespeare.

It is frequently said that if Shakespeare were alive today he would take advantage of our modern stage art and device. Perhaps he would to a certain extent. But the question is not so easily settled as that. The fallacy consists in ignoring the further fact that he did not live today, and that his plays were written for a different stage. If he were to make use of the modern scenic-painter and stage carpenter he would doubtless write his plays in a different way. Two courses, then, are open to the stage-manager who would make use of our modern methods. He can change over Shakespeare's plays to fit those methods as he *thinks* Shakespeare would have re-written them. Or he can try to adopt the modern methods to the plays as written. The first method I utterly censure and condemn. But it is the one usually adopted.

To me, the question of scenery, as raised by Mr. Greet, is a minor issue. It is a question of giving Shakespeare a chance to show his constructive skill. Of course Dr. Johnson thought Nahum Tate could write a better version of *King Lear* than Shakespeare. Many actors and some critics think Cibber's *Richard III* is a greater play than Shakespeare's, and some prefer what Mr. Shaw called "a play entitled 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' founded by Mr. Daly upon one written by Mr. Shake-

peare." But after studying nearly three hundred different productions of Shakespeare upon the stage, I have come more and more to the conclusion that Shakespeare was not only the greatest poet, the greatest dramatist, but the greatest playwright as well. However much it may be necessary to change I have never seen an instance where Shakespeare has been improved upon. This was forcibly brought home to me a few years ago, when, after witnessing Mr. Greet's performance of *The Merchant of Venice* in Boston, I saw the next evening in New York the production of the same play by Ada Rehan. In the latter production, Shakespeare's five casket scenes were thrown into one, Arragon was eliminated, Morocco was reduced to a skeleton, some of Shakespeare's most characteristic speeches were omitted. Bassanio leaves Portia for Venice, an accepted suitor, and when next they meet they are husband and wife—in fact the whole play was a thing "of shreds and patches," lacking entirely in continuity. And yet it played thirty minutes longer than did the Boston performance. And the entire key of the play was changed—it was no longer a comedy of love and friendship. The fifth act was played—although it was not customary to do so until Mr. Irving restored it for the sake of Ellen Terry—but it seemed a mere afterpiece, having no connection with the previous play, while at Boston it flowed naturally out of Shakespeare's situations.

Then, again, when Shakespeare's lines are spoken continuously they gain immensely in cumulative effect. The audience is carried along by the uninterrupted sweep of the action. Where there is an intermission of from three to fifteen minutes between the scenes this effect

is largely destroyed, the auditor is thrown out of the spirit of the play and the magic of Shakespeare's art in handling dramatic time, and the use of dramatic contrast, is lost. By actual timing I have found that in many cases of Shakespeare's plays occupying three hours, the curtain was down seventy minutes, or more than one-third of the time. In a certain production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare's wonderfully poetical description of Cleopatra's barge was omitted to make room for a barge constructed by the stage carpenter. Mr. Irving virtually eliminated the character of Dogberry, the delightful master constable of Messina in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Mr. George Clark, whose conception of Malvolio was, in my judgment, the best that has been played in recent years, was prevented from showing his grasp on the inner character of the famous steward by having his last two scenes cut out of the play. A friend of mine remonstrated with a certain manager, who boasted of having spent \$15,000 on mounting a single scene in one of Shakespeare's plays, on the ground that the actors were entirely eclipsed by their surroundings. The reply was: "The people must have the money's worth of their \$2.00." It is possible the spectator got his money's worth. But he did not get Shakespeare.

One of the best, and most successful from every point of view, of the four Shakespearean productions made at the ill-fated New Theatre in New York was that of *The Winter's Tale*. In that a modification of the Elizabethan stage was used. The stage was built out over the so-called orchestra pit, and enclosed in rich tapestries. At the rear was a curtained alcove,

the withdrawal of whose tapestries disclosed the various changes of scene, which were very simple but highly suggestive. The front stage was vacant, except for two benches on either side, the setting and properties of the central rear stage giving the key-note to the whole. The only intermission was one of ten minutes, in the center of the play, to mark the lapse of sixteen years, during which Perdita grows to womanhood. The text was given almost entire, with a constant stream of human action and development, which seized the auditor with great cumulative force, the excellent acting driving it home. Vastly more expensive productions of the play have been made in recent years. It is practically certain that none of them has been so impressive or so revealing.

No play is produced more than is *Hamlet*, and no play emphasizes the fact more that it is the art and genius of the actor, and not the devices, or even the art, of the stage manager, which interprets the vital forces of Shakespeare's drama to the audience. I have seen all of the full score of *Hamlets* of the last quarter century, and I have been deeply impressed with this. The ideal *Hamlet* of the American people, incarnate in Edwin Booth, was seen in the most varying surroundings, from an almost bare stage to the richest scenic investment, but always, when Mr. Booth himself was surcharged with vitality, the spirit-agonized, doubt-pierced, deep-thinking, baffled, tender, sensitive, noble Prince was revealed in all its wondrous charm and imaginative power. Mr. Booth's elocution has never been equaled in the nicety of its enunciation, the marvelous distinctness of its articulation, the magical music

of its tones. Even when his utterance was most rapid he never lost the rhythm of blank verse, he never chanted his lines, every syllable always received its due value, and the emphasis invariably fell upon the right word to make clear the intellectual and spiritual content of the lines. This in itself gave Shakespeare a chance. Now, Mr. E. S. Willard produced *Hamlet* with one of the finest scenic investitures of modern times. But in opposition to Mr. Booth's style Mr. Willard adopted the colloquial method, which destroyed the poetic ideal, and reduced *Hamlet* to the prose of every day life. Thus the soul of the great drama was killed, and no amount of beautiful stage pictures and realistic settings could revive it. The best thing to admire about Mr. Willard's production was his doing away with the so-called "front" scene, so that, for example, that wonderful soliloquy of King Claudius upon prayer and repentance, was not cut out, as is done by Forbes-Robertson, or spoken before a wavering curtain to the accompaniment of harsh and discordant sounds made by stage hands preparing the next set.

Monet-Sully sacrificed the intellectual side of *Hamlet* to the emotional. His *Hamlet* was delicate, tender, romantic, passionate, at times maniacal in its actual insanity. It was extremely pictorial, but it was the actor who made the picture, and not the scene painter. Wilson Barrett embodied *Hamlet* as a youth of eighteen, impetuous, active, heroic, healthy, who sought to be sure the Ghost was an honest ghost, but who, when convinced, swept to his revenge like a whirlwind. He staged the play scene in the open air, upon the very scene of the murder, in the orchard. Robert Mantell's

Hamlet, stunned by his mother's wickedness into a lifeless despair, contrasted strongly with Alexander Salvini's virile, impetuous Prince, infused with wondrous vitality and dynamic force, always seeming to act first and to think afterwards. The melodramatic interpretation of Sarah Bernhardt, with its lavish use of illustrative stage business, literally weighed down with petty detail, was also in striking contrast to the phlegmatic impersonation of Ferdinand Bonn. The emotionally impassioned Hamlet of Mr. Sothern is admired by many, and the heart-searching pathos of his farewell to Ophelia has, in the opinion of many, never been equaled.

No Hamlet of modern times has aroused more interest and discussion than that of Mr. Tree, and this not because of its stage settings, though some of them were beautiful and expressive. He used much stage business, but unlike the catching of imaginary flies from off the nose of Polonius indulged in by Bernhardt, Mr. Tree's actions always had a meaning. For example, his insistent emphasis upon the overwhelming love his Hamlet had for Ophelia, covered with the ashes of a great grief, but still burning to the end like the love of 40,000 brothers. As he tenderly bade her seek shelter in a nunnery, his heart seemed breaking with anguish, and when Ophelia was left sobbing upon the couch, he stole back again, and, unseen by her, gently kissed one of the tresses of her flowing hair. And in the scene over Ophelia's grave, after the funeral was over, Hamlet came back alone, and dropping lilies over her grave, fell sobbing upon the newly made mound. No other Hamlet has been so rich in such illustrative action.

But the ideal Hamlet of the day is that of Sir Johnston

Forbes-Robertson, poetic, imaginative, princely, natural, human, with "the pale cast of thought" upon his brow. He is tender, sympathetic, yet forceful; impelled by duty, yet disillusioned; filled with a spirit of haunting loneliness. His soliloquies are pierced with intellectual questionings and spiritual doubts. His voice is rich, full, musical and of exquisite modulation and shade. His enunciation is second only to Mr. Booth's in its clear-cut distinctness and penetrating power. His death is beautiful, yet heart reaching, as he fumbles with the scepter, king for a moment, the convulsion of physical agony succeeded by the lighting up of his face from within, an expression of heavenly calm and holy peace. Like Sothern and Bernhardt, Forbes-Robertson introduces the character of Fortinbras, and carries on the play to Shakespeare's close, when Hamlet is borne, "like a soldier" to be buried.

But, in all this, the point I am emphasizing is that it is the acting and not the setting which gives a production of a Shakespeare play its intrinsic value.

Of course Shakespeare's plays—most of them at least—must be cut for modern presentation. But they should be compressed, not mutilated. The action, the story of the drama, should be made clear. It is not so made in many of our modern productions. The Winter's Tale and Cymbeline, comparatively lesser known plays, have been given in this city within a few years, so distorted and disjointed, so marred and attenuated, that it was utterly impossible to understand from the performance what it was all about. The luxurious costumes and elaborate scenic investure of those productions did not compensate for this. The play, as given, did not convey

any idea of the plot as a whole. The manager of one of these presentations admitted as much to me, but, he said, people are supposed to know Shakespeare. "And," he added, "if they do not grasp the story of the play, let them go home and read it." This is distinctly not the way to interest the public in Shakespeare. What modern play would succeed upon our stage if the audience were expected to go home and read it afterwards, in order to find out what it all meant?

Consider for a little some of Mr. Daly's productions. I have the greatest admiration for Mr. Daly. I shall never forget his speech at the banquet tendered him by the Shakespeare Society of New York some three years before his death, wherein he spoke of the responsibility of men who control our amusements; as great, he said, as those who fill our pulpits. He spoke of the difficulty of maintaining one's principles in the face of the discouragement of empty benches. But Mr. Daly saw more in his playhouse than a place to put money in his purse. It was his life, his joy, the center of his ambition and his life purpose. He loved it, and gloried in his love for it.

Every Shakespearean lover owes Mr. Daly a debt of gratitude. He it was who for the first time in this country presented the inimitable Induction of The Taming of the Shrew. It was Mr. Daly who restored the speeches in As You Like It about the wounded stag to the first lord, instead of having them spoken by Jacques, thus doing violence to his character. He gave us productions of such rarely seen plays as Love's Labour's Lost and The Two Gentlemen of Verona. When his work was interrupted by his untimely death

he had produced all of Shakespeare's comedies but three. I yield to no one in my admiration and respect for Mr. Daly.

But I cannot endorse his methods of tearing up a play to make room for scenery and embellishment. One missed long passages, many of which are necessary to the atmosphere of the play and to the development of character. For example, in the Twelfth Night, there is one exquisite passage in which Viola in the most delicate manner reveals her love for Orsino—the dialogue beginning with Orsino's words:

"My life upon't, young as thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves:  
Hath it not, boy?"

This was cut out and in its place we had some mandolin music and dances. The character of Malvolio was cut to a shred. Feste disguised himself in a gown and a beard and went off the stage, presently returning without them. Why he put them on no one knew. The scene of Malvolio's in the dungeon was cut out. The play ended in the middle of the last scene. What became of Malvolio no one seemed to care. If you were curious about this and some other matters you could go home and read the play for yourself. Probably so little of the text has never been given in any other serious production of the play, nearly one-fourth of Shakespeare's lines being sacrificed.

In mounting *The Merchant of Venice* Mr. Daly seemed to have sympathized with the Prince of Morocco who chose the golden casket. It was indeed Shakespeare overlaid with gold-leaf. In the words of Mr. Winter,

"the comedy was overloaded with opulence and decorated to excess." In *The Taming of the Shrew* Mr. Daly excised about one-third of Shakespeare's lines and added a hundred which were not Shakespeare's. But it was perhaps in *The Tempest* where the hand of the adapter and the mutilator was felt heaviest. This is one of the very shortest of Shakespeare's plays, being about two-thirds the length of *As You Like It* and one-half that of *Hamlet*. It contains 2064 lines in the original, and in Mr. Daly's version, by actual count, 704 of these were missing, or something more than one-third. The result was that it was incomprehensible. All of Shakespeare's spirited lines in the first scene were cut out, and in their place was a panorama of a ship-wreck. The speech of Ariel's beginning "You are three men of sin," was given to Prospero, and as a consequence it had to be mangled and changed to fit. The very preparation for the moral climax of the drama was in this manner destroyed. When Prospero has his enemies in his power, he is satisfied with sincere repentance, saying:

"The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further."

In Shakespeare's play Ariel foreshadows this by pronouncing "lingering perdition" worse than sudden death upon the "men of sin," from which doom there was but one salvation—"nothing but heart-sorrow, and a clear life ensuing." But in Mr. Daly's version the contrite heart and the purified life instead of preventing

this doom are actually made a part of it, as something to shrink from in terror.

One of the most striking blemishes in this production was the treatment accorded that sublime speech of Prospero's:—

“These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.”

These lines are called forth by the masque enacted by “these our actors,” as the vision fades. Mr. Daly took them from their proper place and put them *before* the vision to which they refer, necessitating changing the words, injuring the meter, and dulling the sense. Why? So that he could introduce a panorama of painted towers, palaces and temples to *illustrate* Prospero's words. Thus was the very imaginative grandeur of this wonderful speech utterly destroyed. I have dwelt somewhat at length upon this production because it so forcibly illustrates the point I am attempting to make.

On the other hand, I object to the introduction of scenes and tableaux which alter the conception of character. I will illustrate this by what is at the same time one interesting example of the evolution of a bit of stage business, as it is called. Most of you have doubtless seen Sir Henry Irving as Shylock and you

remember how he fills the street and canal by Shylock's house with a crowd of rollicking maskers, in the midst of which Lorenzo and his companions appear and steal Jessica from her father's house. And then as the merry laughter of the pleasure-seekers dies away down the lagoon, and the strains of music become fainter, Mr. Irving's Shylock slowly climbs over the bridge, and as the curtain falls pulls pathetically at the unresponsive bell-rope. This is poetic, suggestive, and in keeping with the spirit of the piece, and perhaps does no harm. But mark what follows! Thomas Keene made his Shylock stumble through the half-opened door with a cry of anguish. Adler brought his Shylock out of the house again to fall upon the coping with a wail of agony. Richard Mansfield not only brought his Shylock out of the house again, but he brought back the throng of maskers, who crowded around him and with the finger of scorn uplifted hissed at him as he sank to the pavement. But when Mr. Goodwin essayed the part, he went a step farther still. He took those words which Salanio in a subsequent scene tells us Shylock made use of about his "Christian ducats and his daughter" and made Shylock utter those "confused and variable cries" before the audience. Now in the expression of pain there is often an element of grotesqueness which approaches the comic. Shakespeare intimates that such was the case with Shylock in the first flush of his rage and grief at the theft of his daughter and his jewels. But neither there nor at any other time does Shakespeare bring Shylock before us in a ridiculous position. As Shakespeare uses the words we view his grief through Christian eyes and we see that among the Christians of the

play there was neither pity nor mercy for the Jew in distress, nothing but laughter, scorn and exultation. The whole scene, even in the comparatively harmless form used by Mr. Irving, is an interpolation, and as it has been elaborated by successive actors it has worked injury to Shakespeare's dramatic appeal.

Again, the scenic investment of a play can be so elaborate as to usurp the place of the drama itself in the effect produced upon the audience. This is fatal. Mr. Sidney Lee quotes from a letter written by the famous actor Macready in which, writing to Lady Pollack, he refers to Charles Kean's elaborate revivals as follows: "The production of Shakespeare's plays at the Princess's Theatre renders the spoken text more like a running commentary on the spectacles exhibited than the scenic arrangements an illustration of the text." In Mr. Irving's production of *Much Ado About Nothing* the church scene was truly magnificent, with its roofed ceiling, its organ, its elaborate altar, with its attendant ecclesiastical shows, priests, censers, candelabra and all. But it usurped the place, in the mind of the spectators, of the dramatic action of one of the most wonderfully conceived scenes to be found even in Shakespeare, and instead of its vivid revelation of character and emotion the spectator carried away an impression of ecclesiastical ceremony. It had nothing to do with Shakespeare. As far as the stage effect was concerned, as distinguished from the acting, Miss Annie Russell two years ago, in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, with a few potted plants and tapestries, achieved results far more valuable.

One of the most superbly mounted productions of a

Shakespeare play was that of Mr. Mansfield's *Henry the Fifth*. Each of the twenty-two scenes was a picture of surpassing beauty and convincing realism culminating in the magnificent tableau of the battle of Agincourt, the most inspiring and thrilling war picture ever put upon the stage. In complexity of detail, in wealth of color and spirited graphicness, in effective grouping, it rivaled the greatest of historical paintings. Massed in the center were the heavily armored French troops flanked by their cavalry, while sweeping upon them in a heavy flood were the English troops, archers with their immense bows, pike men, wielders of battle axes and broadswords, while in the center, amid plunging horses and dying soldiers, stood Henry—no king to fight in disguise—clothed in a surcoat blazoned with the lilies of France and the leopards of England, a rich crown of gold encircling his helmet, an object of inspiration to his warriors and a target for his foes. It was a picture of thrilling grandeur. And yet it may be questioned whether the more simple treatment of the play by Lewis Waller at Daly's Theatre two years ago was not, as far as interpreting Shakespeare was concerned, as potent in its effective suggestion.

A wise attention to detail is often worth much. In Mr. Mansfield's elaborate production to which I have just referred his soldiers were dressed with the most minute attention to historical detail, but in those scenes preceding the battle of Agincourt, when Henry's army had become a little band of half famished, sick, and ragged followers, barefooted and stained with mud, Mr. Mansfield's soldiers were dressed in fresh array, without

a spot or stain. Henry himself describes these soldiers as follows:

“We are but warriors for the working-day,  
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch’d  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There’s not a piece of feather in our host,  
And time hath worn us into slovenry.”

Every line of this speech as spoken by Mr. Mansfield was contradicted by his attending forces on the stage. In the splendid presentation of King Lear by Sonnenthal and Bonn the Fool came upon the scene dressed in delicately tinted silks, very obviously “worn now in their newest gloss.” This was not so bad, for even fools must sometimes fall heir to new clothes, but when after being exposed to the fury of winds and rains, drenched to the skin, and toiling through the mud, he still came before you in the same fresh garments without spot, stain or wrinkle it seemed to destroy the illusion. The same point was noticeable in Ada Rehan’s impersonation of Katherine the Shrew. After Grumio has described the journey from Padua; how Katherine’s horse fell and she under him, how miry was the place, and how she was bemoiled as she waded through the mud, one is surprised, to say the least, to see Katherine enter dressed in all her bridal finery as white and clean and unsullied as if stepping from her boudoir. “They do these things better in France,” or at least they did in the production of this play by Coquelin and Hading in this country a few years since. Here Katherine entered Petruchio’s country house so splashed and disheveled as instantly to bring before the mind’s eye the details of her weary and unfortunate

journey. Of course the apparent disorder was artistically done; she was a picturesque figure withal. It is a small matter, but very effective in preserving the semblance of reality.

For a concluding example let us contrast two distinct methods of staging Shakespeare as illustrated in two productions of the same play. Some years ago Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger produced *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York with N. C. Goodwin in the part of Bottom. It was announced as "the last word" in presenting Shakespeare. In a certain sense it was. There were luminous mushrooms, incandescent flowers, flying fairies, gorgeous paintings, and all the latest scientific devices of modern stage effects and embellishments. The ass's head was the most nearly perfect mechanical contrivance ever seen upon the stage. Richness of color and dazzling bursts of splendor were abundant. It was like a Hippodrome spectacle of "*The Wizard of Oz*." Music was provided by Victor Herbert. Speech after speech was sung instead of spoken. One unfamiliar with Shakespeare could not possibly discover that the play had even as much plot as a typical musical comedy. There was a capable cast but the efforts of the actors were completely overshadowed by the splendor of their surroundings. Few, if any, brought away from the performance any definite idea of the drama at all. As has been said, "the senses had been overfed and the mind had received short rations." The production failed completely to hold the interest of the public, and was withdrawn in three weeks. Yet it was said to have cost \$45,000.

Now contrast this with the presentation of this same play recently made in New York by Mr. Granville Barker. Critics have said of Mr. Barker's productions that they are a mingling of discordant, ill-related elements, a jangling of different keys. There is something in this. Mr. Barker is an eclectic and makes use of every method. Sometimes there is not complete harmony. But I think such criticism does not apply to his production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to any great extent. His method is not that of Mr. Greet, nor yet of Klaw and Erlanger. His stage itself is arrayed much like the Elizabeth stage. A square arch of gold fits into the proscenium opening. The stage is built out over the orchestra pit, on a little lower level than the stage proper, two steps leading up to this. Much of the action takes place upon the front stage, making it seem intimate, natural and unconfined. There are no foot-lights, seven converging lights arranged around the balcony rail furnishing illumination.

There were five settings for this play. First, an expansive arrangement of silk curtains, and a simple throne. This was very impressive in its stimulating suggestion. The second scene, representing Quince's carpenter shop, was fantastic and disturbing in its futurist art, but the next scene, with its curtain spangled with stars and moon was exceedingly effective in its symbolism, as the meeting place of the fairies. The fourth scene showed an elaborate fairy ring suspended on high, from which depended a canopy for Titania's bower. Strips of silk were hung up at intervals about the stage, the front rows of which were painted to suggest the foliage of trees. The back rows were more dimly illuminated, suggestive of

distance. It was very effective. The last scene disclosed seven massive silver pillars in the middle background roofed over. The palace was as solid and realistic as any architectural structure Mr. Irving or Mr. Daly ever built. It took fifteen minutes of hard work to construct it. The stage audience of the play presented by Bottom and his fellows reclined upon couches placed upon the very front of the built-out stage and thus became a part, as it were, of the audience itself. The effect was very natural.

Criticism might be made of the attempt to achieve novelty and sensation by making the fairies appear to be of gold. This not only seemed unpleasant, but the element of metallic solidity suggested the heaviness of earth rather than the airy lightness of Shakespeare's fairies, as delicate as gossamer. But the play as a whole pleased and inspired. The imagination of the audience was kindled. Practically the whole play was presented, and with the very capable acting of Mr. Barker's company Shakespeare had a chance at the mind of the spectator.

A word ought, perhaps, to be said in regard to another medium for the presentation of Shakespeare, the omnipresent moving-picture. I have seen nine of Shakespeare's plays presented in this way and I am firmly convinced that the screen will never take the place of the stage in this respect. For Shakespeare wrote for a rhetorical stage. Mr. Shaw goes so far as to say that his wonderful language is all there is to Shakespeare of value. Certainly the thought and emotion conveyed by Shakespeare's words counts for much. The bald presentation of the action of the play, unrelieved by the

dramatist's psychology and revelation of the inner issues of the soul, is disastrous. This was amply demonstrated by the showing of *Othello* by one of our foremost moving picture producers. The great tragedy became a superficial setting forth of a common-place story of intrigue and murder. It was abhorrent, crude, unmeaning. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the distinguished Shakespearean actor, now under contract to act Shakespeare before the camera of one of the foremost moving picture companies of America, questions whether it is possible to present a Shakespeare play in pictures, but, he adds, this art can most assuredly tell the story of a Shakespeare play vividly and dramatically. He therefore intends to call his productions "Tales from Shakespeare," after the example of Charles Lamb. "I hope," he says, "for the picture-story just such a mission as the Lamb tales have had. I hope it may so interest thousands of cinema enthusiasts that they will go to the plays themselves for a taste of their ineffable glories." This, it seems to me, is the most that can be expected of the moving picture in this connection.

In closing, I may say that I hold no brief for any particular method of staging Shakespeare. Personally, I confess that I prefer the poetry of Shakespeare to extended views of a drop curtain, prefer Shakespeare's barge to that of the carpenter, and prefer Shakespeare's immortal creations of Dogberry and Malvolio to a beautiful landscape in Messina or Illyria, still, I always enjoy the extra-illustrated, pictorial de luxe editions of the plays, such as were given by Mr. Daly. Only, let it be understood that we are enjoying illustrations of the play and not the play itself. Sufficient scenery

and costume should be employed to convey illusion and arouse the imagination. A twentieth century public doubtless needs more than did a sixteenth century audience. But the setting, of whatever nature, should not obtrude, it should not destroy imagination, it should not subordinate the text and the acting to itself, it should not usurp the place of the play. All tampering with the form and spirit of the drama I protest against. For myself, I believe the two most worthy settings of a Shakespearean play in recent years have been the New Theatre "A Winter's Tale" and Mr. Barker's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But all I plead for is a chance for Shakespeare to reach his public, that his masterly stage-craft and thought-compelling words be given their full scope; in a word, that these great dramas, that "age cannot wither nor custom stale," be permitted to exert their sovereign sway. If this is done, I am confident that the oft-quoted adage, coined by the very man who substituted a realistic barge on the Cydnus for Shakespeare's imaginative picture, that "Shakespeare spells ruin," will be proven false.

## JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD \*

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

ARE you of that elect who, at certain seasons of the year—perhaps in March when there is timid promise of the spring or in the days of October when there are winds across the earth and gorgeous panic of fallen leaves—are you of that elect who, on such occasion or any occasion else, feel stirrings in you to be quit of whatever prosy work is yours, to throw down your book or ledger, or your measuring tape—if such device marks your service—and to go forth into the world?

I do count myself of this elect. And I will name such stimuli as most set these stirrings in me. And first of all there is a smell compounded out of hemp and tar that works pleasantly to my undoing. Now it happens that there is in this city, down by the river where it flows black with city stain as though the toes of commerce had been washed therein, a certain ship chandlery. It is filthy coming on the place, for there is reek from the river and staleness from the shops—ancient whiffs no wise enfeebled by their longevity, Nestors of their race with span of seventy lusty summers. But these smells do not prevail within the chandlery. At first you see nothing but rope. Besides clothesline and other such familiar and

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domestic twistings, there are great cordages scarce kinsmen to them, which will later put to sea and will whistle with shrill enjoyment at their release. There are such hooks, swivels, blocks and tackles, such confusion of ships' devices as would be enough for the building of a sea tale. It may be fancied that here is Treasure Island itself, shuffled and laid apart in bits like a puzzle-picture. (For genius, maybe, is but a nimbleness of collocation of such hitherto unconsidered trifles.) Then you will go aloft where sails are made, with sailors squatting about, bronzed fellows, rheumatic, all with pipes. And through all this shop is the smell of hemp and tar.

In finer matters I have no nose. It is ridiculous, really, that this very messenger and forerunner of myself, this trumpeter of my coming, this bi-nasal fellow in the crow's-nest, should be so deficient. If smells were bears, how often I would be bit! My nose may serve by way of ornament or for the sniffing of the heavier odors, yet will fail in the nice detection of the fainter waftings and olfactory ticklings. Yet how will it dilate on the Odyssean smell of hemp and tar! And I have no explanation of this, for I am no sailor. Indeed, at sea I am misery itself whenever perchance "the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)." Such wistful glances have I cast upon the wide freedom of the decks when I leave them on the perilous adventure of dinner! So this relish of hemp and tar must be a legacy from a far-off time—a dim atavism, to put it as hard as possible—for I seem to remember being told that my ancestors were once engaged in buccaneering or other valiant livelihood.

But here is a peculiar thing. The chandlery gives me no desire to run away to sea. Rather, the smell of the place urges me indeterminately, diffusedly, to truancy. It offers me no particular chart. It but cuts my moorings for whatever winds are blowing. If there be blood of a pirate in me, it is a shame what faded juice it is. It would flow pink on the sticking. In mean contrast to skulls, bowie-knives and other red villainy, my thoughts will be set toward the mild truancy of trudging for an afternoon in the country. Or it is likely that I'll carry stones for the castle that I have been this long time building. Were the trick of prosody in me, I would hew a poem on the spot. Such is my anemia. And yet there is a touch of valiancy, too, as from the days when my sainted ancestors sailed with their glass beads from Bristol harbor; the desire of visiting the sunset, of sailing down on the far side of the last horizon where the world itself falls off and there is sky with swirl of stars beyond.

In the spring of each year everyone should go to Bagdad—not particularly to Bagdad, for I shall not dictate in matter of detail—but to any such town that may happen to be so remote that you are not sure when you look it up whether it is on page 47 which is Asia, or on page 53 which is Persia. But Bagdad will serve: For surely, Reader, you have not forgotten that it was in Bagdad in the surprising reign of Haroun-al-Raschid that Sinbad the Sailor lived! Nor can it have escaped you that scarce a mule's back distance—such was the method of computation in those golden days—lived that prince of medieval plain-clothes men, Ali Baba!

Historically, Bagdad lies in that tract of earth where

purple darkens into night. Geographically, it lies obliquely downward, and is, I compute, considerably off the southeast corner of my basement. It is such distant proximity, doubtless, that renders my basement—and particularly its woodpile, which lies obscurely beyond the laundry—such a shadowy, grim and altogether mysterious place. If there be any part of the house, including certain dark corners of the attic, that is fearfully Mesopotamian after nightfall, it is that woodpile. Even when I sit above, secure with lights, if by chance I hear tapplings from below—such noises are common on a windy night—I know that it is the African Magician pounding for the genie, the sound echoing through the hollow earth. It is matter of doubt whether the iron bars so usual on basement windows serve chiefly to keep burglars out, or whether their greater service is not their defense of western Christianity against the invasion from the East which, except for these bars, would enter here as by a postern. At a hazard, my suspicion would fall on the iron doors that open inwards in the base of chimneys. We have been fondly credulous that there is nothing but ash inside and mere siftings from the fire above; and when, on an occasion, we reach in with a trowel for a scoop of this wood-ash for our roses, we laugh at ourselves for our scare of being nabbed. But some day if by way of experiment you will thrust your head within—it's a small hole and you will be besmirched beyond anything but a Saturday's reckoning—you will see that the pit goes off in darkness—*downward*. It was but the other evening as we were seated about the fire that there came upward from the basement a gibbering squeak. Then the woodpile fell over, for so we judged the clatter.

Is it fantastic to think that some dark and muffled Persian, after his dingy tunneling from the banks of the Tigris, had climbed the pile of wood for a breath of night at the window and, his foot slipping, the pile fell over? Plainly, we heard him scuttling back to the ash-pit.

Be these things as they may, when you have arrived in Bagdad—and it is best that you travel over land and sea—if you be serious in your zest, you will not be satisfied, but will journey a thousand miles more at the very least, in whatever direction is steepest. And you will turn the flanks of seven mountains, with seven villainous peaks thereon. For the very number of them will put a spell on you. And you will cross running water, that you leave no scent for the world behind. Such journey would be the soul of truancy and you should set out upon the road every spring when the wind comes warm.

Now the medieval pilgrimage in its day, as you very well know, was a most popular institution. And the reasons are as plentiful as blackberries. But in the first place and foremost, it came always in the spring. It was like a tonic, iron for the blood. There were many men who were not a bit pious, who, on the first warm day when customers were scarce, yawned themselves into a prodigious holiness. Who, indeed, would resign himself to changing moneys or selling doves upon the Temple steps when such appeal was in the air? What cobbler even, bent upon his leather, whose soul would not mount upon such a summons? Who was it preached the first crusade? There was no marvel in the business. Did he come down our street now that April's here, he would win recruits from every house. I myself would care

little whether he were Christian or Mohammedan if only the shrine lay over-seas and deep within the twistings of the mountains.

If, however, your truancy is domestic, and the scope of the seven seas with glimpse of Bagdad is too broad for your desire, then your yearning may direct itself to the spaces just outside your own town. If such myopic truancy is in you, there is much to be said for going afoot. In these days when motors are as plentiful as mortgages this may appear but discontented destitution, the cry of sour grapes. And yet much of the adventuring of life has been gained afoot. But walking now has fallen on evil days. It needs but an enlistment of words to show its decadence. Tramp is such a word. Time was when it signified a straight back and muscular calves and an appetite, and at nightfall, maybe, pleasant gossip at the hearth on the affairs of distant villages. There was rhythm in the sound. But now it means a loafer, a shuffler, a wilted rascal. It is patched, dingy, out-at-elbows. Take the word vagabond! It ought to be of innocent repute, for it is built solely from stuff that means to wander, and wandering since the days of Moses has been practiced by the most respectable persons. Yet Noah Webster, a most disinterested old gentleman, makes it clear that a vagabond is a vicious scamp who deserves no better than the lockup. Doubtless Webster, if at home, would loose his dog did such a one appear. A wayfarer, also, in former times was but a goer of ways, a man afoot, whether on pilgrimage or itinerant with his wares and cart and bell. Does the word not recall the poetry of the older road, the jogging horse, the bush of the tavern, the crowd about the ped-

dler's pack, the musician piping to the open window, or the shrine in the hollow? Or maybe it summons to you a decked and painted Cambyses bellowing his wrath to an inn-yard.

One would think that the inventor of these scandals was a crutched and limping fellow, who being himself stunted and dwarfed below the waist was trying to sneer into disuse all walking the world over, or one who was paunched by fat living beyond carrying power, larding the lean earth, fearing lest he sweat himself to death, some Falstaff who unbuttons him after supper and sleeps on benches after noon. Rather these words should connote the strong, the self-reliant, the youthful. He is a tramp, we should say, who relies most on his own legs and resources, who least cushions himself daintily against jar in his neighbor's tonneau, whose eye shines out seldomest from the curb for a lift. The wayfarer must go forth in the open air. He must seek hilltop and wind. He must gather the dust of counties. His prospects must be of broad fields and the smoking chimneys of supper.

But the goer afoot must not be conceived as primarily an engine of muscle. He is the best walker who keeps most widely awake in his five senses. Some men might as well walk through a railway tunnel. They are so concerned with the getting there that a black night hangs over them. They plunge forward with their heads down as though they came of an antique race of road builders. Should there be mile-posts they are busied with them only, and they will draw dials from their pokes to time themselves. I fell into this iniquity on a walk in Wales from Bala to Dolgelley. Although I set out leisurely enough, with an eye for the lake and hills, before many

hours had elapsed I had acquired the milepost habit and walked as if for a wager. I covered the last twenty miles in less than five hours, and when the brown stone village came in sight and I had thumped down the last hill and over the peaked bridge, I was a dilapidated and foot-sore vagrant and nothing more. To this day Wales for me is the land where one's feet have the ugly habit of foregathering in the end of the shoes.

Worse still than the athletic walker is he who takes Dame Care out for a stroll. He forever runs his machinery, plans his business ventures and introduces his warehouse to the countryside.

Nor must walking be conceived as merely a means of resting. One should set out refreshed and for this reason morning is the best time. Yours must be an exultant mood. "Full many a glorious morning have I seen flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye." Your brain is off at a speed that was impossible in your lack-luster days. You have a flow of thoughts instead of the miserable trickle that ordinarily serves your business purposes and keeps you from under the trolley cars.

But all truancy is not in the open air. I know a man who while it is yet winter will get out his rods and fit them together as he sits before the fire. Then he will swing his arm forward from the elbow. The table has become his covert and the rug beyond is his pool. And sometimes even when the rod is not in his hand he will make the motion forward from the elbow and will drop his thumb. It will show that he has jumped the seasons and that he stands to his knees in an August stream.

It was but yesterday on my return from work that I witnessed a sight that moved me pleasantly to thoughts

of truancy. Now, in all points a grocer's wagon is staid and respectable. Indeed, in its adherence to the business of the hour we might use it as a pattern. For six days in the week it concerns itself solely with its errands of mercy—such “whoas” and running up the kitchen steps with baskets of potatoes—such poundings on the door—such golden wealth of melons as it dispenses. Though there may be a kind of gaiety in this, yet I'll hazard that in the whole range of quadricycle life no vehicle is more free from any taint of riotous conduct. Mark how it keeps its Sabbath in the shed! Yet here was this sturdy Puritan tied by a rope to a motor-car and fairly bounding down the street. It was a worse breach than when Noah was drunk within his tent. Was it an instance of falling into bad company? It was Nym, you remember, who set Master Slender on to drinking. “And I be drunk again,” quoth he, “I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.” Or rather did not every separate squeak of the grocer's wagon cry out a truant disposition? After years of repression here was its chance at last. And with what a joyous rollic, with what a lively clatter, with what a hilarious reeling, as though in gay defiance of the law of gravity, was it using its liberty! Had it been a hearse in a runaway, the comedy would not have been better. If I had been younger I would have pelted after and climbed in over the tailboard to share the reckless pitch of its enfranchisement.

Then there is a truancy that I mention with hesitation, for it comes close to the heart of my desire, and in such matter particularly I would not wish to appear a fool to my fellows. The child has this truancy when

he plays at Indian, for he fashions the universe to his desires. But some men too can lift themselves, though theirs is an intellectual bootstrap, into a life that moves above these denser airs. Theirs is an intensity that goes deeper than day-dreaming, although it admits distant kinship. Through what twilight and shadows do such men climb until night and star-dust are about them! Theirs is the dizzy exaltation of him who mounts above the world. Alas, in me is no such unfathomable mystery. I but trick myself. Yet I have my moments. These stones that I carry on the mountain, what of them? On what windy ridge do I build my castle? It is shrill and bleak, they say, on the topmost peaks of the Delectable Mountains, so lower down I have reared its walls. There is no storm in these upland valleys and the sun sits pleasantly on their southern slopes. But even if there be unfolded no broad prospect from the devil to the sunrise, there are pleasant cottages in sight and the smoke of many suppers curling up.

If you happened to have been a freshman at Yale some eighteen years ago and were at all addicted to canoeing on Lake Whitney, and if, moreover, on coming off the lake there burned in you a thirst for ginger-beer—as is common in the gullet of a freshman—doubtless you have gone from the boathouse to a certain little white building across the road to gratify your hot desires. When you opened the door, your contemptible person—I speak with the vocabulary of a sophomore—is proclaimed to all within by the jangling of a bell. After due interval wherein you busy yourself in an inspection of the cakes and buns that beam upon you from a show-case—your nose meanwhile being pressed close

against the glass for any slight blemish that might deflect your decision (for a currant in the dough often raises an unsavory suspicion and you'll squint to make the matter sure)—there will appear through a back door a little old man to minister unto you. You will give no great time to the naming of your drink—for the fires are hot in you—but will take your bottle to a table. The braver spirits among you will scorn glasses as effeminate and will gulp the liquor straight from the bottle with what wickedest bravado you can muster.

Now it is likely that you have done this with a swagger and have called your servitor “old top” or other playful name. Mark your mistake! You were in the presence, if you but knew it, of a real author, not a tyro fumbling for self-expression, but a man with thirty serials to his credit. Shall I name the periodical? It was the *Golden Hours*, I think. Ginger-beer and jangling bells were but a fringe upon his darker purpose. His desk was somewhere in the back of the house, and there he would rise to all the fury of a South-Sea wreck—for his genius lay in the broader effects. Even while we simpletons jested feebly and practiced drinking with the open throat—which we esteemed would be of service when we had progressed to the heavier art of drinking real beer—even as we munched upon his ginger cakes, he had left us and was exterminating an army corps in the back room. He was a little man, pale and stooped, but with a genius for truancy—a pilgrim of the Bagdad road.

But we move on too high a plane. Most of us are admitted into truancy by the accidents, merely, of our senses. By way of instance, the sniff of a rotten apple

will set a man off as on seven-league boots to the valleys of his childhood. The dry rustling of November leaves relights the fires of youth. It was only this afternoon that so slight a circumstance as a ray of light flashing in my eye provided me an agreeable and unexpected truancy. It sent me climbing the mountains of the North and in no less company than that of Brunhilda and a troop of Valkyrs.

It is likely enough that none of you have heard of Long Street. As far as I am aware it is not known to general fame. It is typically a back street of the business of a city, that is, the ventages of its buildings are darkened most often by packing cases and bales. Behind these ventages are metal shoots. To one uninitiated in the ways of commerce it would appear that these openings were patterned for the multiform enactment of an Amy Robsart tragedy, with such devilish deceit are the shoots laid up against the openings. First the teamster teeters and cajoles the box to the edge of the dray, then, with a sudden push, he throws it off down the shoot, from which it disappears with a booming sound. As I recall it was by some such treachery that Amy Robsart met her death. Be that as it may, all day long great drays go by with Earls of Leicester on their lofty seats, prevailing on their horses with stout, Elizabethan language. If there comes a tangle in the traffic it is then especially that you will hear a largeness of speech as of spacious and heroic days.

During the meaner hours of daylight it is my privilege to occupy a desk and chair at a window that overlooks this street. Of the details of my activity I shall make no mention, such level being far below the flight of these

enfranchised hours of night wherein I write. But in the pauses of this activity I see below me wagon loads of nails go by and wagon loads of hammers hard after, to get a crack at them. Then there will be a truck of saws, as though the planking of the world yearned toward amputation. Or maybe, at a guess, ten thousand rat-traps will move on down the street. It's sure they take us for Hamelin Town, and are eager to lay their ambushment. There is something rather stirring in such prodigious marshaling, but I hear you ask what this has to do with truancy.

It was near quitting time yesterday that a dray was discharging cases down a shoot. These cases were secured with metal reinforcement, and this metal being rubbed bright happened to catch a ray of the sun at such an angle that it was reflected in my eye. This flash, which was like lightning in its intensity, together with the roar of the falling case, transported me—it's monstrous what jumps we take when the fit is on us—to the slopes of dim mountains in the night, to the heights above Valhalla with the flash of Valkyrs descending. And the booming of the case upon the slide—God pity me—was the music. It was thus that I was sent aloft upon the mountains of the North, into the glare of lightning, with the cry of Valkyrs above the storm.

But presently there was a voice from the street. "It's the last case to-night, Sam, you lunk-head. It's quitting time."

The light fades on Long Street. The drays have gone home. The Earls of Leicester drowse in their own kitchens, or spread whole slices of bread on their broad, aristocratic palms. Somewhere in the dimmest recesses

of those cluttered buildings ten thousand rat-traps await expectant the oncoming of the rats. And in your own basement—the shadows having prospered in the twilight—it is sure (by the beard of the prophet, it is sure) that the ash-pit door is again ajar and that a pair of eyes gleam upon you from the darkness. If, on the instant, you will crouch behind the laundry tubs and will hold your breath—as though a doctor's thermometer were in your mouth, you with a cold in the head—it's likely that you will see a Persian climb from the pit, shake the ashes off him, and make for the vantage of the wood-pile, where—the window being barred—he will sigh his soul for the freedom of the night.

## ON A CERTAIN BLINDNESS IN HUMAN BEINGS\*

BY WILLIAM JAMES

OUR judgments concerning the worth of things, big or little, depend on the *feelings* the things arouse in us. Where we judge a thing to be precious in consequence of the *idea* we frame of it, this is only because the idea is itself associated already with a feeling. If we were radically feelingless, and if ideas were the only things our mind could entertain, we should lose all our likes and dislikes at a stroke, and be unable to point to any one situation or experience in life more valuable or significant than any other.

Now the blindness in human beings, of which this discourse will treat, is the blindness with which we all are afflicted in regard to the feelings of creatures and people different from ourselves.

We are practical beings, each of us with limited functions and duties to perform. Each is bound to feel intensely the importance of his own duties and the significance of the situations that call these forth. But this feeling is in each of us a vital secret, for sympathy with which we vainly look to others. The others are too much absorbed in their own vital secrets to take an interest in ours. Hence the stupidity and injustice of

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our opinions, so far as they deal with the significance of alien lives. Hence the falsity of our judgments, so far as they presume to decide in an absolute way on the value of other persons' conditions or ideals.

Take our dogs and ourselves, connected as we are by a tie more intimate than most ties in this world; and yet, outside of that tie of friendly fondness, how insensible, each of us, to all that makes life significant for the other!—we to the rapture of bones under hedges, or smells of trees and lamp-posts, they to the delights of literature and art. As you sit reading the most moving romance you ever fell upon, what sort of a judge is your fox-terrier of your behavior? With all his good will toward you, the nature of your conduct is absolutely excluded from his comprehension. To sit there like a senseless statue, when you might be taking him to walk and throwing sticks for him to catch! What queer disease is this that comes over you every day, of holding things and staring at them like that for hours together, paralyzed of motion and vacant of all conscious life? The African savages came nearer the truth; but they, too, missed it, when they gathered wonderingly round one of our American travellers who, in the interior, had just come into possession of a stray copy of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, and was devouring it column by column. When he got through, they offered him a high price for the mysterious object; and, being asked for what they wanted it, they said: "For an eye medicine,"—that being the only reason they could conceive of for the protracted bath which he had given his eyes upon its surface.

The spectator's judgment is sure to miss the root of the matter, and to possess no truth. The subject judged

knows a part of the world of reality which the judging spectator fails to see, knows more while the spectator knows less; and, wherever there is conflict of opinion and difference of vision, we are bound to believe that the truer side is the side that feels the more, and not the side that feels the less.

Let me take a personal example of the kind that befalls each one of us daily:—

Some years ago, while journeying in the mountains of North Carolina, I passed by a large number of 'coves,' as they call them there, or heads of small valleys between the hills, which had been newly cleared and planted. The impression on my mind was one of unmitigated squalor. The settler had in every case cut down the more manageable trees, and left their charred stumps standing. The larger trees he had girdled and killed, in order that their foliage should not cast a shade. He had then built a log cabin, plastering its chinks with clay, and had set up a tall zigzag rail fence around the scene of his havoc, to keep the pigs and cattle out. Finally, he had irregularly planted the intervals between the stumps and trees with Indian corn, which grew among the chips; and there he dwelt with his wife and babes—an axe, a gun, a few utensils, and some pigs and chickens feeding in the woods, being the sum total of his possessions.

The forest had been destroyed; and what had 'improved' it out of existence was hideous, a sort of ulcer, without a single element of artificial grace to make up for the loss of Nature's beauty. Ugly, indeed, seemed the life of the squatter, scudding, as the sailors say, under bare poles, beginning again away back where

our first ancestors started, and by hardly a single item the better off for all the achievements of the intervening generations.

Talk about going back to nature! I said to myself, oppressed by the dreariness, as I drove by. Talk of a country life for one's old age and for one's children! Never thus, with nothing but the bare ground and one's bare hands to fight the battle! Never, without the best spoils of culture woven in! The beauties and commodities gained by the centuries are sacred. They are our heritage and birthright. No modern person ought to be willing to live a day in such a state of rudimentariness and denudation.

Then I said to the mountaineer who was driving me, "What sort of people are they who have to make these new clearings?" "All of us," he replied. "Why, we ain't happy here, unless we are getting one of these coves under cultivation." I instantly felt that I had been losing the whole inward significance of the situation. Because to me the clearings spoke of naught but denudation, I thought that to those whose sturdy arms and obedient axes had made them they could tell no other story. But, when *they* looked on the hideous stumps, what they thought of was personal victory. The chips, the girdled trees, and the vile split rails spoke of honest sweat, persistent toil, and final reward. The cabin was a warrant of safety for self and wife and babes. In short, the clearing, which to me was a mere ugly picture on the retina, was to them a symbol redolent with moral memories and sang a very pæan of duty, struggle, and success.

I had been as blind to the peculiar ideality of their

conditions as they certainly would also have been to the ideality of mine, had they had a peep at my strange indoor academic ways of life at Cambridge.

Wherever a process of life communicates an eagerness to him who lives it, there the life becomes genuinely significant. Sometimes the eagerness is more knit up with the motor activities, sometimes with the perceptions, sometimes with the imagination, sometimes with reflective thought. But, wherever it is found, there is the zest, the tingle, the excitement of reality; and there *is* 'importance' in the only real and positive sense in which importance ever anywhere can be.

Robert Louis Stevenson has illustrated this by a case, drawn from the sphere of the imagination, in an essay which I really think deserves to become immortal, both for the truth of its matter and the excellence of its form.

"Toward the end of September," Stevenson writes, "when school-time was drawing near, and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigor of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin. They never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers. Their use was naught, the pleasure of them merely fanciful, and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used

lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thought of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

"When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious 'Have you got your lantern?' and a gratified 'Yes!' That was the shibboleth, and very needful, too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern-bearer unless (like the polecat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them,—for the cabin was usually locked,—or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. Then the coats would be unbuttoned, and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge, windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links, or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight them with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I cannot give some specimens! . . . But the talk was but a condiment, and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself

in the black night, the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned, not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public,—a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

“It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended rather that a (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud: there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of bull's-eye at his belt.

. . . “There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life,—the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself at his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. He sings in the most doleful places. The miser hears him and chuckles, and his days are moments. With no more apparatus than an evil-smelling lantern, I have evoked him on the naked links. All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands,—seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incom-

municable. And it is just a knowledge of this, and a remembrance of those fortunate hours in which the bird *has* sung to *us*, that fills us with such wonder when we turn to the pages of the realist. There, to be sure, we find a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget; but of the note of that time-devouring nightingale we hear no news.

. . . "Say that we came [in such a realistic romance] on some such business as that of my lantern-bearers on the links, and described the boys as very cold, spat upon by flurries of rain, and drearily surrounded; all of which they were; and their talk as silly and indecent, which it certainly was. To the eye of the observer they *are* wet and cold and drearily surrounded; but ask themselves, and they are in the heaven of a recondite pleasure, the ground of which is an ill-smelling lantern.

"For, to repeat, the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. It may hinge at times upon a mere accessory, like the lantern; it may reside in the mysterious inwards of psychology. . . . It has so little bond with externals . . . that it may even touch them not, and the man's true life, for which he consents to live, lie together in the field of fancy. . . . In such a case the poetry runs underground. The observer (poor soul, with his documents!) is all abroad. For to look at the man is but to court deception. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green dome of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true

realism were that of the poets, to climb after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven in which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets: to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing.

“For to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action. That is the explanation, that the excuse. To one who has not the secret of the lanterns the scene upon the links is meaningless. And hence the haunting and truly spectral unreality of realistic books. . . . In each we miss the personal poetry, the enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow work of fancy that clothes what is naked and seems to ennable what is base; in each, life falls dead like dough, instead of soaring away like a balloon into the colors of the sunset; each is true, each inconceivable; for no man lives in the external truth among salts and acids, but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied wall.”\*

These paragraphs are the best thing I know in all Stevenson. “To miss the joy is to miss all.” Indeed, it is. Yet we are but finite, and each one of us has some single specialized vocation of his own. And it seems as if energy in the service of its particular duties might be got only by hardening the heart toward everything unlike them. Our deadness toward all but one particular kind of joy would thus be the price we inevitably have to pay for being practical creatures. Only in some pitiful dreamer, some philosopher, poet, or romancer, or when the common practical man becomes a lover, does

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\* “The Lantern-bearers,” in the volume entitled “Across the Plains.” Abridged in the quotation.

the hard externality give way, and a gleam of insight into the ejective world, as Clifford called it, the vast world of inner life beyond us, so different from that of outer seeming, illuminate our mind. Then the whole scheme of our customary values gets confounded, then our self is riven and its narrow interests fly to pieces, then a new centre and a new perspective must be found.

The change is well described by my colleague, Josiah Royce:—

“What, then, is our neighbor? Thou hast regarded his thought, his feeling, as somehow different from thine. Thou hast said, ‘A pain in him is not like a pain in me, but something far easier to bear.’ He seems to thee a little less living than thou; his life is dim, it is cold, it is a pale fire beside thy own burning desires. . . . So, dimly and by instinct hast thou lived with thy neighbor, and hast known him not, being blind. Thou hast made [of him] a thing, no Self at all. Have done with this illusion, and simply try to learn the truth. Pain is pain, joy is joy, everywhere, even as in thee. In all the songs of the forest birds; in all the cries of the wounded and dying, struggling in the captor’s power; in the boundless sea where the myriads of water-creatures strive and die; amid all the countless hordes of savage men; in all sickness and sorrow; in all exultation and hope, everywhere, from the lowest to the noblest, the same conscious, burning, wilful life is found, endlessly manifold as the forms of the living creatures, unquenchable as the fires of the sun, real as these impulses that even now throb in thine own little selfish heart. Lift up thy eyes, behold that life, and then turn away, and forget it as thou canst;

but, if thou hast *known* that, thou hast begun to know thy duty.” \*

This higher vision of an inner significance in what, until then, we had realized only in the dead external way, often comes over a person suddenly; and, when it does so, it makes an epoch in his history. As Emerson says, there is a depth in those moments that constrains us to ascribe more reality to them than to all other experiences. The passion of love will shake one like an explosion, or some act will awaken a remorseful compunction that hangs like a cloud over all one’s later day.

This mystic sense of hidden meaning starts upon us often from non-human natural things. I take this passage from ‘Obermann,’ a French novel that had some vogue in its day: “Paris, March 7.—It was dark and rather cold. I was gloomy, and walked because I had nothing to do. I passed by some flowers placed breast-high upon a wall. A jonquil in bloom was there. It is the strongest expression of desire: it was the first perfume of the year. I felt all the happiness destined for man. This unutterable harmony of souls, the phantom of the ideal world, arose in me complete. I never felt anything so great or so instantaneous. I know not what shape, what analogy, what secret of relation it was that made me see in this flower a limitless beauty. . . . I shall never enclose in a conception this power, this immensity that nothing will express; this form that nothing will contain; this ideal of a better world which one feels, but which it would seem that nature has not made.” †

Wordsworth and Shelley are similarly full of this

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\* The Religious Aspect of Philosophy, pp. 157-162 (abridged).

† De Sénancour: Obermann, Lettre XXX.

sense of a limitless significance in natural things. In Wordsworth it was a somewhat austere and moral significance,—a ‘lonely cheer.’

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,  
 Even the loose stones that cover the highway,  
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel  
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass  
 Lay bedded in some quickening soul, and all  
 That I beheld respired with inward meaning.\*

“Authentic tidings of invisible things!” Just what this hidden presence in nature was, which Wordsworth so rapturously felt, and in the light of which he lived, tramping the hills for days together, the poet never could explain logically or in articulate conceptions. Yet to the reader who may himself have had gleaming moments of a similar sort the verses in which Wordsworth simply proclaims the fact of them come with a heart-satisfying authority:—

Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
 Glorious as ere I had beheld. In front  
 The sea lay laughing at a distance; near  
 The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,  
 Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;  
 And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
 Was all the sweetness of a common dawn,—  
 Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,  
 And laborers going forth to till the fields.

Ah! need I say, dear Friend, that to the brim  
 My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows

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\* The Prelude, Book III.

Were then made for me; bond unknown to me  
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked,  
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.\*

As Wordsworth walked, filled with this strange inner joy, responsive thus to the secret life of nature round about him, his rural neighbors, tightly and narrowly intent upon their own affairs, their crops and lambs and fences, must have thought him a very insignificant and foolish personage. It surely never occurred to any one of them to wonder what was going on inside of *him* or what it might be worth. And yet that inner life of his carried the burden of a significance that has fed the souls of others, and fills them to this day with inner joy.

Richard Jefferies has written a remarkable autobiographic document entitled, 'The Story of My Heart.' It tells, in many pages, of the rapture with which in youth the sense of the life of nature filled him. On a certain hill-top he says:—

"I was utterly alone with the sun and the earth. Lying down on the grass, I spoke in my soul to the earth, the sun, the air, and the distant sea, far beyond sight. . . . With all the intensity of feeling which exalted me, all the intense communion I held with the earth, the sun and sky, the stars hidden by the light, with the ocean,—in no manner can the thrilling depth of these feelings be written,—with these I prayed as if they were the keys of an instrument. . . . The great sun, burning with light, the strong earth,—dear earth,—the warm sky, the pure air, the thought of ocean, the inexpressible beauty of

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\* The Prelude, Book IV.

all filled me with a rapture, an ecstasy, an inflatus. With this inflatus, too, I prayed. . . . The prayer, this soul-emotion, was in itself, not for an object: it was a passion. I hid my face in the grass. I was wholly prostrated, I lost myself in the wrestle, I was rapt and carried away. . . . Had any shepherd accidentally seen me lying on the turf, he would only have thought I was resting a few minutes. I made no outward show. Who could have imagined the whirlwind of passion that was going on in me as I reclined there!"\*

Surely, a worthless hour of life, when measured by the usual standards of commercial value. Yet in what other *kind* of value can the preciousness of any hour, made precious by any standard, consist, if it consist not in feelings of excited significance like these, engendered in some one, by what the hour contains?

Yet so blind and dead does the clamor of our own practical interests make us to all other things, that it seems almost as if it were necessary to become worthless as a practical being, if one is to hope to attain to any breadth of insight into the impersonal world of worths as such, to have any perception of life's meaning on a large objective scale. Only your mystic, your dreamer, or your insolvent tramp or loafer, can afford so sympathetic an occupation, an occupation which will change the usual standards of human value in the twinkling of an eye, giving to foolishness a place ahead of power, and laying low in a minute the distinctions which it takes a hard-working conventional man a lifetime to build up. You may be a prophet, at this rate; but you cannot be a worldly success.

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\* *Op. cit.*, Boston, Roberts, 1883, pp. 5, 6.

Walt Whitman, for instance, is accounted by many of us a contemporary prophet. He abolishes the usual human distinctions, brings all conventionalisms into solution, and loves and celebrates hardly any human attributes save those elementary ones common to all members of the race. For this he becomes a sort of ideal tramp, a rider on omnibus-tops and ferry-boats, and, considered either practically or academically, a worthless, unproductive being. His verses are but ejaculations—things mostly without subject or verb, a succession of interjections on an immense scale. He felt the human crowd as rapturously as Wordsworth felt the mountains, felt it as an overpoweringly significant presence, simply to absorb one's mind in which should be business sufficient and worthy to fill the days of a serious man. As he crosses Brooklyn ferry, this is what he feels:—

Flood-tide below me! I watch you, face to face;  
Clouds of the west! sun there half an hour high!

I see you also face to face.

Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes! how curious you are to me!

On the ferry-boats, the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose;

And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence, are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.

Others will enter the gates of the ferry, and cross from shore to shore;

Others will watch the run of the flood-tide;

Others will see the shipping of Manhattan north and west, and the heights of Brooklyn to the south and east;

Others will see the islands large and small;  
Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross,  
    the sun half an hour high.  
A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred  
    years hence, others will see them,  
Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring in of the flood-  
    tide, the falling back to the sea of the ebb-tide.  
It avails not, neither time or place—distance avails  
    not.  
Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky,  
    so I felt;  
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was  
    one of a crowd;  
Just as you are refresh'd by the gladness of the river  
    and the bright flow, I was refresh'd;  
Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry  
    with the swift current, I stood, yet was hurried;  
Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships,  
    and the thick-stemmed pipes of steamboats, I  
    looked.  
I too many and many a time cross'd the river, the  
    sun half an hour high;  
I watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls—I saw them  
    high in the air, with motionless wings, oscillat-  
    ing their bodies,  
I saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their  
    bodies, and left the rest in strong shadow,  
I saw the slow-wheeling circles, and the gradual  
    edging toward the south.  
Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops, saw the  
    ships at anchor,  
The sailors at work in the rigging, or out astride the  
    spars;  
The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled  
    cups, the frolicsome crests and glistening;

The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of the granite store-houses by the docks;

On the neighboring shores, the fires from the foundry chimneys burning high . . . into the night,  
Casting their flicker of black . . . into the clefts of streets.

These, and all else, were to me the same as they are to you.\*

And so on, through the rest of a divinely beautiful poem. And, if you wish to see what this hoary loafer considered the most worthy way of profiting by life's heaven-sent opportunities, read the delicious volume of his letters to a young car-conductor who had become his friend:—

*New York, Oct. 9, 1868.*

“Dear Pete,—It is splendid here this forenoon—bright and cool. I was out early taking a short walk by the river only two squares from where I live. . . . Shall I tell you about [my life] just to fill up? I generally spend the forenoon in my room writing, etc., then take a bath fix up and go out about twelve and loaf somewhere or call on someone down town or on business, or perhaps if it is very pleasant and I feel like it ride a trip with some driver friend on Broadway from 23rd Street to Bowling Green, three miles each way. (Every day I find I have plenty to do, every hour is occupied with something.) You know it is a never ending amusement and study and recreation for me to ride a couple of hours on a pleasant afternoon on a Broadway stage

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\* *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry* (abridged).

in this way. You see everything as you pass, a sort of living, endless panorama—shops and splendid buildings and great windows: on the broad sidewalks crowds of women richly dressed continually passing, altogether different, superior in style and looks from any to be seen anywhere else—in fact a perfect stream of people—men too dressed in high style, and plenty of foreigners—and then in the streets the thick crowd of carriages, stages, carts, hotel and private coaches, and in fact all sorts of vehicles and many first class teams, mile after mile, and the splendor of such a great street and so many tall, ornamental, noble buildings many of them of white marble, and the gayety and motion on every side: you will not wonder how much attraction all this is on a fine day, to a great loafer like me, who enjoys so much seeing the busy world move by him, and exhibiting itself for his amusement, while he takes it easy and just looks on and observes.”\*

Truly a futile way of passing the time, some of you may say, and not altogether creditable to a grown-up man. And yet, from the deepest point of view, who knows the more of truth, and who knows the less,—Whitman on his omnibus-top, full of the inner joy with which the spectacle inspires him, or you, full of the disdain which the futility of his occupation excites?

When your ordinary Brooklynite or New Yorker, leading a life replete with too much luxury, or tired and careworn about his personal affairs, crosses the ferry or goes up Broadway, *his* fancy does not thus ‘soar away into the colors of the sunset’ as did Whitman’s, nor does

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\* *Calamus*, Boston, 1897, pp. 41, 42.

he inwardly realize at all the indisputable fact that this world never did anywhere or at any time contain more of essential divinity, or of eternal meaning, than is embodied in the fields of vision over which his eyes so carelessly pass. There is life; and there, a step away, is death. There is the only kind of beauty there ever was. There is the old human struggle and its fruits together. There is the text and the sermon, the real and the ideal in one. But to the jaded and unquickened eye it is all dead and common, pure vulgarism, flatness, and disgust. "Hech! it is a sad sight!" says Carlyle, walking at night with some one who appeals to him to note the splendor of the stars. And that very repetition of the scene to new generations of men in *secula seculorum*, that eternal recurrence of the common order, which so fills a Whitman with mystic satisfaction, is to a Schopenhauer, with the emotional anæsthesia, the feeling of 'awful inner emptiness' from out of which he views it all, the chief ingredient of the tedium it instils. What is life on the largest scale, he asks, but the same recurrent inanities, the same dog barking, the same fly buzzing, forevermore? Yet of the kind of fibre of which such inanities consist is the material woven of all the excitements, joys and meanings that ever were, or ever shall be, in this world.

To be rapt with satisfied attention, like Whitman, to the mere spectacle of the world's presence, is one way, and the most fundamental way, of confessing one's sense of its unfathomable significance and importance. But how can one attain to the feeling of the vital significance of an experience, if one have it not to begin with? There is no receipt which one can follow. Being a secret and

a mystery, it often comes in mysteriously unexpected ways. It blossoms sometimes from out of the very grave wherein we imagined that our happiness was buried. Benvenuto Cellini, after a life all in the outer sunshine, made of adventures and artistic excitements, suddenly finds himself cast into a dungeon in the Castle of San Angelo. The place is horrible. Rats and wet and mould possess it. His leg is broken and his teeth fall out, apparently with scurvy. But his thoughts turn to God as they have never turned before. He gets a Bible, which he reads during the one hour in the twenty-four in which a wandering ray of daylight penetrates his cavern. He has religious visions. He sings psalms to himself, and composes hymns. And thinking, on the last of July, of the festivities customary on the morrow in Rome, he says to himself: "All these past years I celebrated this holiday with the vanities of the world: from this year henceforth I will do it with the divinity of God. And then I said to myself, 'Oh, how much more happy I am for this present life of mine than for all those things remembered!'"\*

But the great understander of these mysterious ebbs and flows is Tolstoi. They throb all through his novels. In his 'War and Peace,' the hero, Peter, is supposed to be the richest man in the Russian empire. During the French invasion he is taken prisoner, and dragged through much of the retreat. Cold, vermin, hunger, and every form of misery assail him, the result being a revelation to him of the real scale of life's values. "Here only, and for the first time, he appreciated, because he was de-

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\* Vita, lib. 2, chap. iv.

prived of it, the happiness of eating when he was hungry, of drinking when he was thirsty, of sleeping when he was sleepy, and of talking when he felt the desire to exchange some words. . . . Later in life he always recurred with joy to this month of captivity, and never failed to speak with enthusiasm of the powerful and ineffaceable sensations, and especially of the moral calm which he had experienced at this epoch. When at day-break, on the morrow of his imprisonment, he saw [I abridge here Tolstoï's description] the mountains with their wooded slopes disappearing in the grayish mist; when he felt the cool breeze caress him; when he saw the light drive away the vapors, and the sun rise majestically behind the clouds and cupolas, and the crosses, the dew, the distance, the river, sparkle in the splendid, cheerful rays,—his heart overflowed with emotion. This emotion kept continually with him, and increased a hundred-fold as the difficulties of his situation grew graver. . . . He learnt that man is meant for happiness, and that this happiness is in him, in the satisfaction of the daily needs of existence, and that unhappiness is the fatal result, not of our need, but of our abundance. . . . When calm reigned in the camp, and the embers paled, and little by little went out, the full moon had reached the zenith. The woods and the fields roundabout lay clearly visible; and, beyond the inundation of light which filled them, the view plunged into the limitless horizon. Then Peter cast his eyes upon the firmament, filled at that hour with myriads of stars. 'All that is mine,' he thought. 'All that is in me, is me! And that is what they think they have taken prisoner! That is what they

have shut up in a cabin!' So he smiled, and turned in to sleep among his comrades."\*

The occasion and the experience, then, are nothing. It all depends on the capacity of the soul to be grasped, to have its life-currents absorbed by what is given. "Crossing a bare common," says Emerson, "in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear."

Life is always worth living, if one have such responsive sensibilities. But we of the highly educated classes (so called) have most of us got far, far away from Nature. We are trained to seek the choice, the rare, the exquisite exclusively, and to overlook the common. We are stuffed with abstract conceptions, and glib with verbalities and verbosities; and in the culture of these higher functions the peculiar sources of joy connected with our simpler functions often dry up, and we grow stone-blind and insensible to life's more elementary and general goods and joys.

The remedy under such conditions is to descend to a more profound and primitive level. To be imprisoned or shipwrecked or forced into the army would permanently show the good of life to many an over-educated pessimist. Living in the open air and on the ground, the lop-sided beam of the balance slowly rises to the level line; and the over-sensibilities and insensibilities even themselves out. The good of all the artificial schemes and fevers fades and pales; and that of seeing,

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\* *La Guerre et la Paix*, Paris, 1884, vol. iii. pp. 268, 275, 316.

smelling, tasting, sleeping, and daring and doing with one's body, grows and grows. The savages and children of nature, to whom we deem ourselves so much superior, certainly are alive where we are often dead, along these lines; and, could they write as glibly as we do, they would read us impressive lectures on our impatience for improvement and on our blindness to the fundamental static goods of life. "Ah! my brother," said a chieftain to his white guest, "thou wilt never know the happiness of both thinking of nothing and doing nothing. This, next to sleep, is the most enchanting of all things. Thus we were before our birth, and thus we shall be after death. Thy people, . . . when they have finished reaping one field, they begin to plow another; and, if the day were not enough, I have seen them plow by moonlight. What is their life to ours,—the life that is as naught to them? Blind that they are, they lose it all! But we live in the present."\*

The intense interest that life can assume when brought down to the non-thinking level, the level of pure sensorial perception, has been beautifully described by a man who *can* write,—Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his volume, 'Idle Days in Patagonia.'

"I spent the greater part of one winter," says this admirable author, "at a point on the Rio Negro, seventy or eighty miles from the sea.

. . . "It was my custom to go out every morning on horseback with my gun, and followed by one dog, to ride away from the valley; and no sooner would I climb the

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\* Quoted by Lotze, *Microcosmus*, English translation, vol. ii, p. 240.

terrace, and plunge into the gray, universal thicket, than I would find myself as completely alone as if five hundred instead of only five miles separated me from the valley and river. So wild and solitary and remote seemed that gray waste, stretching away into infinitude, a waste untrodden by man, and where the wild animals are so few that they have made no discoverable path in the wilderness of thorns. . . . Not once nor twice nor thrice, but day after day I returned to this solitude, going to it in the morning as if to attend a festival, and leaving it only when hunger and thirst and the westering sun compelled me. And yet I had no object in going,—no motive which could be put into words; for, although I carried a gun, there was nothing to shoot,—the shooting was all left behind in the valley. . . . Sometimes I would pass a whole day without seeing one mammal, and perhaps not more than a dozen birds of any size. The weather at that time was cheerless, generally with a gray film of cloud spread over the sky, and a bleak wind, often cold enough to make my bridle-hand quite numb. . . . At a slow pace, which would have seemed intolerable under other circumstances, I would ride about for hours together at a stretch. On arriving at a hill, I would slowly ride to its summit, and stand there to survey the prospect. On every side it stretched away in great undulations, wild and irregular. How gray it all was! Hardly less so near at hand than on the haze-wrapped horizon where the hills were dim and the outline obscured by distance. Descending from my outlook, I would take up my aimless wanderings again, and visit other elevations to gaze on the same landscape from another point; and so on for hours. And at noon I

would dismount, and sit or lie on my folded poncho for an hour or longer. One day in these rambles I discovered a small grove composed of twenty or thirty trees, growing at a convenient distance apart, that had evidently been resorted to by a herd of deer or other wild animals. This grove was on a hill differing in shape from other hills in its neighborhood; and, after a time, I made a point of finding and using it as a resting-place every day at noon. I did not ask myself why I made choice of that one spot, sometimes going out of my way to sit there, instead of sitting down under any one of the millions of trees and bushes on any other hillside. I thought nothing about it, but acted unconsciously. Only afterward it seemed to me that, after having rested there once, each time I wished to rest again, the wish came associated with the image of that particular clump of trees, with polished stems and clean bed of sand beneath; and in a short time I formed a habit of returning, animal like, to repose at that same spot.

"It was, perhaps, a mistake to say that I would sit down and rest, since I was never tired; and yet, without being tired, that noon-day pause, during which I sat for an hour without moving, was strangely grateful. All day there would be no sound, not even the rustling of a leaf. One day, while *listening* to the silence, it occurred to my mind to wonder what the effect would be if I were to shout aloud. This seemed at the time a horrible suggestion, which almost made me shudder. But during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind. In the state of mind I

was in, thought had become impossible. My state was one of *suspense* and *watchfulness*; yet I had no expectation of meeting an adventure, and felt as free from apprehension as I feel now while sitting in a room in London. The state seemed familiar rather than strange, and accompanied by a strong feeling of elation; and I did not know that something had come between me and my intellect until I returned to my former self,—to thinking, and the old insipid existence [again].

"I had undoubtedly *gone back*; and that state of intense watchfulness or alertness, rather, with suspension of the higher intellectual faculties, represented the mental state of the pure savage. He thinks little, reasons little, having a surer guide in his [mere sensory perceptions]. He is in perfect harmony with nature, and is nearly on a level, mentally, with the wild animals he preys on, and which in their turn sometimes prey on him."\*

For the spectator, such hours as Mr. Hudson writes of form a mere tale of emptiness, in which nothing happens, nothing is gained, and there is nothing to describe. They are meaningless and vacant tracts of time. To him who feels their inner secret, they tingle with an importance that unutterably vouches for itself. I am sorry for the boy or girl, or man or woman, who has never been touched by the spell of this mysterious sensorial life, with its irrationality, if so you like to call it, but its vigilance and its supreme felicity. The holidays of life are its most vitally significant portions, because they are, or at least should be, covered with just this kind of magically irresponsible spell.

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\* *Op. cit.*, pp. 210-222 (abridged).

And now what is the result of all these considerations and quotations? It is negative in one sense, but positive in another. It absolutely forbids us to be forward in pronouncing on the meaninglessness of forms of existence other than our own; and it commands us to tolerate, respect, and indulge those whom we see harmlessly interested and happy in their own ways, however unintelligible these may be to us. Hands off: neither the whole of truth nor the whole of good is revealed to any single observer, although each observer gains a partial superiority of insight from the peculiar position in which he stands. Even prisons and sick-rooms have their special revelations. It is enough to ask of each of us that he should be faithful to his own opportunities and make the most of his own blessings, without presuming to regulate the rest of the vast field.

## INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS AND SOCIAL JUSTICE \*

By ROSS L. FINNEY

THE reader has observed that travelers abroad bring home whatever evidences they go to find. When they get back they lecture us about what they have learned in Europe: as a matter of fact we usually learn what the prejudices were that they started with. They have culled out whatever proves what they wanted to prove, and they have done this almost unconsciously, failing to notice the residue. So with the social question: it is really the pre-conceptions stored away in the backs of our heads, so to speak, that predetermine our conclusions. Therefore, before we take up the social question let us set in order some of the ideas which ought to predetermine our opinions.

In the first place, what do we mean by rights?

Rights root down into needs, and needs are the bedrock, so far as living creatures are concerned. State what are the needs of any given creature, and a child can name the creature whose needs you have enumerated. Needs must be met, otherwise death ensues.

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\* From "Causes and Cures for the Social Unrest," by Ross L. Finney. Reprinted by permission of and arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Needs make no apologies; they simply assert themselves. To say that a creature has a right to live is to admit that he has a right to the things that he needs in order to live. To say that he has certain needs that he has no right to satisfy is to say that he has a right to a fractional life only. If men have a right to live at all it would seem that they have a "natural right" to whatever they need to live a full, complete, all-round, and satisfying life, at least in so far as the things needed are obtainable. A denial of that right will never be convincing to those in need.

The doctrine of natural rights is at the very basis of democracy. "We hold these truths to be self evident," said our forefathers, "that all men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." So said the great statesmen of a hundred years ago. The great philosophers who preached democracy during the same period said the same thing in other words. Rousseau declared that every human being has a right to be happy. Kant asserted that every person has a right to be treated as an end in himself, and not as a mere means. The doctrine of natural rights is at the core of the Christian religion as well as of democracy. If God created men and gave them needs we cannot doubt that He meant those needs to be satisfied. Jesus taught that all men are sons of God. He said: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things"; and "I am come that ye might

have life and have it more abundantly." What can these teachings mean if not that He endorsed the doctrine of natural rights?

What now are the needs of men? Among them certainly are plenty of good wholesome food, clothing and shelter, sanitary and medical protection from disease, work that gratifies the constructive impulse, normal family life, reasonable leisure with opportunity for recreation and contact with nature, moral insurance, freedom of action and adventure, beauty, social relationships, intellectual activity and education in proportion to their individual intelligences. To miss any of these is to miss part of that which is needful to make life really human. They are all natural rights, are they not? Modern psychology teaches that to thwart the elemental needs of human life generates a pent-up energy that will inevitably explode in some direction. Such is the psychological explanation of social unrest. Social unrest is a symptom of thwarted needs, whether in this age or in any other.

But rights and natural rights are two different things. When we talk about rights, and say that a man has a right to this, that or the other, we usually have social rights in mind. We usually mean that society recognizes such and such to be a man's rights, and that society undertakes to guarantee him the enjoyment of them. This idea of social rights is worth considering. A man may have natural rights, but they will do him little or no good unless they are social rights at the same time,

For neither child nor adult, slave nor freeman, can protect his own rights. From the time he begins to cry in the cradle till he lies down for his long sleep, he is helpless unless society stands by him. The guaranteeing of rights is a coöperative enterprise.

Now, from this standpoint it is evident that the aim of all social progress and reform is to take up natural rights, one after another, and make them social rights. Slowly but surely the world grows better. That is apparent from a bird's-eye view of history. It is even more apparent when one gets a bird's-eye view not merely of the six thousand years or so of recorded history but also of the many thousands of years of prehistoric social development of which the historic period is but the last chapter. Indeed, progress has become so rapid that even the unlearned can see it with the naked eye in the short span of a single lifetime. So much so in fact that progress has become a cult with us, a sort of religious faith. Now, translate our faith in social progress into the language of human rights. It means that new social rights are gradually being evolved. The black slave had natural rights, to be sure; but he had no rights that any man was bound to respect; that is, he had no social rights. But the abolition of slavery took up some of his natural rights and made them social rights for him. And the strength of the anti-slavery cause lay precisely in the fact that men everywhere felt intuitively that freedom is a natural right of all men—nobody doubted it but the slave owners. The strength of all

reforms is in the instinctive recognition of natural rights. Old needs once thwarted are guaranteed by new social rights. Step by step the rights of man correspond more and more nearly to the needs of man. Thus the world grows better. It is the task of each generation to add its little contribution to the social rights of man, to make its little subtraction from the list of thwarted needs. And somehow we cannot doubt that a way can and eventually will be found to guarantee an ever larger proportion of humanity's natural rights. The sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath; and so were the school, the state, industry, property, and every other institution under the sun. They must all be made to serve the needs of man—the greatest good of the greatest number.

We are now prepared to see why rights change. It is social rights that change, not natural. Social rights change for two reasons. First, society, as it becomes more enlightened and moral, undertakes to guarantee rights that it never before recognized. The new rights of women are a good illustration.

Second, new social rights are invented that do all that the old ones did, and more too; then the old rights are in the way, and cease to be rights. This can be illustrated by a comparison and by an example. The old self-rake reaper was a very useful implement to our grandfathers. But later the self-binder was invented; it did all that the self-rake reaper had ever done, but it did more; it not only cut the grain, it bound it also. No sooner had the

binder come into use than the reaper went into the fence corner. Now imagine some well meaning old granddad, back in the eighteen-eighties, insisting on getting out into the harvest field with his little old reaper to help out with the harvest. The poor old fellow, instead of helping, would actually have been in the way. His son and grandsons would have felt scant patience with him.

But that is exactly what poor old William Hohenzollern did. The divine right of kings was a very useful instrument in its day; it kept monarchy going when there was nothing else to maintain order. Without kings there would then have been chaos. But after democracy had been invented, it did all that monarchy had ever done, and did it better. It also did more; it looked after the liberties of the masses. As soon as democracy and the rights of the people came into the field, monarchy and the divine right of kings went into the fence corner. But the kings have always been proverbially slow in finding it out.

We are now involved in the process of putting some old, antiquated social rights into the fence corner, and bringing new rights into the field. These will protect all the natural rights that the old social rights protected, and more. That is what the social crisis is—the struggle between rights and larger rights. In such a case the good becomes the enemy of the better. The right of freedom of contract, for example, useful indeed in its day, is now in the way of larger rights. By appealing to this old right reforms have been estopped. Laws pro-

hibiting tenement sweat shops, compelling regular payments, providing extra pay for overtime, and many other good laws, have been scuttled by the courts on the ground that the laws infringed the worker's right to freedom of contract. But such court decisions are now ancient history for the most part. Law and court decisions both recognize now that freedom of contract has its limitations. Legislatures and judges are gradually pushing it into the fence corner and new rights to take its place are being evolved under our very eyes, almost as fast as Burbank could produce new types of fruit.

The bearing of all this on the social crisis must be obvious. Can any one doubt that there are natural rights of which the common people are still deprived? Is the world yet perfect? We become so accustomed to seeing the masses deprived that we scarcely stop to think that things might be otherwise. It is almost impossible for us to imagine them different. Indeed, worse than that, we grow so inured to suffering and deprivation that our very eyes are holden, so that we do not see it as suffering and privation. We are accustomed to seeing things social as they are, and, because we confuse them with things natural, they appear to us like the natural and predestined order of the universe. This is the greatest hindrance to reform!

It is true that when we do stop to think we are puzzled to know how this suffering and deprivation could possibly be done away with; though that takes less imagination than to believe that science can discover sub-

stitutes for kerosene and coal when they are exhausted. But can we blame the deprived and suffering masses for recollecting that democracy has virtually promised them happiness? Or for trusting that their Heavenly Father knoweth that they have need of all these things? Or have we too little faith to believe that rights are not impossible? Do we not know enough history to understand at last that forward to the next new rights is the only way out for the present social unrest?

So much for the idea of rights. There is another idea which it is equally important to have clearly in mind, and that is the idea of social justice. For unless a student of the social unrest has a very clear and definite idea corresponding to this term his thinking is sure to go astray.

Justice between individuals most people understand; but not social justice. Social justice is the justice of good institutions, as distinguished from the justice of good individuals. The difference between individual justice and social justice is quite like the difference between hand-made products and machine-made products. Individual justice (or injustice) is made by hand. It is handed, as one may say, from one person to another. But social justice is machine-made; it is ground out by the institutions in the midst of which we live. For there are two sorts of entities, persons and institutions; and institutions, no less than persons, may be either just or unjust.

If John Smith strikes you with a club, or steals your automobile, or alienates the affections of your wife, or

swindles you out of a piece of property, that is individual injustice, and you are warranted in holding John Smith personally responsible. But if a financial panic causes your bank to fail, or if a war in Europe robs you of your son, or if a constitutional amendment puts you out of business, or if a rise in the general price level cuts your income in two, that is social injustice. Naturally you want to put your finger on the person who is responsible for your trouble; but you cannot do it, for there is none to hold responsible, but an institution. Just as the turtle snaps the stick that punches him, but cannot see as far as the bad boy at the other end of the stick, so you may put a bomb under somebody that stands out in front, but it is of no use. The miscreant is not a person, but the togetherness of persons. The institution is at fault: you are the victim of a social, not individual, injustice.

The injustice of institutions is easy for us to discern in the case of institutions that are distant from us in time and space. We find no difficulty in seeing that the Chinese women were the victims of the injustice, not of any person in particular, but of the institution of foot-binding; just as the Hindu women were the victims of the institution of the zenana. The French peasants just prior to the French Revolution were not so much mistreated by the individual noblemen, clergymen and kings as they were by the institution of which all classes were parts. Few of the persons actually involved in the struggles of that period could see that fact clearly then; and so in their anger they lusted to kill kings and nobles for re-

venge. But as we look back upon it now we realize that it was not persons that deserved to be killed so much as it was institutions that needed to be reformed. The same is true of negro slavery in America. It was not so much at the hands of Mr. Shelby, Mr. St. Clare, and Simon Legree that Uncle Tom suffered, as it was at the hands of the institution. This is the very point Mrs. Stowe's novel was written to make clear. The popular demand for the Kaiser's execution gradually blew over because of the realization, though only half articulate in the public mind even yet, that it was the system, not the man, that caused the holocaust.

It is very easy to enumerate a great many very good illustrations of social injustice, and they would all be very convincing so long as we stayed on the other side of the Atlantic, or back in the eighteenth century. The German people were the victims not so much of an autocratic emperor as of an autocratic empire. Our own Revolutionary War was brought on by a wrong policy on the part of the British Empire, for which no one in particular was to blame. The system of paying the Revolutionary War debts made some rich and others poor. No individuals could have been held responsible for the Spanish Inquisition. Spanish gold in England in the sixteenth century, together with the system of payment in cash instead of service, set the English peasants free; while in Germany the system of payments in service held the peasants in serfdom. And so on without limit: the fortune or misfortune of men is due quite as

much to the justice or injustice of institutions as to the justice or injustice of persons. And yet we think so much with our eyes and ears, and so little with our brains, that most people (until recently) believed that the sun moved through the sky, and (even yet) that bad men are the only agents of contemporary injustice. However, it is not the sun that is traveling, but the earth itself that is turning over: it is not always persons that are doing us wrong, but quite as often it is customs, social creeds, and the rules of the industrial game.

No doubt the reader has often watched a group of boys of all sizes playing ball—the old-fashioned, every-fellow-for-himself game of “scrub,” in which each boy works up from fielder to batter, and then bats until he is put out. It is great fun, especially when the boys are all about the same size. But when there are a few big boys, they do practically all the batting, and the little fellows do the chasing. That spoils the game for the little fellows. But the big boys are not necessarily mean fellows at all; it is the rules of the game that are mean. What a reformation would be wrought by changing the rules slightly when big and little boys are playing together; so as to set a limit to batting to, say, three runs. And why not—except that it never was so. Of course the big boys would object; but even they would really get just as much fun out of a fair game as out of imposing on the little fellows, and fun that would be much better for them. For in the long run no game is a good game for anybody unless it is a good game for everybody, because

eventually an unfair game is pretty sure to break up in a row.

But it never occurs to the boys to suspect that there is anything wrong with the rules of the game. In fact it is almost impossible to perceive the injustice of institutions in the midst of which we live. One reason for this is mental inertia. We get accustomed to the customary, and take it as a matter of course, along with the weather and the seasons. We thank God, and suffer the one as reverently as the other. Persons who take a constructively critical attitude toward customary institutions are relatively few, even in our own day. Blind conformists seem to be the rule, perhaps because scarcely half the people are above the average intelligence.

But especially to their beneficiaries are the injustices of vested wrongs invisible—except as a miracle of grace. There are none so blind as those that won't see. The big boys are surest that the rules are fair.

Hence it is that unjust institutions always secrete, like a joint, a plausible philosophy to lubricate their own friction. Every social injustice, however glaring, has its beneficiaries. They it is, of course, who control, maintain and perpetuate it. Ideas, theories, philosophies constitute their most impregnable fortifications—the more plausible because well mixed with half truths always. Naturally the beneficiaries of social injustices believe this "dope" with all their hearts; the strange thing is that they succeed in getting so many other people to believe it also. The slave-holding aristocracy were able to prove

quite to their own satisfaction from the scripture that slavery was a divinely ordained institution. Slaves and poor whites believed it too. The doctrine of divine right of kings did service for centuries, the people as well as the kings believing it. Men of the middle class in America worship the god mammon according to an economic creed that is gradually grinding us to powder between the upper and the nether mill-stones of our industrial system; and yet we believe it with all our hearts!

It would take a hardy optimist indeed to assert that we have no social injustices left in our modern world. That is impossible on the face of it; for this is not yet a perfect world. For centuries the world has been growing better, but of course it has not yet reached its goal. There are sickness, industrial accidents, poverty, ignorance, premature death, and interminable drudgery, all of which are preventable at least in part. Life has been deprived of its joy for millions of men and women, youths and children. Any reader, if his eyes be not holden, can look out of the car at almost any time and see faces and forms that betray the tragedies of their existence. And yet few of us suspect that removable social injustices are the cause.

If there were no thwarted needs, no social injustices in our social system, there would be no social unrest. But there are: and the cure for the social unrest is to cure the social injustices! There are natural rights that our institutions, as they now stand, fail to guarantee. If we want social peace we must bring new social rights

into the field that are capable of cutting the harvest of modern relations. This seems perfectly self-evident; nevertheless there are those who see no cure for the social unrest except to suppress the protest. But radicalism, however unwarranted the extreme forms in which it presents itself, is entirely misconceived unless it is recognized as a symptom of social injustices. When a man has a fever it indicates that there is something wrong with his system somewhere; the thing for him to do is to diagnose the cause and remove it; otherwise it may remove him!

## SAY NOW SHIBBOLETH \*

BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

A BIT OF WORLDLY WISDOM

*"I will not tell you where he lived; too much  
Already has been said: it would be spiteful.  
Many unkind remarks are made by such  
As live in places far, far less delightful.  
Be this enough: it may be plainly stated,  
His mind was very highly cultivated."*

While yet a small boy I was persuaded to earnest and painstaking study of language by hearing a report of a memorable examination. Some of you may have seen it:

“And the Gileadites took the passages of Jordan before the Ephraimites; and it was so, that when those Ephraimites which were escaped said, Let me go over; that the men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, Nay: Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan.”

They were purists, I take it.

Forty-and-two thousand failed to pass. The Gileadites were a strong and vigorous stock. Their spiritual

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descendants still keep sleepless watch at the passes of Jordan. True, they do not now hold to the strict letter of the olden penalty for lingual error, but they observe the spirit of it. It is still so.

There will be need now for care to avoid misconstruction of the few and heartfelt ensuing remarks. Take the "shortened Italian a" for example—our old friend "å." For my single self, I like that sound. One of my earliest ambitions was to have graven upon my tombstone this epitaph: "Påss, traveler, nor åsk who lies beneath the gråss."

I do not foolishly dote upon either "ä" or its variant "å," you understand; but it seems to me that either of them is intrinsically a more pleasing sound than the flat "ă"—as in this same word "flat." There are many who use this "Italian a" sound naturally. Also properly. In such cases it is good hearing. But when its use—or misuse—requires visible effort by the speaker and its delivery leaves him with a startled air—makes him gäsp, in fact—the effect is spoiled. It has become a mincing affectation. And, in any case, I must and do hereby respectfully but firmly decline to consider that, if a man should ask me for a flask,\* when he might say "flåsk," he is thereby branded by either moral turpitude or social impossibility. Nor will the reverse hold true. Yet we have seen the statement that "when a man speaks of a båth it may properly be inferred that he seldom uses a båth."—And he said Sibboleth. And they slew him.—You hear just such inferences every day, based on similar premises.

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\* Ammonia: for snakebite.

It cannot be set forth too plainly, too early or too often, that the grievance which some of us hold against the Gileadite is not for what he says, but for the—objectionable—way he says it. He is frequently right in his contention. But wanton and offensive sneers do not precisely warm our heart to him or yet lead us to mend our ways. Just resentment for the precisian's contemptuous treatment of the erring but too often fosters a fond attachment for the error. I think these passwords will wither, most of them; not because they deserve to perish, but because their proponents, with a singular want of tact, urge them by heaping vituperation, abuse and insult upon the luckless tribesman. There is an old injunction that we must "hate the sin and not the sinner." I fear we are in danger of reversing this by hating the virtue as well as the virtuous. We are joined to our idols; let us alone.

True, it is only a small minority of educated people that exhibits this Gileaditish spirit—else we uncultivated would grease the loud tumbrel and burn the colleges forthwith. But it is a voluble minority—a minority that loves to speak of itself as "cultured." The disdain of this paroxysmal minority is not here exaggerated. It can hardly be exaggerated. Before we go on to consider some other test words, commonly propounded at the passes of Jordan, let me prove to you that this arrogance is past exaggeration.

On my desk are three books. They are there by chance and not chosen to edge this feeble remonstrance. On the contrary, a careful second reading of them convinced me that it was high time some one rose to a point of order, like Abner Dean, of Angel's. For these books are

typical of the Gileadite. If there were no more of their kind they might be attributed to personal misfortune. But there are thousands of the kind; and the kind is recklessly mischievous.

The three authors are scholars and gentlemen of repute—one, at least, a name of nation-wide distinction. The books, one and all, are full of valuable and interesting matter, ably set forth; one and all, they are marred by unbelievable narrowness, by malignant rancor, by a haughty intolerance—not only for verbal error, be it marked, but for any usage differing from their own and for any mode of life not conforming to their habits. One book deals with English, severely; one with Words; and the third is a Life of Lincoln. Let us now take a worm's-eye view of the Essays on English, by the chiepest among these three.

You are at once struck by the frequent recurrence of "this sort of person"—our sort—and "enlightened"—his sort; in fact, he writes "Enlightened" with a capital after he gets well warmed to his work; "The Enlightened," who have a "sixth sense . . . and that sublimated taste which makes of its possessors a very special class."

"This sort of person is almost as low as the one . . . with whom men and women are always ladies and gentlemen." He explains about ladies and gentlemen, then, adding naively that these are matters that "the unenlightened will not understand, even after they have been explained." So there's no need of puzzling our poor heads over it. There is one phrase that seems pretty plain, however: "Whereas, if a man says that he was lunching with a 'woman,' there is a dangerous little im-

plication which could not exist did he use the word 'lady' instead."

There is another little implication that might be made; but let it pass. I must say, however, that some of us judge a man by his character as much as by his words; and when a man's character cannot stand the strain of lunching with a "woman," he is in a parlous state.

He has tolerant spells, however. "The slang of the clubs and of university men is also quite consistent with good taste." It may be mentioned—but perhaps you have already guessed it—that he is notably a university man and a clubman.

Just so. The metaphorical use of the phrases "to cross swords" and "to parry a thrust" are elegant, reminiscent of the days when homicide was a fashionable recreation. But the metaphorical use of "bed-rock," "rolling-hitch," "cinch" and "balance" carry with them low suggestions—of work. I do not wish to misrepresent our author or to garble his words. So I hasten to state that the distinctions made in this paragraph are quoted from another writer and that our own author may not approve of them. Judge for yourself.

Here is a little extract in his happiest manner—and by this foot you may know Hercules.

"A slight provincial touch is given by the frequent use of 'minister' instead of 'clergyman,' and when one refers to a clergyman as a 'preacher,' the case is hopeless." Nothing provincial about that, is there? Yet if one, hearing this single sentence and having no knowledge of the author save that sentence, could not go to the ten-acre map in the Pennsylvania Station and put his

unhesitating finger within one inch of that author's home, one's case would then be hopeless indeed.

"There is another provincial usage out of which it is to be hoped the American people will, in the course of time, be educated."—Did you get that? The usage of the American people is provincial; the use of an insular or peninsular corner of America is not provincial. The part is greater than the whole.—"They"—newspaper men—"spoke of his wife, of course, as 'Mrs. McKinley,' but they always mentioned his aged mother as 'Mother McKinley.' This was provincial and disgusting to a degree; and it is surprising that no one ever reverted to the dignified New England usage, which would have mentioned the dowager as 'Madam McKinley'."

There! He told you himself! I was afraid he would. Anyhow, I didn't tell. And we have gained one advantage. After this, we can have no doubt as to the exact meaning of the word "provincial." Anything is "provincial" that does not conform to New England usage. We have it from his own mouth. We are on firm ground now.

"I should hardly have thought it necessary to recall this detestable bit of social ignorance," he proceeds, "had not President McKinley himself been guilty of it during a journey of his through the South. . . . Now this form of speech is not only crude and wholly alien to the little touches which give distinction, but its mental suggestions are unpleasant, since it is a form of speech that suggests Mother Goose and Mother Bunch, and brings to mind some wrinkled, blear-eyed beldam—a wizened crone, a raucous hag."

These be wild and whirling words, my masters! It

doesn't matter so much about us. You and I are no better than we should be, and our shoulders are broad. But Uncle John, and Aunt Mary, and Mother Anderson, who helped us when little Jimmie died—to have them and their speech held up to contempt and derision—it hurts, I tell you! It rankles. They were kind and good and loving; they are not "disgusting" to our memories. Nor is Mother Goose, for that matter.

If it is not long since clear that I, now remonstrating, am but a rude, crude, rough, low and brutal person, unmistakably plebeian—just a plain, provincial American of no sublimated, very special caste—the fact is now expressly declared. I will also here state and proclaim that, if any healthy and sane he-Gileadite, between the ages of twenty and fifty, not more than ten pounds lighter or over forty pounds heavier than myself, shall, in my presence, venture to direct his insolence at these kindly, dim-eyed Ephraimite kindred of mine, I'm going to hit him once. That's the sort of person I am. If I subsequently have to say "Good Mawnin', judge!" or "Doctor, how long do you s'pose it'll be before I can get around again?"—why, I'll try to say it cheerfully.

Yes, sir. Not going to make any little declamation before I rebuke him, either. Folks that use that kind of wit should expect fitting repartee. He may strut and swell all he wants to, he may abuse me as long as it amuses him; but those "blear eyes" are faded with tears, those wrinkles are scars of Armageddon fight: he must teach his tongue to speak respectfully of them, or teach his hands to keep his head. It doesn't matter about the rest of us. Curiously enough, however much a person

of this sort looks down on us, we never look up to him; it doesn't occur to us.

"Mother" called out all his rancor. Here is some more about it. Mr. McKinley said "mother" himself—"Mother" Hobson. "And when Mr. McKinley adopted it, it was so out of keeping . . . as to resemble the speech of one whose evenings in early youth were spent in some small, backwoods country 'store,' in the society of those who pendulously dangle their loutish legs over the sides of an empty cracker barrel."

Let us get back to earth. It may be well to remember that in just such a small country store Abraham Lincoln was wont to pendulously dangle his loutish legs; and that the work well done for their country and for all humanity by those who, in their early youth so dangled—pendulously dangled—their loutish legs in just such detestable places, so far outweighs anything done by dilettanti, pendulously dangling their loutish legs from easy chairs in any club or any university, that none—not even themselves—have ever felt the necessity of comparison.

By-the-way, how could one dangle his or her loutish legs except pendulously? I have pendulously dangled my loutish legs frequently, both from easy chairs and cracker barrels, empty or full—full cracker barrels, I mean—in large stores and small; but never, to my knowledge, have I dangled my loutish legs like a steeple, for instance, or a yardarm, or a nebular hypothesis. I must try it, sometime. Always to dangle one's loutish legs pendulously shows deplorable lack of initiative.

This saddens one. It is enough to sadden a dozen. If the net result of a college education is to have erected, by the toil of years, and possibly by the self-denial of

one's father and mother—of one's paternal and maternal ancestors—a tall, giddy and tolerably useless pedestal, whereon one is to sit for the remainder of one's life in close observation of one's personal pulchritude, like an introspective bronze Buddha, then, if sending our boys to college leads to such self-loving attitude, in Heaven's name let's not send 'em! No—that would be a cowardly evasion. Foolish, too, remembering the millions of kindly folk who remain kindly, fair-minded, considerate and just, though educated. Rather let us club together, we rough men, to endow in every school Chairs of Common Sense and of The Relative Proportion of Things—and get the best men to fill them.

The junior editor, reading this MS. as he dangles his loutish legs from the window-seat, says that I am all wrong; that the critic doesn't object to the word "mother," save as applied to dowagers, in lieu of "madam." But I maintain that there is not and never can be anything "disgusting" in any use of the word mother; that it is the noblest and sweetest word in the language. "Mother is growing old," says a man of his wife; or, to her, "Mother, how long is it since Charley Hilman went West?" So misused, the word is the final endearment.

It is even conceivable that a general—a general who protected his soldiers against embalmed meats and pasteboard shoes and their own weakness, for example—might be called "mother" by campfires; just as certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, who stood with Thomas at Chickamauga, spoke of that gallant soldier, as "Pap" Thomas. You would infer, in such a case, that "mother" was a symbol of trust and affection—not of dis-

gust or belittlement. But, if the general were called "Madam" . . . ?

"A person who addresses a physician affably as 'Doc,' and who . . . will speak of him as being 'raised' in such-and-such a place—this is the sort of person who also . . . wears a celluloid collar and eats peas with a knife."

Missed me that time! I never eat peas. But, if a man who wears celluloid collars addresses a physician affably as "Doc," what would a man who wears a flannel shirt be affably apt to call him? Sawbones, maybe. Yet the best-loved man of this generation said, as he lay dying: "Pull up the curtain, Doc; I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

"The unenlightened"—(and uncapitalized)—"person . . . may use the expression 'Between you and I,' just as he may, if he is very benighted, say 'You was.' These slips are to be expected from those . . . who describe a housemaid as 'the girl,' which is, of course, not quite so bad as to speak of her as 'the help,' but is, nevertheless, the linguistic earmark of a class—the class that splits its infinitives and thinks that Fonetik Refawm is scholarly." This is respectfully referred to the Fonetik Refawmers, with the query whether a "help" is really a housemaid unless she wears a cap as a sort of badge of servility.

"The enlightened person may, however, speak of 'those sort of things'." Here follows a list of things that an enlightened person may say, ending with: "when very colloquial indeed, 'It is me!'" I judge that he does these permissible things himself, maybe.

"A vulgarism, '-hä-ouse-' which, when they use it in the presence of a cultivated Englishman, ranks them at

once in his mind with the caddish and the ignorant." Caddishness and ignorance are one and inseparable, it seems. We had not known this.

"Persons of this sort present as pathetic a spectacle to the Enlightened as do those who, in employing the broad 'a' because it is so English, introduce it ignorantly into words where the English never use it; saying, for example, 'fawncy' for 'fancy,' in which the educated Englishman always sounds the 'a' as flatly as any Philadelphian." Philadelphia is provincial, you see. Pretty much all the United States is provincial, south and west of a given point. As you now note, that point is north of Philadelphia. My own idea is that the given point lies somewhere between Stepleton and St. George—or at the Statue of Liberty, maybe. That would be a good place to fix it. Even so, there would be many unrefined people within the pale.

"To receive a letter containing such words as 'Xmas,' 'tho,' 'photo' and 'rec'd' affects one"— It affects one very badly indeed. I spare you the unpleasant details. Such letters "are usually written by the sort of men who sign their names in such abbreviated forms as 'Geo.,' 'Wm.,' 'Chas.,' 'Jas.' and 'Jno.' "

This is the method of Lady Grove, to quote Mr. Chesterton: "To terrify people from doing quite harmless things by telling them that if they do they are the kind of people who would do other things, equally harmless."

Let us look into this. I find, from the volume nearest at hand—and I mean by that the first and only work consulted—that of the fifty-five who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the Declaration

of Independence, no less than thirty signed with just such atrocious and detestable contractions. That is the sort of persons they were. Jefferson signed "Th.," Franklin wrote it "Benja." Of the Constitution framers, the immortal Geo. did not even stop at Geo. He signed it "Go."—just like that! Seventeen of the thirty-nine followed his noxious example by other low abbreviations. One even stooped to "Dan'l."

We are reminded of the devil demanding credentials from Tomlinson—and that is another pathetic spectacle:

" 'You have read, you have heard, you  
have thought,' quoth he.  
'God's mercy! what ha' y' done?'"

You see plainly, Jas., that our author was trying to impose upon us only his personal preference about "Wm." and "Chas." It is not a matter of good taste or poor taste; it is only a matter of his taste or your taste. It is not always so easy to see that such is the case as in this instance; but that is about what he aims at all along. Even when he is right, his ferocity defeats his purpose—if his purpose were indeed to better our speech, which is hereby doubted. Take this paper, for instance—which might have been the most limpid Addisonian English, had it not been—were it not—only he got me all roiled up.

Another little footprint. He says:

"I have always felt a genuine admiration for those among my correspondents who write everything out in full; as, for example, 'January the twenty-eighth,' 'Seven hundred and sixty-three, Albemarle Avenue,' and so on. There is a certain aristocratic suggestion of leisure about

this sort of thing that appeals to me and that is thoroughly consistent."

You see? Nobility and gentry—that sort of thing. People of leisure, uncontaminated by work.

I don't think I am unfair to this man. This book of his—which might otherwise have been valuable—is stained throughout by like narrowness and intolerance.

Here is a bit of unconscious autobiography:

"But who among us would not be willing to spend three hours a day in dining properly *chez Voisin*, rather than to save two hours and fifty-five minutes of that time by furtively gobbling a plate of corned-beef hash in a John Street beanery?"

He spells it out in full, you notice—even John Street. There is a certain air of aristocratic leisure about this sort of thing that appeals to one—doesn't it? John Street, I gather, is a very low place indeed. People work there, possibly. Don't turn away, Wm. . . . Look me in the eye. I trust you have never furtively gobbled a plate of corned-beef hash in a Jno. St. beanery. I never have. But I will. If ever I find out where Jno. St. is—information is hereby requested—I will hie me to a beanery, pendulously dangle my loutish legs from a stool, and furtively gobble a plate of corned-beef hash. Just to preserve my self-respect. I do not like corned-beef hash.

"Very likely there are members of the American Philological Association who habitually eat peas with their knives and perhaps drink out of finger bowls; but their example will hardly result in the establishment of a new social canon."

You mustn't cross him; he was raised a pet. He does not wait to find out your name, your station, your dwell-

ing place or your destination—or even if you are a real person. A purely supposititious person who supposititiously fails to agree with his notions on any subject, however unimportant, is at once questioned as to motives, breeding, morals, family and color, and becomes the target for the cheap and easy satire which belittles its object less than it degrades the user; and that displays precisely so much wit as is shown withal by pressing the tip of one's thumb to the tip of one's nose and wiggling one's derisive fingers with a certain aristocratic suggestion of leisure.

He doesn't like this Philological Association. On questions of taste, he says, it is "entitled to speak with no more weight than the Ancient Order of Hibernians or the Knights of Labor." To prove it he tells this anecdote:

"Some time ago one of our most distinguished classical professors was asked why he never attended the meetings of the American Philological Association; and he replied, with an air of unutterable boredom: 'Oh, because, if I go, I shall have to meet so many persons who wear black trousers!'"

This is conclusive. We may now pass on to settle other vexed subjects.

"I used to open it and put it aside under the impression that it was a publication in the Magyar or Polish or Czechish tongue, brought out for the benefit of those interesting aliens who inhabit that portion of the country; and who, when they are not engaged in organizing strikes, amuse themselves by assassinating one another—a most laudable occupation, in which I am sure no ju-

dicious person would ever be anxious to discourage them."

It was *not* a publication in any of these tongues, mind you. That was merely his impression. He was not discussing Magyars, Poles or Czechs. He was discussing simplified spelling. But he was not one to let his light be hidden under a bushel. Accordingly he abandoned his discourse to give us his profound and well-considered views on those aliens and upon the labor question.

And yet, Thos., there are times when I realize how this sort of person feels, and sympathize with him. There is a Spanish adjective, "bronco," meaning rough, coarse, crusty, crabbed, rude—and also hoarse, harsh to the ear. On the English tongue it becomes a noun, meaning a horse; a rough, coarse, crusty, crabbed, rude and boisterous horse—a horse of no refinement. And there is a sort of person who spells it "broncho." There are some ninety-nine millions of such persons in this country alone. Probably the secondary meaning of the word, of hoarse or harsh, deceived them. They seem to think that a bronco is a horse afflicted with bronchitis, hay fever, or phth—oh, well, asthma, then. It is very annoying to me that this obstinate, unreasonable ninety-nine million will persist in this provincial and disgusting usage, instead of conforming to the New Mexican standard. I do not hesitate to infer, believe and affirm that this sort of person eats peas with his knife; wears a celluloid collar and black trousers; is guilty of perjury, piracy on the high seas, bribery and corruption; does not write out his name, date and address in full; beats the hotels and his wife; tips his glass but not the waiter; gambles, wins; quotes Mother Goose; pendulously

dangles his legs and furtively gobbles a plate of corned-beef hash in a John Street beanery—and works, maybe!

If one turns one's eyes from the Astors and the little asteroids to consider carefully in what desert corner of the universe our petty provincial system wanders darkling on the dim frontier of chaos, a fleeting spark for one brief split-second of Eternity—one would hardly think it worth one's while to be such an insufferable, unmitigated, complicated and complacent ass as I am about that "bronco" word—would one? For consider, that in the worlds beyond Aldebaran and Antares they may not use the word bronco at all. Or madam, either.

The book on Words is written in a more tolerant spirit. It is fair to believe that the writer's honest purpose was to help his readers to better usage. But inherent superiority cannot be completely suppressed. It peeps out: "Abominable;" "execrable;" "ignoramus;" "no one but a low fellow will say that;" "a vulgar colloquialism befitting a clodhopper."

A clodhopper is one who hops clods—in plowing. The term seems to be a euphemism for "farmer." That he who hops a clod is necessarily a low and despicable fellow is, for many, not the least of those truths which they hold to be self-evident. I think the inference is hasty. I think that never to have hopped a clod is but a negative virtue at best. I have known men who hopped clods with nimbleness and precision, but who, nevertheless, were estimable men, who personally knew what their own thoughts and opinions were without consulting the authorities or looking in the morning paper.

His instruction is right in the main, but he slips sometimes. "View-point is the correct and elegant expression,

unless we would countenance such vulgar words as wash-tub, cookstove and the like." He does not give us the elegant word for washtub. I wish he had supplied it. I would like to get one.

"The masses. This expression is thought by some to be as vulgar as the object it describes."

Let us pass over the implausibility of such reference to some one hundred and nine and a half millions—some say more—of our people, as "the object," or even "objects." For a question arises in our minds—if an object may be said to have a mind—whether this wholesale scorn is not at least as disrespectful to the Creator of that object, or objects, as to the object, or objects, which He created? Either this sweeping disdain is unjustified or He erred in not calling expert advice before creating this object, or objects. He might have heard of something to His advantage.

On the whole, I believe "objects" is the better word. It seems to concede to us a certain amount of personal identity.

Paste this in your hat, please. "Vulgar" means "of or pertaining to the mass or multitude of the people: common, general, ordinary, public; hence, in general use: vernacular." The evil meaning attached to the word has been forced upon it by such scornful patricians as have felt it needful systematically to advise the world that *they* were not common or ordinary. That a word or a man is vulgar is no more proof that such word or man is vile than that a vulgar fraction is vile. A vulgar man may be objectionable—but not because he is one of a multitude of people. That is not a criminal matter. It is not even a matter for sorrow. When you meet a

man overgiven to the use of “vulgar,” in its deprecating sense, shun him. He is a Gileadite; he will slay you. If it is not feasible to avoid him, at least let him do all the talking. Keep your mouth shut. You are safe then—unless you wear black trousers.

“He married his wife in Honolulu. Well, such a man is only fit to live on some far sea-island.” Far from—er—where? I wonder. What has the place where a man lives to do with his fitness. Where is the moral Meridian of Greenwich? Honolulu is no farther away from any place whatever—and *I make no exceptions*—than any place whatever is from Honolulu. I say it deliberately; and I will maintain it with my life. I seem to have a dim remembrance of a parable wherein it is said: “I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.” But the Giver of that parable lived in a far land Himself.

Surely this is literalism gone mad. To “marry” originally meant to take a husband; true. It means to wed, now—and has meant just that any time these four centuries. There is no such thing as the “sanctity” of language: a word means what it means, not what it once meant or what it might mean. So cruelly to exile a man, or even a person, for using a word in its universally accepted sense throws a strong sidelight on the animus of the hyper-critic. True, in the strictest literal sense a man who marries a wife thereby assists her to commit bigamy. A bride is not a wife until she is married. Theoretically, a man marries a maid, widow or divorceé; in practice we may say “he marries a wife” just as we say “he takes a wife.” “Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan.” No misunderstanding results.

It seems hard to be consigned to outer darkness for using a term so convenient and so unambiguous.

The *Life of Lincoln*, which we now take up, is in many respects a valuable work. Its usefulness is heavily discounted by the opening pages, which are given to indiscriminating attack upon the threefold nature of the early settlers of Illinois and Indiana. The author imputes to them the lowest motives; he puts the worst possible construction on their every act. Lincoln himself does not escape rough handling; and as for his family, they are pursued with fire and sword—no city of refuge avails them.

That the pioneers built log huts before building palaces is a shameful thing; the forest was their personal misdemeanor; the privations of the foregoer are his reproach. Decency, cleanliness, morality, truthfulness, honor, common honesty, the author denies to them, directly or by implication. Indeed, of all possible virtues he grants them only two: “an ignoble physical courage” and “a sort of bastard contempt for hardship.” These are his prudent words. For myself, I think that sort of bastard contempt for hardship would do nearly as well in a pinch as a legitimate contempt for hardship, with a church register rampant tattooed on its torso. Honestly, don’t you think he went out of his way to be offensive?

What sticks in his gizzard most, however, was that these men were migratory. He doesn’t approve of that. He rings all the changes on this theme: “restless;” “shiftless vagrants;” “the natural idler;” “nomads;” “rovers;” “waifs and strays from civilized communities;” “adventurers,” forever “moving on.” He intimates pretty strongly that they “moved on” to avoid paying

their debts. He does not explain how they could have settled the West if they had stayed at home. He evidently thinks they might have been better employed. It is a pity. He blames them severely. "Wretched;" "brutal;" "squalid;" "frontier ruffians of the familiar type;" "uncouth;" "coarse;" "vulgarity;" "utter lack of barriers establishing strata of society"—these are but a few expressions culled from a dozen pages.

I want to do a little inferring now. I feel that I have a right to infer a little. My inference is that this author has lived so long among the noble oaks and the solid citizens, many of whom have never left their native parish, that he has acquired a wrong notion of this matter. I do not know his birthplace. I do not here hazard a guess. But I think I could find him if I had to.

There! I have done the man an injustice. He *does* credit these people with another virtue—a notable one. He says: "Finding life hard, they helped each other with a general kindness which is impracticable among the complexities of elaborate social organizations."

We have noticed that. Our sort of objects seldom receive help or kindness from really cultured people—or politeness, either. They invite us to say *Shibboleth*, generally. Then they slay us.

The question naturally arises: Is a stratified society that finds kindness and helpfulness impracticable, really superior to a society in which kindness and helpfulness are spontaneous and inevitable? (Cries of "Good!" "Good!")

"Troughs served for washtubs when washtubs were used." Exactly. It is difficult to imagine troughs serving for washtubs when washtubs were not used. That

would have been a useless extravagance—as he would realize if he had ever hollowed out a log with an adze. But perhaps he meant that they did not wash their clothes. On examination, it is likely that such was indeed his meaning. People living so far away commonly do not wash their clothes. That is well known.

"If a woman wanted a looking-glass she scoured a tin pan, but the temptation to inspect one's self must have been feeble."

I think it is your turn to infer a little while, Thos. If, speaking of these thousands of brave dead women, he could not keep his puny malice from this bitterest sneer, how much mercy do you think he showed the men? He had never seen these women, remember. And they are dead now. To be so ugly that the temptation to inspect one's self was feeble—and one a woman, mind you!—that is abnormal. It crushes one. Desecration can no further go.

They were our grandmothers, Thos; we hold that they were brave and pure and fair; their sons saved this nation. Let no one dream that we are gratified at this wanton insult. We will not say his grandam was but withered. It would not be the speech of a gentleman. And we do not know. Let us confine ourselves to the facts and to the living. We will say of him that he is the sort of person who would say that sort of thing. That squares it up, I fancy.

For myself, I deem and say that this stock was as good as any that ever came over in the Mayflower, loaded mast-high with Chippendale and Sheraton—well, furniture, anyhow. Maybe it was Cloisonné and Valenciennes. I don't really know about furniture. Chippen-

dale and Sheraton are lovely words, so I used them.

The trouble with this sort of people is that they are that sort of people. They are puffed up with vainglory and presumption. A little astonished at themselves, too. They ignore the fact that language is a tool, made by those who use it—made by that use—and that it changes. They make no allowance for the growth of idiom, or for the modifications of a living tongue. Language is changed by modifying—never otherwise. Like other man-made instruments, language was at first more complicated than was needful. We have outgrown most of the cumbrous and clumsy inflections now; we are simplifying the spelling in our slow, easy-going way, and have been simplifying it for centuries; I think we shall simplify our pronunciation in time. The Greeks, when two letters came together in a word to make an ugly sound, systematically changed or dropped one of them to make a smooth and flowing sound. They had a beautiful and sonorous word for this euphonic process, too. I wish I could remember it. It is a bully word. Never mind—we are going to do the same thing. We are doing it. The dictionaries haven't caught up with us yet—that's all.

Cultured people give the words oil, noise and boy, as ô-il, nô-ïse and bô-ï, with a fur-lined mouth and the accent on the first sound—not exactly in two syllables, but, say, a syllable and a half; ice, mine and by are rendered ä-ëece, mä-ëene, bä-ëé, with a pinched nose; the more carefully sheltered of them pronounce out, bound and now as thus: ä-ööt, bä-öö-nd, nä-öö, with the lips closed—accent as above.

I think these elaborate pronunciations will die out

after a while—not because they are not proper but because it is not convenient to frame to utter them. The last has now but few devoted adherents.

The next to go, as I judge, will be the Norman “u”—except as an initial sound and in some of the easier combinations. We can all pronounce “amusing” rightly enough. Lute, except as “loot,” is too hard for us. This is a relic of the attempt to foist Norman-French upon England. The old aristocratic flavor still clings to it. Duke, lute, new, as dī-ōōk, lī-ōōt, nī-ōōw, serve as social insignia, verbal strawberry leaves. But the most enthusiastic practitioners of this admirable sound find it a difficult accomplishment. It will have to go, I think. We, the Ephraimites, the masses, the bourgeoisie, *hoi polloi*, the plebeians—the workers, in fact—desire it. We cannot frame to utter these distinguished words.—Good word that, bourgeoisie—eh? A bit difficult to frame it, however. A bourgeois, I gather, is one who supports himself by his own exertions and doesn’t put on airs.

When a person approaches you with one of these linguistic feats, observe him closely. If he is pale, breathless, astonished, shun him. It is fair to say that many excellent people use any or all of these sounds—naturally, unconsciously and without consternation. This warning—and these comments—are not for them.

Fictionists will lose a valuable asset when the Norman “u” sound is abandoned. It is an old standby. You seldom read a story by a young writer without hitting upon “literachoor” or “literatoor.” The thing interests him and he has but lately learned how one in his station in life should pronounce the word. “Brootal,” too.

Brootal seldom fails to win a smile. "Noo York" is another mirthmaker. And there is unfailing merriment in "calling" the midday meal "dinner."

Some novelists and story-tellers are offensive in their dialect writing. Others use precisely the same phonetics without hurting any one. It depends upon the spirit in which the spelling is done. If the context is marked by haughty superiority, pride, disdain, arrogance and contempt, it is probable that no kindness is meant by the dialect. James Whitcomb Riley has grieved no Indiana heart by his loving mockery.

(Just a word of digression, boys and girls of literatoor: When your illiterate writes a letter, and you print it in your text, please do not permit him to keep up that dialect in that letter with a proper apostrophe in each fitting place. It isn't consistent; it isn't sensible; it isn't artistic. It is a blemish. We've all seen this done—too often. Manage to have him misspell without his own knowledge of it—surreptitiously, as it were.)

We'll skip three or four French and German sounds, produced by holding the vocal organs rigidly in position for the sound of one letter and then trying to give the sound of some other letter—not any other letter, you understand; some particular letter. The resultant disaster will be the required sound—perhaps. Let us hurry on.

There are place-Shibboleths over which there is much ink shed. Such a word is "gallery." Why is "gallery" taboo? It is of good and direct lineage, French and Spanish; brought here by French and Spanish settlers in Louisiana. Why are porch, portico, piazza and the Dutch "stoop" admitted, while "gallery" is so rigorously

barred. Answer: It is the "favor of makers." It is because New Orleans has produced few lexicographers.

One more, and we are done. "Creek" is, I believe, pronounced "creak" in lexicographer-land. I am entirely willing to pronounce it that way. Most of our millions, however, pronounce it "crik." That does not prove that this is a better way to pronounce it; it only proves that it is pronounced that way. Also, that it will probably continue to be pronounced that way. "Been" was once pronounced "bean." It is not, now. Why? Because the dictionaries changed? I rede you, Nay. The dictionaries changed, for that a perverse and stiff-necked generation provincially pronounced it "bin"—because they wanted to, maybe; or perhaps because it is a little easier to say. That is a way dictionaries have. A dictionary does not create; it records. It is not a master; it is a tool. When we seriously decide that we want to have a tool changed, we change that tool.

So let us not be unduly hurt or angered by these continual little slurs and slings at our manners and our hopes and our people, Thos. To-night, as we furtively gobble our plates of corned-beef hash, let us laugh over it. We have had our little say; we are just a trifle sheepish over our own blatant vindictiveness—a little ashamed of the childish perversity with which we cling to our sins.

We can afford to smile. The future is ours—yes, and the present, too. "The real language of a people is the spoken word, not the written." We can forgive even the Gileadite, if he will only show a little respect for helpless age and for the dead. For us—the living—let him scold. Poor fellow, he is beaten. He is conscious, too,

that his class has never done that part of the world's work for which it has been fitted by its splendid opportunities. His class has been too much engrossed hitherto. But I think it will do its part, and do it nobly, sometime. I think that time is drawing near. Heaven speed the day!

Have I any "constructive program"? I have; a simple one—not, I think, unreasonable; but it is not new. When pointing out to us our verbal faults, our teachers are under no bond to make and publish morose inferences as to our complexion, age, clothes, weight, height, disposition or ultimate destination. In noteworthy books dealing with the subject—and they are needed, for our errors are *not* right and our deficiencies are *not* accomplishments—you may find such phrases as these: This term is better than that one; This word is incorrect; That is not the preferred usage; Avoid this error. And for more emphasis: This blunder is only too common, but it cannot be justified; This usage is indefensible—care should be taken to avoid it. The authors of such books make no mention of our vices, our sins, our crimes, our bad manners or our clothes—judging, possibly, that we are sufficiently informed on those subjects. They confine themselves to the use or misuse of words and leave us to adjust those other matters with our God and our tailor.

## CHILDREN AND PLAY\*

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

THE visitor who sees our neighborhood for the first time at the hour when school is dismissed reacts with joy or dismay to the sight, not paralleled in any part of the world, of thousands of little ones on a single city block.

Out they pour, the little hyphenated Americans, more conscious of their patriotism than perhaps any other large group of children that could be found in our land; unaware that to some of us they carry on their shoulders our hopes of a finer, more democratic America, when the worthy things they bring to us shall be recognized, and the good in their old-world traditions and culture shall be mingled with the best that lies within our new-world ideals. Only through knowledge is one fortified to resist the onslaught of arguments of the superficial observer who, dismayed by the sight, is conscious only of "hordes" and "danger to America" in these little children.

They are irresistible. They open up wide vistas of the many lands from which they come. The multitude passes: swinging walk, lagging step; smiling, serious—just little children, forever appealing, and these, perhaps, more than others, stir the emotions. "Crime,

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ignorance, dirt, anarchy!" Not theirs the fault if any of these be true, although sometimes perfectly good children are spoiled, as Jacob Riis, that buoyant lover of them, has said. As a nation we must rise or fall as we serve or fail these future citizens.

Their appeal suggests that social exclusions and prejudices separate far more effectively than distance and differing language. They bring a hope that a better relationship—even the great brotherhood—is not impossible, and that through love and understanding we shall come to know the shame of prejudice.

Instinctively the sympathetic observer feels the possibilities of the young life that passes before the settlement doors, and sincerity demands that something shall be known of the conditions, economic, political, religious, or, perchance, of the mere spirit of venture that brought them here. How often have the conventionally educated been driven to the library to obtain that historic perspective of the people who are in our midst, without which they cannot be understood! What fascinating excursions have been made into folklore in the effort to comprehend some strange custom unexpectedly encountered!

When the anxious friends of the dying Italian brought a chicken to be killed over him, the tenement-house bed became the sacrificial altar of long ago; and when the old, rabbinical-looking grandfather took hairs from the head of the sick child, a bit of his finger-nail, and a garment that had been close to his body, and cast them into the river while he devoutly prayed that the little life might be spared, he declared his faith in the purification of running water.

It is necessary to spend a summer in our neighborhood to realize fully the conditions under which many thousands of children are reared. One night during my first month on the East Side, sleepless because of the heat, I leaned out of the window and looked down on Rivington Street. Life was in full course there. Some of the push-cart venders still sold their wares. Sitting on the curb directly under my window, with her feet in the gutter, was a woman, drooping from exhaustion, a baby at her breast. The fire-escapes, considered the most desirable sleeping-places, were crowded with the youngest and the oldest; children were asleep on the sidewalks, on the steps of the houses and in the empty push-carts; some of the more venturesome men and women with mattress or pillow staggered toward the river-front or the parks. I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock in the morning!

Many times since that summer of 1893 have I seen similar sights, and always I have been impressed with the kindness and patience, sometimes the fortitude, of our neighbors, and I have marveled that out of conditions distressing and nerve-destroying as these so many children have emerged into fine manhood and womanhood, and often, because of their early experiences, have become intelligent factors in promoting measures to guard the next generation against conditions which they know to be destructive.

Before I lived in the midst of this dense child population, and while I was still in the hospital, I had been touched by glimpses of the life revealed in the games played in the children's ward. Up to that time my knowledge of little ones had been limited to those to

whom the people in fairy tales were real, and whose games and stories reflected the protective care of their elders. My own earliest recollections of play had been of story-telling, of housekeeping with all the things in miniature that grown-ups use, and of awed admiration of the big brother who graciously permitted us to witness hair-raising performances in the barn, to which we paid admittance in pins. The children in the hospital ward who were able to be about, usually on crutches or with arms in slings, played "Ambulance" and the "Gerry Society." The latter game dramatized their conception of the famous Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children as an ogre that would catch them. The ambulance game was of a child, or a man at work, injured and carried away to the hospital.

Many years' familiarity with the children's attempts to play in the streets has not made me indifferent to its pathos, which is not the less real because the children themselves are unconscious of it. In the midst of the push-cart market, with its noise, confusion, and jostling, the checker or crokinole board is precariously perched on the top of a hydrant, constantly knocked over by the crowd and patiently replaced by the little children. One tearful small boy described his morning when he said he had done nothing but play, but first the "cop" had snatched his dice, then his "cat" (a piece of wood sharpened at both ends), and nobody wanted him to chalk on the sidewalk, and he had been arrested for throwing a ball.

A man since risen to distinction in educational circles, whose childhood was passed in our neighborhood, told me how he and his companions had once taken a dress-

maker's lay figure. They had no money to spend on the theater and no place to play in but a cellar. They had admired the gaudy posters of a melodrama in which the hero rescues the lady and carries her over a chasm. Having no lady in their cast, they borrowed the dress-maker's lay figure—without permission. Fortunately, and accidentally, they escaped detection. It is not difficult to see how the entire course of this boy's career might have been altered if arrest had followed, with its consequent humiliation and degradation. At least, looking back upon it, the young man sees how the incident might have deflected his life.

The instruction in folk-dancing which the children now receive in the public schools and recreation centers has done much to develop a wholesome and delightful form of exercise, and has given picturesqueness to the dancing in the streets. But yesterday I found myself pausing on East Houston Street to watch a group of children assemble at the sound of a familiar dance from a hurdy-gurdy, and looking up I met the sympathetic smile of a teamster who had also stopped. The children, absorbed in their dance, were quite unconscious that congested traffic had halted and that busy people had taken a moment from their engrossing problems to be refreshed by the sight of their youth and grace. For that brief instant even the cry of "War Extra" was unheeded.

Touching as are the little children deprived of opportunity for wholesome play, a deeper compassion stirred our hearts when we began to realize the critically tender age at which many of them share the experiences, anx-

ieties, and tragedies of the adult. I cannot efface from my memory the picture of a little eight-year-old girl whom I once found standing on a chair to reach a wash-tub, trying with her tiny hands to cleanse some bed-linen which would have been a task for an older person. Every few minutes the child got down from her chair to peer into the next room where her mother and the new-born baby lay, all her little mind intent upon giving relief and comfort. She had been alone with her mother when the baby was born and terror was on her face.

I think the memory never left her, but it may be only that her presence called up, even after the lapse of years, a vision of the anxious little face inevitably contrasted in my mind with the picture of irresponsible childhood.

At about the same time we made the acquaintance of the K—— family, through nursing one of the children. The mother was a large-framed, phlegmatic, seemingly emotionless type, although she did show appreciation of our liking for her children. The father was only occasionally mentioned. We assumed that he was away seeking work, a common explanation then of the absence of the men of the families. One afternoon I stopped at their house to make arrangements for the children's trip to the country. Early the next morning, awakened by a pounding on the door, I opened it to find little Esther beside herself with excitement, repeating over and over, "My mother she die! My mother she die!" Following fast, it was not possible to keep pace with her. When, breathless, I entered their rooms it was to see the mother's body hanging from a doorway. She had been brooding over a summons to testify in court that morning against her husband, who had been arrested for bigamy, and

this was her answer to the court and to the other woman.

The frightened little children were scattered among different institutions. From one of these Esther was sent West, to a home that was found for her. Possibly she was so young that the terrible picture faded from her mind. At least there was no mention of it in the first letter which she wrote, announcing that her new home was a farm and that they had "six cows, eighty chickens, eleven pigs, and a *nephew*." The nephew Esther eventually married.

In the first party of children that we sent to the country were three little girls, daughters of a skilled cobbler. The mother, a complaining, exacting invalid, spent a large proportion of her husband's earnings for patent medicines. Annie, not quite twelve, was the household drudge, and the coming of the settlement nurse lifted only part of her burden. The new friends, determined to get at least two weeks of care-free childhood for the little girls, procured an invitation for them, through a Fresh-Air agency, from a farmer in the western part of the state. It was necessary to secure the mother's admission to a hospital during the time the children would be absent from home—not an easy task, as she was not what is termed a "hospital case." When we met the children at the railroad station on their return, their joyousness and bubbling spirits attracted the attention of the on-lookers; but as Annie neared home its responsibilities fell like a heavy cloud upon her, and before we reached the tenement she was silent. Her quick eye discerned the absence of the brick which had kept the front hall door open, and in a second she had darted into the yard and replaced it. Before we left, with sleeves rolled up she

was beginning to wash the pile of dishes that had accumulated in her absence. Gone was the gayety. The little drudge had resumed her place. Later, when the child swore falsely to her age, and the notary public, upon whose certificate employment papers could at that time be obtained, affixed his signature to her perjury, the position she secured as cash girl in the basement of a department store was, to her, emancipation from hateful labor and an opportunity for fellowship with children.

Recalling early days, I am constantly reminded of the sympathy and comprehension of those friends who, though not stimulated as my comrade and I were by constant reminders of the children's needs, from the beginning promoted and often anticipated our efforts to provide innocent recreation. We had not thought of the possibility of giving pleasure to large groups of children in picnics and day parties, when a friend, a few days after our arrival in the neighborhood, asked us to celebrate his sister's birthday by giving "fun" to some of our new acquaintances. I yet remember the thrill I felt when I realized that this gift was not for shoes or practical necessities, but for "just what children anywhere would like."

Two memories of this first party stand out sharply: the songs the children sang,—"She's More to be Pitied than Censured," and "Judge, Forgive Him, 'Tis His First Offense,"—painfully revealing a precocious knowledge, and their ecstasy at the sight of a wonderful dogwood tree. Now, when the settlement children go on day parties, they have another repertory, and the music they

learn in the public schools reflects the finer thought for the child.

During the two years that Miss Brewster and I lived in the Jefferson Street house we frequently made up impromptu parties to visit the distant parks, usually on Sunday afternoons when we were likely to be free. After a while it was not difficult to secure comradeship for the children from men and women of our acquaintance, and the parties were multiplied. In the winter, rumors of "a fine hill all covered with snow" on Riverside Drive would be a stimulus to secure a sled or improvise a toboggan, and we found that, given opportunity and encouragement, the city tenement boys threw themselves readily into venturesome sport.

Happily some of the early prejudice against ball-playing on Sunday has vanished. We were perplexed in those days to explain to the lads why, when they saw the ferries and trains convey golfers suitably attired and expensively equipped for a day's sport, their own games should outrage respectable citizens and cause them to be constantly "chased" by the police. The saloons could be entered, as everybody knew, and I remember a father, defending his eight-year-old son from an accusation of theft, instancing as proof of the child's trustworthiness that "all the Christians on Jackson Street sent him for their beer on Sundays."

In our search for a place where the boys might play undisturbed, one of the settlement residents, a never-failing friend of the young people, invoked the Federal Government itself, and secured for them an unused field on Governor's Island.

Now, in summer time, many of the organized activi-

ties of the settlement are removed from the neighborhood. Early in the season the "hikers" begin their walks with club leaders. I felt a glow of happiness one Sunday morning when I stood on the steps of our house and watched six different groups of boys set off for the country, with ball and bat and sandwiches, each group led by a young man who had himself been a member of our early parties and had been first introduced to trees and open spaces, and the more active forms of healthful play by his settlement friends.

The woeful lack of imagination displayed in building a city without recognizing the need of its citizens for recreation through play, music, and art, has been borne in upon us many times. New Yorkers need to be reminded that the Metropolitan Museum of Art was effectually closed to a large proportion of the citizens until, on May 31, 1891, it opened its doors on Sundays. It is interesting to recall that of the 80,000 signatures to the petition for this privilege, 50,000 were of residents of the lower East Side and were presented by the "Working People's Petition Committee." The report of the Museum trustees following the Sunday opening notes that after a little disorder and confusion at the start the experiment proved a success; that the attendance was "respectable, law-abiding, and intelligent," and that "the laboring classes were well represented." They were also obliged to report, however, that the Sunday opening had "offended some of the Museum's best friends and supporters," and that it had "resulted in the loss of a bequest of \$50,000."

When we left the tenement house we were fortunate to

find for sale, on a street that still bore evidences of its bygone social glory, a house which readily lent itself to the restorer's touch. Tradition says that many of these fine old East Side houses were built by cabinet-makers who came over from England during the War of 1812 and remained here as citizens. The generous purchaser allowed us freedom to repair, restore, and alter, as our taste directed. Attractive as we found the house, we were even more excited over the possibilities of the little back yard. Our first organized effort for the neighborhood was to convert this yard and one belonging to an adjacent school, with, later, the yard of a third house rented by one of our residents, into a miniature but very complete playground. There was so little precedent to guide us that our resourcefulness was stimulated, and we succeeded in achieving what the President of the National Playground Association has called the "Bunker Hill" of playgrounds.

Along the borders we planted bright-colored flowers—which were not disturbed by the children. An old wistaria vine on a trellis covered nearly a third of the playground, and two ailanthus trees, usually regarded with contempt by tree lovers, were highly cherished by those who otherwise would have lived a treeless life. Window-boxes jutted from the rear windows of the two houses controlled by the settlement, and in one corner, shaded by a striped awning, we put the big sand-pile. Joy-giving "scups" (the local name for swings) were erected, and some suitable gymnastic apparatus, parallel bars and overhead ladder, placed. Baby hammocks were swung, their occupants tenderly cared for by little mothers and little fathers. Manual training was provided by a pic-

turesque sailor from Sailors' Snug Harbor, who, at a stretching frame, taught the making of hammocks.

In the morning under the pergola an informal kindergarten was conducted, and in the afternoon attendants directed play and taught the use of gymnastic apparatus. Later in the day the mothers and older children came, and a little hurdy-gurdy occasionally marked the rhythm of the dance. So interested in the playground were the household and their visitors that at odd moments an enthusiast would rush in from other duties and give the hurdy-gurdy an extra turn, to supplement the entertainment. At night the baby hammocks and chairs were stored away and Japanese lanterns illuminated the playground, which then welcomed the young people who, after their day's work, took pleasure in each other's society and in singing familiar songs.

On Saturday afternoons the playground was used almost exclusively by fathers and mothers, but it was a pretty sight at all times, and the value placed upon it by those who used it was far in excess of our own estimate. It was something more than amusement that moved us when a young couple, who had been invited to one of the evening parties, stood at the back door of the settlement house and gazed admiringly at the little pleasure place. Gowned in white, we awaited our guests, and as I rose from the bench under the pergola to cross the yard and give them welcome, the young printer said with enthusiasm, "This must be like the scenes of country life in English novels."

It was a heaven of delight to the children, and ingenuity was displayed by those who sought admittance. The children soon learned that "little mothers" and their

charges had precedence, and there was rivalry as to who should hold the family baby. When (as rarely happened) there was none in the family, a baby was borrowed. Six-year-olds, clasping babies of stature almost equal to their own, would stand outside, hoping to attract attention to their special claims. Once, when the playground was filled to capacity, and the sidewalk in front of the house was thronged, the Olympian at the gate endeavored to make it clear that no more could enter. One persistent small girl stood stolidly and when reminded of the condition said, "Yes, teacher, but can't I get in? I ain't got no mother."

There was much illness, unemployment, and consequent suffering the next winter. One day, when I visited a school in the neighborhood, the principal asked the pupils if they knew me. She doubtless anticipated some reference to the material services which the settlement had rendered, but the answer to her question was a glad chorus of, "Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, she's our scupping teacher." "Teacher" was a generic term for the residents, and nothing that the settlement had contributed to the life of the neighborhood impressed the children as had the playground. It is worth reminding those who are associated with young people that the power to influence is given to those who play with, rather than to those who only teach, them. Our children on the East Side are not peculiar in this respect. To this day I receive letters from men and women who try to recall themselves to my memory by saying that they once played in our back yard.

An organized propaganda for outdoor gymnasia and playgrounds crystallized in 1898 in the formation of the

Outdoor Recreation League, in which the settlement participated. The tireless president of the League eventually succeeded in obtaining the use of a large space in our neighborhood, originally purchased by the city, during a brief reform administration, for a park. Some very undesirable tenement houses had been destroyed, and when a Tammany administration returned to power a hot summer was allowed to pass with nothing done to accomplish the original purpose. Unsightly holes, once cellars, remained to fill with stagnant water, amputated sewer- and gas-pipes were exposed, and among these the children played mimic battles of the Spanish-American War, then in progress.

The accident that the Commissioner of Health, a semi-invalid, felt gratitude to a trained nurse who had cared for him, gave me an opportunity to approach him on the subject. He promised (and he kept his promise) to use his influence to get an appropriation on the score of the menace to the health of the city. The appropriation was sufficient to fill in the space and surround it with a fence, and the Outdoor Recreation League was able to demonstrate the value of playgrounds. In 1902 the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of Mayor Seth Low's reform administration, at its first meeting, appropriated money for the equipment and maintenance of Seward Park, as it was named,—the first municipal playground in New York City. So much interest had been aroused in this phase of city government that two city officials left the board meeting while it was in progress to telephone to the settlement that the appropriation had been passed.

Many friends of the children combined to urge the use

of the public schools as recreation centers, and in the summer of 1898 the first schools were opened for that purpose. Those of us who had practical experience helped to start these by acting as volunteer inspectors. The settlement then felt justified in devoting less effort to its own playground, and deflected some of the energies it required to meet other pressing needs.

It is a delight to give the children stories from the Bible and the old mythologies, fairy tales, and lives of heroes, and we mark as epochal Maude Adams's inspiration to invite our children and others not likely to have the opportunity to see Peter Pan. She has given joy to thousands, but it is doubtful if she can measure, as we do, the influence of "the everlasting boy." Through him romance has touched these children, and not a few of the letters spontaneously written to Peter Pan from tenement houses have seemed to us not unworthy of Barrie himself. Protest against leaving the big, familiar farmhouse at one of our country places, when an overflow of visitors necessitated a division of the little ones at night, was immediately withdrawn when the children were told that the annex, perched on high ground, was a "Wendy House."

The need of care for convalescents was early recognized, and the settlement's first country house was for them. It was opened in 1899, and its maintenance is the generous gift of a young woman, a member of the early group that gathered in the Henry Street house. We soon felt, however, that it was essential that children and young people as well as invalids should have knowledge of life other than that of the crowded tenement and fac-

tory; and from the time of the establishment of our first kindergarten we longed to have the children know the reality of the things they sang about, the birds and animals which so often formed the subject of their games. A little girl in one of the parties taken to see Peter Pan turned to her beloved club leader when the crocodile appeared and asked timidly if it was a *field-mouse!* A recent lesson had been about that "animal." It seems almost incredible that the description, probably supplemented by a picture, should not have made a more definite impression upon the child's mind; but I am inclined to think that little children can form no accurate conception of unknown objects from pictures or description. A neighborhood teacher took her class to the menagerie in Central Park just after a lesson on the cow and its "gifts"—milk, cream, butter. She hoped that the young buffalo's resemblance to the cow might suggest itself to the children who, of course, had never seen a cow. In answer to her question an eager little boy gave testimony to the impression the lesson had made on his mind when he answered, "Yes, ma'am. I know it. It's a *butterfly!*"

We value the "day parties" for incidental education as well as for the pleasure they afford. Each year as spring approaches a census is taken of the surrounding blocks, that the new arrivals may be included in the excursions. The most treasured invitations for these parties come from friends whose country estates are near enough to offer hospitality, and to whose gardens and stables the children are taken. The larger parties, composed of women and children, usually go to the seashore in chartered cars, and these excursions, purely recreative,

compete, and not unsuccessfully, with the clambakes and outings of the old-time political leaders.

The beautiful country places presented to the settlement for vacation purposes, and the comparative readiness with which money for equipment and maintenance for non-paying guests has been given, indicate the favor with which this development of neighborhood work is regarded. Opportunities for confidence and mutual understanding, not always possible in the formal relationships of clubs and classes, are afforded by the intimacy of country-house parties. The possibility of giving direction at critical periods of character-formation, particularly during adolescence, and of discovering clews to deep-lying causes of disturbance, makes the country life a valuable extension of the organized social work of the settlement. "Riverholm," overhanging the Hudson; "Camp Henry," on a beautiful lake; the "House in the Woods," "Echo Hill Farm," and a commodious house in New Jersey, lent by friends during the summer months, give us the means whereby some of the plans we cherish may be carried out.

It would be inconsistent with settlement theories if these country places did not express refinement and beauty,—the beauty that belongs to simplicity,—not only in the buildings, but also in the service and house-keeping. It has seemed to us, therefore, worth the additional expenditure of effort to have small, distinct household units wherever practicable. People who live in crowded homes, walk on crowded streets, ride on crowded cars, and as children attend crowded classrooms, must inevitably acquire distorted views of life; and the settlement is reluctant to add to these the experience of

crowded country life. Valuable training in housekeeping is possible in a household even of from fifteen to twenty-five persons,—a small unit according to New York standards,—and tactful direction can often be given toward acquiring those manners generally recognized as “good.” Many of the children who come to us know only foreign customs and foreign table-manners; and the extreme difficulty of maintaining orderly home life in the tenement makes it important to supplement the home-training or to supply what it can never give. Indeed, we recognize in this desire to protect our children from being marked as peculiar or alien because of non-essential differences the same reason that urges the careful mother to insist on “manners,” that her children may not be discredited when they mingle with the fastidious.

The ideal of limitation as to numbers cannot always be carried out, and naturally it does not apply to the camp, where a freer and less conventional life attracts and satisfies boys and young men.

The older members of the settlement, who are earning money, use the camp and country places as clubs, paying for the privilege and conforming to the regulations which they have had a share in establishing.

Those who have promoted the various Fresh-Air agencies throughout the country may not realize that physical benefit is not all that has been secured. We are persuaded that opportunity to know life away from the city is in part the explanation of the increasing number of city boys who elect training in agriculture and forestry. Formerly, when careers were discussed, the future held

no happiness unless it promised a profession—law or medicine.

If I appear to lay too much stress upon the importance of play and recreation, it may be well to point out that it is one way of recognizing the dignity of the child. The study of juvenile delinquency shows how often the young offender's presence in the courts may be traced to a play-impulse for which there was no safe outlet.

Perhaps nothing more definitely indicates the changed attitude toward children and play than the fact that last summer (1914) the police officers of the precinct called to enlist our co-operation in carrying out the orders of the city administration that during certain hours of the day traffic was to be shut off from designated streets, that the children might play there. The visit brought to mind years of painstaking effort to secure the toleration of harmless play, and the hope we had dared to express, despite incredulity on the part of the police, that some day the children might come to regard them as guardians and protectors, rather than as a fear-inspiring and hated force. One captain of the precinct, at least, had proved the practicability of our theory, and when he was transferred we lost a valuable co-worker. The Governor of New York, campaigning for re-election in the fall of this year (1914), advocated that public schools should be surrounded by playgrounds at "no matter what cost."

Tremendous impetus has been given to the playground movement throughout the entire country by individuals and societies organized for the purpose. Wise men and women have expounded the social philosophy of play and recreation, pointing out that these may afford wholesome expression for energies which might otherwise be

diverted into channels disastrous to peace and happiness; that clean sport and stimulating competition can replace the gang feud and even modify racial antagonisms. The most satisfactory evidence of this conviction is, of course, the recognition of the child's right to play, as an integral part of his claim upon the state.

## MOVIES\*

By KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

### I

LET me begin by saying that I am not a movie fan. Therefore there is a lot about movies that I do not know. Most of my friends honestly dislike them. But now and then I find one, equally intelligent, equally educated, who attends regularly. I go very seldom, myself; but I should undoubtedly, during the last year, have seen more movies, if good ones had been accessible. I have not had great experience, but I have at least overcome certain initial prejudices.

It is certain that the movies have come to stay—for a time. What form the theatrical art of the twenty-first century will take, we do not know. It may be that movies will be superseded by something that even Mr. Wells cannot guess at. At present, we are confronted with something universally popular. Our best legitimate actors have condescended to the screen, and Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are known to yellow folk in kimonos, brown folk in sarongs, and Paraguayans of the plain.

The movies have had to bear a great deal of criticism of late, as corrupters of the public morals. I have never

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seen one of the "unclean" movies they talk about. I do not doubt they exist. But I should say that the danger of the film-play is due rather to its wide dispersion than to its actual badness. That is: if one bad picture is released, a million people will see it; whereas a dozen bad plays reach only a very few spectators in comparison. According to all that I can learn, motion-picture producers are much more scrupulous than theatrical managers. Moreover, I believe that you actually could go further in a moving picture, without legitimate shock, than you could on the stage. There is something very shadowy and unreal still in the film presentment of life. I never saw *Zaza*—except played by a German stock company, when *Zaza*, in her most vivid scene, was swathed to the neck in a red flannel dressing-gown. But I had *Zaza* described to me in its day, and I have never seen anything like that on the screen. Say what you will, people who are looking for the "suggestive" will get much more of what they want for their money by looking at half-dressed flesh and blood than they will by looking at one-quarter-dressed photographs. The movies are a two-dimensional world, and crimes are committed in three dimensions. Personally, I have seen only decent movies. I incline, in any case, to believe that the movie peril lies elsewhere.

The peril of the movies, in other words, is vulgarity. By which I do not mean physical indecency, or even situations by implication *risqués*. I mean general cheapness of ideals, and sentimentalism, far more than salaciousness. I doubt if the adverse critics have put their fingers on the real reason for this vulgarity, or found the real analogy.

There is not much sense, for example, in comparing the moral effect of the movies with the moral effect of the legitimate stage. In most places, taking the country through, the admission fee is very small. The mass of the people who go to them constantly, year in and year out, are the people who never went, and never would go, year in and year out, to ordinary plays. The movie public is not—taking the country through, as I say—the theatre-going public. The movies are certainly a new substitute for something; but what they are a substitute for is not the legitimate stage. They are a substitute, rather, for cheap vaudeville (and they are much better for the public morals than cheap vaudeville) and for cheap literature. The girls who throng the movie theatres are the girls who used to read *Laura Jean Libby* and *Mrs. Georgie Sheldon*. The boys who throng them are the ones who used to read *Nick Carter* and *Deadwood Dick*. Chewing-gum was always included with both. The people who can afford Broadway plays, or who have Broadway theatres within their reach, are not the ones who create the dependable movie audience. It is the people who never could afford the first-class theatres, or who do not live where they could get at them, even if they had the money, who swell the film-corporations' dividends. When those people saw plays at all, they usually saw a "ten-twent'-thirt'" show: *Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl*, or *The Queen of the High-Binders*. They did not go to the theatre much, anyway; they read cheap literature in pink and green covers, for which they paid the traditional dime. They do not read so much of it now. Less of it—far less—is produced. The demand has fallen off. The people who used to call for

it now go to the movies. And if any of you were ever wicked enough, in childhood, to stalk the *New York Fireside Companion* (or whatever it was) to the kitchen coalhod (against orders) and read *A Little Wild Rose and the Blight that Fell upon It or Was She His Lawful Wife?* then you know that the movies are better for that public than the literature they have displaced. Even the not very clean movie is better than the works of Albert Ross. Any movie I have ever seen or heard described is not only good morals but great art, in comparison. You must chalk it up to the credit of the movies that they have actually displaced those books. They have closed up that literary red-light district.

Let me repeat, and then have done with this argument: the people who go to moving pictures would not, had there been no moving pictures, have been going to see *Hamlet*. They would have been going to see *The Queen of the Opium Ring*; they would have been reading *Ten Buckets of Blood or The Apple-woman's Revenge*, or they would have been walking the streets with an eye out for personal adventure. The corruptible ones, I mean. The hard-worked mothers of families—who are a large part of movie audiences in small towns—would have been sitting at home inventing, for sheer emptiness and weariness of mind, bitter little scandals about their neighbors. The men would have been—we have all been told—in the wicked, wicked corner saloon. We must get it firmly fixed in our minds that the movies represent a step up, not a step down, in popular amusement. Of course, you may be fancying that all these people, if deprived of movies, would be attending university extension lectures. But, if so, I think you are quite wrong.

The question of the very young, I admit, remains. There is no doubt that too many children go to the movies too frequently. In well-run theatres they are not admitted unless accompanied by an older person; but the necessary escort is usually forthcoming. Babes in arms, I know, are frequent spectators at the theatre I occasionally go to. I suppose it will not particularly hurt the babes in arms: the theatre is better ventilated, probably, than their own homes. The boys and girls from eight to sixteen are the real problem. Even so, I should want to be very sure how their parents would otherwise provide for their leisure, before I condemned this particular way. I do think that, for those of us who are trying to bring up our children sanely and wisely, the movies are an obstacle, especially in a small town where the posters are flamboyant and unavoidable. The children beg to go. You can deal with the circus and the Hippodrome—things that have to be succumbed to only once a year. But with three different matinées a week, all the twelve months, it is harder. Every now and then there is a picture that they may as well see: something spectacular in the right sense, travel-and-animal things, *Alice in Wonderland* or *Treasure Island*. When once they have been, they want to go again. But that is up to the careful parent.

I admit, too, that boys and girls, young people in general, who never did read the literature I have referred to, are now movie fans. The picture palace is not the haunt of the proletariat simply. By no means. The taste of the young is likely to be to some extent corrupted. But again, what would they be doing if they did not go? We must not be foolish enough to think

that the movies are the only difference between our generation and theirs, or that the well-brought-up young thing, if movies were out of the way, would be cultivating his taste in the fashion his grandparents would have approved. The film-play may be a step down for some, where it is a step up for others; but I am cynical enough to believe that, if a generation feels like stepping down, it will do so. The undergraduates of Princeton, for example (so I have been told), all go to the movies every evening at seven o'clock. I think that is a little exaggerated, perhaps, but there is no doubt that they go very regularly. Perhaps it is unfortunate. Perhaps the undergraduates of fifteen years ago were better off. But before I admitted that, I should like to be sure that the undergraduates of fifteen years ago read Shakespeare or discussed metaphysics at seven o'clock in the evening. I am very much from Missouri in this matter.

## II

All this sounds like defense of the movies, which I have admitted to be vulgar. Let us look at this special vulgarity a little. When a good novel, say, is dramatized, it is practically always vulgarized. You cannot put a work of art into a different medium without, to a large extent, spoiling it. Especially a work of art which has been wrought out of words cannot be put into a wordless medium without losing a great deal. The great faults of the picture play, I seem to make out, are two: sensationalism and sentimentalism. I read, the other day, in a motion-picture magazine (two weeks' allowance for that, alas!) the following statement, made by a big producer:

"We would not have dared, five years ago, to use one hundred and fifty feet of film with only mental movement in it." I take it that they are stressing "mental movement" increasingly. Even so, you cannot photograph mere psychology indefinitely.

When I hear that Joseph Conrad is going to devote himself to writing for the movies, I wonder greatly. *Lord Jim* in the pictures would not be precisely *Lord Jim*, would it? But I have gathered also from the magazine for which son's allowance was spent, that the cry is more and more for original plays, not for dramatizations. On the whole, that may be a good thing. Now and then a particular novel lends itself specially to the filming process: as you read the novel itself, you can see its manifest destiny. But, generally speaking, a good novel loses immensely. A large part of the work of the novelist consists of creating human beings. What they say and what they think are as important as what they physically do. And there is a limit to the mental movement that can be conveniently or even wisely registered. But to say that novels are usually vulgarized in screen-versions is not necessarily to damn screen-plays. The dramatized novel does not, for that matter, usually make a good play on the real stage. The technique is other; the same points must be differently made and differently led up to. There are exceptions, of course; but certainly the best plays are those that were written as plays. And I fancy the best movies will be those that were written as movie-scenarios. Certainly, if Mr. Conrad is to devote himself to film-making, I hope it will be by writing new scenarios, not by helping them to adapt *Victory* or *The Rescue*.

This vulgarization of books in the process of making

films of them is, I dare say, pretty nearly inevitable. In any novel that tempts the producers there are sure to be one or two big scenes that are admirably adapted to pictorial presentment. (The rare novel of the picaresque type—alas, that we have so few!—really cries out for the screen.) But most of the preparation for those scenes, most of the preliminary stuff that gives them their significance, is not transferable to celluloid. Something has to be substituted for the unpictorial bulk of the book. The natural way is to stress minor episodes, make striking scenes out of quiet ones, exaggerate mental movement into physical movement. Often *sauce piquante* has to be added out of hand. At times a delicate situation has to be made crude.

Henry James is an extreme instance; but imagining *The Awkward Age* on the screen will give you an idea of the difficulties of filming any book whatsoever that depends to any extent on slow and subtle delineation of character. For the sake of the argument, suppose *The Awkward Age* to be taken over by a producer: Mrs. Brook and Vanderbank would have to be sacrificed at once; you would have to give them at least one scene which showed them to be lovers. Mrs. Brook's wail, "To think that it's all been just *talk!*!" could hardly be got across to a movie audience. The scene at Tishy Grendon's, where Mrs. Brook "pulls the walls of the house down"—what could you do but show little Aggie as a definitely abandoned creature? The close-up of a French novel would not turn the trick. How on earth could you explain Vanderbank—in a movie—without sacrificing Nanda? *The Awkward Age* is perhaps the extremest possible case, but any producer who dramatizes a serious

novel is confronted with some of these problems. Even the concession of "a hundred feet of mental movement" will not atone for the necessary violence done to psychology. There are books where psychology bears, at almost every turn, visible fruit; so that, going from scene to scene, the spectator can make out for himself the underlying shifts of mood. But these books should be sifted from those that pursue a different method.

On the other hand, some great novels would lend themselves better to the screen than to the stage. *Vanity Fair*, for example—or so I imagine. Exceeding violence was done to *Vanity Fair* when it was turned into the play *Becky Sharp*. It was not Becky, it was not Thackeray, it was not *Vanity Fair*, it was not anything. But I can imagine a film version of the book that would be something—if the producer were willing to spend enough money on it. The fault of the play was that it had to confine itself to a few scenes, and the epic quality of Becky's life was lost. What the screen can give us, if it chooses, is the epic quality. But that is for the future. It means, too, very careful selection of subject.

The vulgarization of the novel, in screen versions, is almost inevitable,—save for a chosen few,—as I have tried to indicate. But vulgarity is there, even in the original plays. Again, I fancy that is not so much a matter of necessity as of the easiest way. People have been so pampered by "stunts" on the screen that they expect, they demand, thrills. The drama of real life is not apt to be expressed in quick getaways over roofs, leaps from cliff to cliff, or even the achievement of freedom by means of a racing car. But those make a convenient way to thrills. Contrasts, too,—just because the

moving picture is such an excellent medium for them,—are overdone. Too much is pushed off on them; they are made too crude, too violent. The chance for vivifying contrasts—whether of past scenes with present, or of character with character, or of one person's background and situation with another's—is one of the moving picture's greatest assets, artistically speaking. As is also lapse of time, that most difficult thing in the world for the novelist to manage gracefully and plausibly. Juxtapositions and antitheses ("antithesis is the root of all style"), which call for the greatest technical skill of an author who is restricted to words and the architecture of the novel, are easily achieved for him in the pictures.

My own notion is, you see, that there is a perfectly legitimate field in art for the picture-play; and that only by taking it as a different genre, and exploiting its own vast possibilities, can the best results be got. If the tendency to vulgarity is there, even in the original plays, I fancy that is because the makers of them are still feeling for the right convention. It is too new an art for its laws to have been completely tabulated. I think people must get away from the idea that the movie scenario is at all the same thing as a play; or that any good book can be made into a good film. I do not mean by this that the material of screen plays is restricted. I do not think it is, any more than that of any other genre. But I believe that there is still a great deal to learn about the proper exploitation of this new medium, and that a great deal of the vulgarity of films comes from too narrow a view of what can be done and too great ignorance, as yet, of how to do it. The danger is that the easiest way will

prevail, and that the moving-picture art will degenerate before it has had a chance to grow up. The plea that the movie audience can understand nothing that is not emotionally cheap and easy is ridiculous. A large number of our immigrants have been used to better stuff, dramatically, than Broadway gives them. Shakespeare knew perfectly, you may be sure, how successfully *Hamlet* would hit the groundlings. He was just as consciously writing great melodrama as he was consciously writing great poetry. The movie audience that surrounds me when I go is not, for the most part, a cultivated or an educated audience. But it prefers the better movies to the worse ones. And I think—excellent indication—that it shows signs of revolting against the jokes from the *Literary Digest*.

### III

One of the great foes to improvement in moving-picture art would seem to be the close-up. The close-up, I take it, is still the approved field of such “mental movement” as appears in a play. Now, I have not seen all the great movie stars. But I have seen half a dozen of the best-known movie actresses, and the simple fact is that, when they register emotions in a close-up, they all look precisely alike. They grimace identically. Either—it seems to me—they have not learned how to use the close-up properly for dramatic purposes, or there is something the matter with the close-up itself, and it should be gingerly dealt in. I incline to believe that it is a matter of imperfect technique. These women move differently, act differently, “suggest” differently, in the body of the play. It is only when you stare into their tearful

or triumphant faces, made colossal, that they all become alike.. It may be that make-up has something to do with it. But, the fault is there. The men are nearly as bad, but not quite. I suppose all heroes do not have to have cupid's-bow mouths, for one thing. People do not have such fixed standards for male charm. Both men and women need more subtlety in this matter of close-ups. I believe there are too many close-ups, anyhow; but I am sure that the close-up has possibilities which many of our stars have not mastered. I know, because I have several times seen Sessue Hayakawa.

I am so little an authority on movie stars that I do not wish to name names in this essay. Though I have seen a good many of the most famous, I have not seen them all. Those I have seen, I have not seen enough times. But I have seen —, and —, and —, and — (more than once, some of them), who are at the very top of popularity and fame. (I am omitting entirely, for the present, the slap-stick stuff, and speaking only of serious plays.) And if I had not seen Sessue Hayakawa, I should think, perhaps, the subtle, the really helpful close-up was well-nigh impossible. Hayakawa has proved to me that it is not; that great acting, of the quiet sort, can be done on the screen. I have seen his immobile profile describe a mental conflict as I have never seen it done on the real stage except by Mrs. Fiske in *Rosmersholm*. I have always thought that Mrs. Fiske's silent profile, conveying to an audience the fact that incest had been unwittingly committed, was one of the greatest pieces of acting I have ever seen. I did not suppose it could be easily matched on the real stage, and I should never have dreamed it could be done at all on

the screen. But I believe that, if necessary, Hayakawa could do it. Each play that I have seen "the Jap" in was worse than the last, and I have begun to be afraid that he is going to be forced—why, I do not know—into the contortionism, the violence, the eventual absurdity, that must, I suppose, always be waiting to engulf the emotional screen actor. But I shall never forget the first simple little play I saw him in, where the setting amounted to nothing, the characters were few and humble, and the acting was supremely quiet and very great. *It can be done.* And as this is a discussion of movie possibilities simply, not of movie achievements up to date, that is all we need to know. I am not saying that others have not done it. I can only say, out of my small experience, that he is the one who has proved to me most conclusively that it is just as possible to have great acting on the screen as on the stage.

The sentimentalism to which we have referred is simply, I think, a prevalent vice of our own day, and not to be credited to movies any more than to any other form of popular art. Certainly our books are as rotten with it as our picture-plays. But books have had a long history, and novel, play, poem, and essay are established genres. They will pull up. It is because the moving-picture genre is young and as yet unsure, because it is still without traditions, that it stands in peril of succumbing to any bad fashion that is going.

There are various attempts being made and planned, I believe, to make the movie, not only pure, but high-brow. I have never seen the results. But I wonder if the authors of these attempts are using the right methods. Are they utilizing the great, the special assets of the

screen? The prime thrill in a movie is the thrill of the spectacular. Great spaces, with horsemen riding, men lying in ambush; the specks in the distance growing; flight and pursuit, wherever and whoever; the crowd, the passionate group; the contrast (as I have said) of past and present, rich and poor, happy and unhappy, hero and villain, can all be made vivid to an extent that must leave mere words (unless used by a master) lagging far behind. What one may call the processional value of the movies can hardly be exaggerated. Whereas the play must gather up its action into a few set scenes, the movie can show life in flux—people going naturally about their appointed ways, as, in the world, people do. I used to think, when I was new to film plays, that the unnatural movement of the actors was due to some law of the camera. But again, it is not so. A few weeks ago I saw a well-known male star in a not particularly interesting adaptation of a once popular novel, and the star bore himself like a human gentleman. He moved as slowly and as gracefully as he pleased. There was none of that jerky rhythm, which is so prevalent that one is sometimes tempted to think it the inevitable gait of the screen. Whether he paced the floor, or took up a book, or lighted a cigarette, or got into a motor-car, or clasped the heroine in his arms, he did it all with perfect naturalness, with the usual rhythm of well-controlled muscles. So it, too, can be done.

I believe that both the sensationalism and the sentimentalism which constitute movie-vulgarity can be largely checked and controlled. The genre should be exploited for its artistic possibilities, which are great, and the actors should develop variety rather than one conven-

tional mode. There is no doubt that, at present, the most attractive films are those which use vast landscapes and numbers of people in motion. But you cannot restrict the movie-art to plays of this type. It has been proved by certain actors and actresses that "mental movement" and natural bodily action are not impossible to "get across." The cheapening, the over-simplification and over-stressing of emotion, are not inevitable concomitants of filming a story. You can get your thrill quietly, subtly. The words that are reft from the actor must be made up for, by him, with more than usual significance of bodily and facial expression. But again, it can be done. And to help along, there is that immense potentiality of temporal, social, personal, emotional contrast which no other genre really possesses. Antithesis, so far, has not, I imagine, been either generally enough or subtly enough used. From the hovel to the palace is one way, to be sure; but that is cheap and easy. It does not begin to tap the possibilities. A proper contrast, properly shown, will make up for chapters of verbiage; but the contrast must be carefully made in every detail. Mere "velvet and rags, so the world wags" will not do.

I am told that America is really responsible for the moving-picture genre: that we are the chief sponsors, if not the positive authors, of the movie. It is we who must make or mar it as an art. I know nothing about foreign films; I have never seen any outside of the United States. I do not know whence these movies come which are doing, according to unquestionable authority, such harm among the brown and yellow races. But I quite see that we have a great responsibility on our hands. I have heard it said and corroborated, in unimpeachable

quarters, that to the movies is due a large part of the unrest in India. For a decade, the East Indian has been gazing upon the white man's movie; and it is inevitable that he should ask why the people who behave that way at home should consider that they have a divine mission to civilize and govern other races. Whatever one thinks of the movie, I believe we should all agree that it does not illustrate, particularly well, the social superiority of the white race. The Anglo-Indian official and his wife may be supremely scrupulous and tactful; but the native is, of course, going to consider that the movie gives them away.

I have no doubt that the worst films, not the best, are shipped to the remoter continents. Japan is overrun with foreign movies, as well as India. I do not know about China, but certainly the Dutch East Indies, Indo-China, and the Straits Settlements are invaded. Read the guide-books. Mr. J. O. P. Bland, who has been observing alien races in their own habitat, for many years, with patient precision, avers that the American (and perhaps European) movie is doing incalculable harm to the mixed populaces of the South American republics. To take only one instance: we can perfectly see that to the Hindu and the Mohammedan, the Japanese, and the South American of Hispano-Moorish social tradition, the spectacle of the movie-heroine who is not only unchaperoned but scantily dressed, who more or less innocently "vamps" every man within striking radius, who drives her own car through the slums at midnight, who places herself constantly in perilous or unworthy contacts, yet who is on the whole considered a praiseworthy and eminently marriageable young woman, is not calculated to

enhance the reputation of Europe or the United States. She violates every law of decency, save one, that is known to the Hindu, the Japanese, or the mestizo of South America. It is scarcely conceivable to them that anyone but a prostitute should behave like that. Yet they have it on good authority—the film—that she is the daughter of the American millionaire or the British peer, who considers himself immeasurably the poor Hindu's, the poor Jap's, the poor peon's superior.

Nor do I believe that Charlie Chaplin is destined to spread the doctrine of the White Man's Burden very successfully. We deal, in these other continents, with peoples to whom unnecessary bodily activity is not a dignified thing. You cannot possibly explain Charlie Chaplin to them correctly. You just cannot. They simply think that official Anglo-Saxons are minuetting in the parlor for diplomatic reasons, and that Charlie Chaplin is the Anglo-Saxon "out in the pantry." Paris is as keen, I understand, on "Charlot" as England and the United States. But compared with Asia, Africa, and South America, France and England and we are, as it were, one flesh.

This particular problem is none of my affair. But it might be well, all the same, not to present ourselves as totally lacking in social dignity at the very moment when we are being so haughty about the Monroe Doctrine and Japanese exclusion and the White Man's Burden in general. The people who are told that we are too good to mess up with them in a league of nations must wonder a little when they look at Charlie Chaplin, having previously been told that he is the idol of the American public. I have taken Charlie Chaplin merely because

of his positively world-wide popularity. The love of slap-stick is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon tribe, though I believe no other tribe likes it one half so much. Personally, I am bored to tears by Charlie. But as a public, there is no doubt that we adore him. We understand perfectly that our peculiar sense of humor in no wise prevents us from carrying on an enlightened form of government with a good deal of success. Slap-stick has always been in the Anglo-Saxon's blood. But I can see that the Brahmin or the Samurai, who gazes on Charlie and the custard pie, might legitimately wonder whether, after all, Charlie was intended by the Deity to govern the whole planet; cannot you?

That was, in a sense, a digression. For what I really had set myself to do was to indicate what, it seemed to me, were some of the possibilities of the moving picture—the moving picture as an artistic genre, that is. I have no means of knowing what technically may be achieved in another decade or two: what marvels of color, of scene-shifting, and the like. But all that is stage-managing, not the play itself. I fancy, being largely Anglo-Saxon still in our make-up, we shall go on with slap-stick to the end of the chapter. Probably the alien among us will be more quickly educated to slap-stick than to any other of our ideals. It will be the first step in Americanization. I do not see how you can develop slap-stick except along the line of least resistance. It can only go a little further all the time, and become a little more so.

But the movie drama has a more serious and varied future than that. It is important. It must chuck—it ought to chuck—the Aristotelian unities overboard. The

three unities have long since ceased to be sacred, yet the memory of them has overshadowed the whole of European play-writing. Our serious drama has violated them, but it has never positively contradicted them—flung them out of court. Unity of action has at least been kept, in most cases. Even unity of time has often been stuck to; and in rare cases of late, unity of place. There has been no virtue in discarding the three unities, except the virtue that is made of necessity. But the screen-play must discard them, in order to find itself. Unity of time and unity of place alike would kill the movie. Even unity of action is by no means necessary to it. At least, so it seems to me; but then I am very strong for the picaresque, the epic movie. Certainly, unity of action in the strictest dramatic sense is not a virtue in the screen-play. It is precisely the movie's chance to give the larger, looser texture of life itself. It does not, at its best, have to artificialize and recast life as does the well-made play. Its motto not only is, but ought to be, "Good-bye, Aristotle!" This may seem a superfluous saying, since we have been bidding that gentleman farewell so vociferously for so long. Yet the drama has, up to our own time, been on speaking terms with him. The drama, I fancy, will have to continue to be on speaking terms with him; and I am not sure that the one-act play, which has so much vogue at present, has not actually invited him to come back and have a cup of tea.

The movie is another matter. It has its own quite different future; and producer, director, actor, and author will all have to pull together to make that future artistically as well as commercially brilliant. More power to their elbows!

## PRIVATE SCHOOL AND HOLIDAYS\*

By E. F. BENSON

AFTER Easter, 1878, I was sent to a private school presided over by Mr. Ottiwell Waterfield, at Temple Grove, East Sheen, and remained there three years. The house and grounds vanished entirely somewhere about 1908, under the trail of the suburban builder, and now hideous rows of small residences occupy their spaciousness. For the purposes of a school numbering some hundred and thirty boys, the original George I and Queen Anne house had been largely supplemented with dormitories and schoolrooms, and a modern wing as large as the house ran at right angles by the edge of the cricket field. But the part where Mr. Waterfield and his family lived had not been touched: there was a fine library, drawing-room, and his study (how awful was that place!) *en suite*, a paved hall, with a full-sized billiard table and a piano where a frail widow lady called Mrs. Russell gave music-lessons, and the French master, whose name really was M. Voltaire, conducted a dancing-class as well as teaching French and being, I think, slightly immoral. A passage out of the hall gave on to the private garden of Mr. Waterfield, where there were fine

\* From *OUR FAMILY AFFAIRS*, by E. F. Benson. Copyright, 1921. George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

cedar trees, and a broad oak-staircase led up from it to the bedrooms of the family.

Already, darkly in the glass of fiction and under the title of David Blaize, I have hinted at some of the habits of the young gentlemen who led a life, alternately uproarious and terror-stricken, in the other part of the house, but now more personal details can be indulged in. By far the most salient feature in the school, even as the sun is the most salient feature in the day, making it precisely what it is, was Mr. Waterfield himself. He seems now to me to have been nine feet high, and he certainly walked with a curious rocking motion, which was convenient, because if you were where you should not be, you could detect his coming long before he could detect anybody. He had a square grey beard which smelt of cigars, a fact known from his practice, when he had frightened the life out of you by terrible harangues, of saying, "Well, that's all over, my boy," and kissing you. I believe him to have been about the best private school-master who ever lived, for he ruled by love and fear combined in a manner that while it inspired small boys with hellish terror, yet rewarded them with the sweet fruits of hero-worship. He exacted blind obedience, under peril of really infamous torture with a thick ruler with which he savagely caned offending hands, but he managed at the same time to make us appreciate his approbation. The ruler was kept in a convenient drawer of the knee-hole table in his study, and was a perfectly brutal instrument, but the approach of the ruler, like a depression over the Atlantic, was always heralded by storm-cones. The first of these was the taking of the keys from his trousers-pocket, and then you had time to pull

yourself together to retract an equivocation, to confess a fault, or try to remember something you had been repeatedly told. The second storm-cone was the insertion of the key into the drawer where the ruler was kept. You had to be of very strong nerve when that second storm-cone was hoisted, and divert your mind from the possible future to the supine which you could not recollect, for when the key was once inserted there might any moment be a sudden startling explosion of wrath, and out flew the ruler. Then came a short agonizing scene, and the blubbering victim after six smart blows had the handle of the door turned for him by somebody else, because his hands were useless through pain. The ruler was quite rare, and probably well deserved; anyhow it was the counter-balance to the hero-worship born of Mr. Waterfield's approval. For more heinous offences there was birching, but that had certain compensations, for afterwards you took down your breeches and showed the injured parts to admiring companions. But there was nothing to show, as Mrs. Pullet said about the boluses, when you were caned. Besides you could play cricket quite easily, shortly after a whipping, but no human hand could hold a bat shortly after the application of the ruler.

The top form (called the first form, not the sixth form) had certain specified lessons every week taken by Waterfield, and he did not teach regularly in other forms. But he was liable to make meteoric appearances soon after the beginning of a lesson in the big schoolroom where the next three forms were at work, and take any lesson himself. A hush fell as he strode in, and we all cowered like partridges below a kite, while he glared round, selecting

the covey on to which he pounced. This was a subtle plan, for you could never be sure that it would not be he who would hear any particular lesson, and the chance of that made it most unwise to neglect any preparation altogether.

The school got its fair share of public-school scholarships, so I suppose the teaching of the other masters was sound, but I cannot believe that a stranger set of instructors were ever got together. Rawlings, who taught the first form, used habitually to read the *Sporting Times* in school with his feet up on the desk until the time came for him to hear us construe. Daubeny, the master of the second form, had no thought but for the encouragement of a small moustache; Davy of the third form used mostly to be asleep; Geoghehan of the fourth form (called "Geege") had lost his right arm, and used always to have some favourite in his class, who sat on his knee in school time and was an important personage, for he could, if you were friends with him, always persuade Geege not to report misconduct to Waterfield. One such boy, now a steady hereditary legislator, I well remember: he pulled Geege's beard, and altered the marks in his register, and ruled him with a rod of iron. Geege was otherwise an effective disciplinarian, and had an unpleasant habit, if he thought you were not attending, of spearing the back of your hand with the nib of his pen, dipped in purple ink. Then there was a handwriting specialist called Prior who gave out stationery on Saturdays. His appearance was always hailed by a sort of Gregorian chant to which the words were, "All boys wanting ink, go to Mr. Prior." Then came Mr. Voltaire, the gay young Frenchman, and these with one or two more of

whom I cherish no recollection all lived together at a house in East Sheen called Clarence House, and were, I think, a shade more frightened of Waterfield than we.

The ways of boys are past finding out, and what could have induced us to believe that the food supplied was disgusting to the verge of being poisonous I have no idea. But tradition, at the time of which I am speaking, ordained that this was so, and how often when I was longing to eat a plateful of pudding have I shovelled it into an envelope to bury in the playground, since the currants in it were held to be squashed flies and the suet to be made with scourings from dirty plates. Then somebody once saw potatoes, no doubt intended for school consumption, lying on the floor in a shed in the garden, which was considered a terrible way in which to keep potatoes. I remember telling my father this, and with the utmost gravity he answered that every potato ought to be wrapped up singly in silver paper. He also asked if it was true that Mr. Waterfield had been seen, with his trousers turned up, diluting the beer for dinner out of a garden watering-can. Most poisonous of all were supposed to be the sausages which we had for breakfast now and then: it was a point of honour not to eat a single mouthful of this garbage. Then suddenly for no reason the fashion changed, and the food was supposed to be, and indeed it probably was, excellent. We gobbled up our sausages, asked for more and got it, and ate the potatoes that had once lain on the dirty ground, and had even degraded themselves by growing in it. . . .

I plunged headlong into this riot of school life and for the first year enjoyed it enormously. I had been placed too low in the school and without the slightest effort I

found myself term after term at the top of the class, and loaded with prizes, for no merit of my own but for the fact that I had the kind of superficial memory that retained what it had scarcely attended to at all. In consequence for a whole year I had no fear of Waterfield as regards lessons, and devoted myself to games, stag-beetles, and friendship, and I find it hard to decide whether the rapture of making twenty at cricket against overhand bowling (not lobs from sisters) was greater or less than finding a stag-beetle on the palings, or in the early dawn of summer mornings going on tiptoe into the next dormitory, and, after waking up my special friend, sitting on his bed, propped up with pillows and talking in whispers till there came the sound of the dressing-bell, which portended the entrance of the matron. Then it was necessary to steal round the corner of his cubicle, and slide back into my own bed, there apparently to fall into a refreshing slumber, for to be caught out of bed before it was time to dress meant to be reported to Waterfield, who took a serious, and to me then an unintelligible view of such an offence. But an hour's whispered conversation with a friend was worth that risk, indeed probably the risk added a certain savour to it, and perhaps our present Minister at the Vatican has recollections similar to mine. Or else it would be I who was awakened by the soft-stepping night-shirted figure, and moved aside in bed to give room for him to sit there, and there would be plans to be made, and then combining friendship with stag-beetles into one incomparable compound we would take the stag-beetles (for there were two of them, male and female, called "The Monarch of the Glen" and "Queen") out of my washing basin, where

they passed the night in optimistic attempts to climb its slippery sides, and refresh them with a breakfast of elm leaves and perhaps the half of a strawberry. They had to be put back into two matchboxes which were their travelling carriages before Jane the matron came round, for she had said that if ever she found stag-beetles in basins again she would throw them out of the window.

An "Exeat" now and then diversified the course of the term, and these I spent with my Aunt Eleanor who had married Mr. Thomas Hare, famous for his book on the *Representation of Minorities*. He was a great friend of John Stuart Mill, whom Aunt Eleanor, for some reason of her own, always called "Mr. Mills." They lived in a house near Surbiton which had a tower in it, on the top floor of which was Uncle Hare's laboratory, chemistry being a hobby of his, and he made oxygen in glass retorts, and put snippers of potassium to scurry, flaring and self-lit, on the surface of a basin of water. . . . On the 5th of November every year I was asked to a children's party, given by Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, and there was an immense tea followed by fireworks in the garden. There we were given squibs and told to be sure to throw them away as soon as they burned low, before the explosion came at the end, and on one of these occasions the Duke of Teck wanting a light for his cigar told me to give him my squib, for he had no matches. I told him that it was already burning low, but he said "Wass?" rather alarmingly, and so I handed it to him. He had just applied the burning end of it to his cigar when the explosion came, and his face and hair were covered with sparks, and he danced

about, and said sonorous things in German, and I gathered that he was vexed. . . .

The minds of children as they grow have those diseases incident to childhood much as their bodies have. I had had my measles of sentimentality, and having got over that I developed during this year a kind of whooping-cough of lying. I used to invent and repeat extraordinary experiences, which had their root in fact, but were embellished by my imagination to scenes of unparalleled magnificence. For instance, the family spent that summer holidays at Etretat, crossing from Southampton to Havre, and I came back with Arthur, who was going to Eton, a day late for the assembling of Temple Grove. The crossing was an extremely rough one; all night the water broke over the decks heavy and solid, and certainly some unfortunate passenger came into the cabin drenched through. All next day as I travelled to Temple Grove my imagination worked on these promising materials, and I told my admiring schoolfellows that we had barely escaped shipwreck. The waves, which certainly did deluge the decks, I represented as having poured in torrents down the funnels, extinguishing the furnaces, so that we had to stop till the fires were relit, while out of the passenger who came down drenched into the cabin I constructed a Frenchman who was supposed to have said to me in broken English, "Ze water is not coming over in bucketfuls, it is coming over in shipfuls." So vividly did I imagine this, that before long I really half believed it. Again the next winter holidays were marked by a heavy snowfall in Cornwall succeeded by a partial thaw and a hard frost. In consequence the horses had to be roughed, and it is certainly a fact that the carriage

which was bringing my father home one evening slewed so violently that, according to his quite authentic description, he looked out of the window, and saw instead of the hedge-rows the steep glazed road in front of him. I seized hungrily on that incident, and on returning to school said that we had enjoyed delightful sledging in the holidays, over roads and lakes, adding the further embellishment that I personally drove the horses. . . . There were more of these fictions which I cannot now remember, all of which had some exiguous foundation of fact, and great was my horror when an implacable enemy handed me one morning a scrap of paper, in the manner of an ultimatum, headed:

“BENSON’S LIES”

and there below, neatly summarized, were all these stories which I thought had been listened to with such respectful envy. The implacable enemy added darkly that “they” (whoever “they” might be) were considering what they were going to do about it all. I suppose consternation was graven on me, for he stonily added, “Yes, you may well turn pale,” and I pictured (my imagination again rioting off) this damning text being handed to Waterfield, who would send it to my father. What was the public upshot, I cannot remember, but by aid of that terrifying medicine I made a marvellously brisk recovery from that particular disease. . . .

Between terms came holidays full of things just as wonderful as the swamping of the furnaces of the Havre boat and “Benson’s lies” generally, and these must be lumped together, to form a general summary as to how we amused ourselves for the next three years or so, when

holidays brought us together. About now a joint literary effort of all us children, called (for no known reason) the *Saturday Magazine*, made its punctual appearance. Already we were such savage wielders of the pen that one issue every holidays no longer contented us, but two or three times between term and term my father and mother were regaled of an evening with a flood of prose and poetry. Arthur would say one morning, "Let's have a Saturday Magazine next Tuesday," and straightway we called for a supply of that useful paper known as "sermon paper," which contains exactly twenty-three lines to a small quarto page, faintly ruled in blue. Dialogues, satirical sketches, tales of adventure, essays, and poems, were poured out in rank profusion, the rule being that each member of the family should contribute "at least" four pages of prose, or one page of verse. There was, after we had all got blooded with the lust of production, little cause for this minimum regulation, and perhaps it would have been better, in view of subsequent fruitfulness, to have substituted for the minimum restriction of "at least" a maximum restriction of "at most." Yet this habit of swift composition gave us all a certain ease in expressing ourselves if only because we expressed ourselves so freely. The contents of the *Saturday Magazine* were, since all choice of subject was left to the author, of the most varied description. Arthur would produce (at least) an essay in the style of *The Spectator* (Addison's) describing how he threw a cake of yellow soap at a serenading cat, Nellie would refresh us with an imaginary interview with our Scotch coachman on the subject of sore backs; Maggie, whose chief avocation now was to rear an enormous number of guinea-pigs and find

names for them, gave a dialogue between Atahualpa and Ixlitchochitl (only she knew how to spell them); poor Fred treated them to a poem on the Devil, which he felt sure solved the very difficult question about the origin of evil, and Hugh, who by reason of his youth was let off with two pages of prose, produced adventures so bloody, that out of sheer reaction his audience rocked with unquenchable laughter. There was a Saturnalian liberty allowed, and my mother's experiences with a runaway pony, or her fondness for cheese, were treated with sharp-edged mockery, and even my father made a ludicrous appearance in some dialogue, where he was supposed to be worsted by the superior wit of his children. . . .

In lighter mood (save the mark) we played a poetry game called "American nouns," in which you had to answer, metrically and with rhyme, a question written down at the top of a half-sheet of paper, and bring in a particular word like "unconstitutional" or some stumper of that kind. This particular word was given to my Uncle Henry Sidgwick together with the question, "What do you know of astronomy?" to which in the winking of an eye he produced the following gem:

Phœbus, the glorious king of the sky,  
In his unconstitutional way,  
Dispenses at will his bounties on high  
And royally orders the day.  
No starry assembly controls his bright flow,  
No critical comet presumes to say "No."

Or again, my mother having to answer the question, "Does the moon draw the sea?" and to bring in the word "artist," made a glorious last stanza:

Ask me no more, but let me be;  
My temper's of the tartest:  
For if the moon doth draw the sea,  
Why, then she is an artist.

Somehow she got the reputation of being an indifferent poet, but that was considered remarkably good "for her," and worthy of being immortalized on the printing press which belonged to this epoch. This was a small wooden box, at the bottom of which you set the type backwards if you were capable of a sustained effort, and if not, anyhow. The "forme" was then smudged over with a black roller anointed with printer's ink, and letters of the set type used to stick to it (like teeth in toffee) and must be replaced if possible. Then a piece of paper was gingerly laid on the top, a lid was fitted on, and a lever was turned which pressed the lid (and of course the paper) against the inked type. The lever got out of order and I think broke, so instead several smart hammer-blows were given to the lid in order to produce the same result. The printed paper was then taken out, and the marks of punctuation inserted by hand, because there weren't any commas and colons and so forth in our fount, or because it was easier to put them in afterwards. "E's" had often to be left out too, and inserted afterwards, because "e" being a common letter was not sufficiently represented if you wanted to print a long piece like Uncle Henry's. . . . Chemistry, also, among the Arts and Sciences claimed our attention, especially Maggie's (when she was not too busy with guinea-pigs) and mine. The highest feat that we attained to, and that wanted a lot of stirring, was to dissolve a threepenny-piece in nitric acid. Then there was photography; I think a godfather gave me a

camera, and we made our own wet plates, which was very difficult, and began with pouring collodion (was it collodion?) smoothly over a piece of glass. Then nitrate of silver—we might have used the dissolved threepenny-bit, I suppose—must be applied. The plates usually recorded nothing whatever, but once an image remarkably like the yew tree outside the nursery window did certainly appear there. Arthur began collecting butterflies and moths, which eventually became a very important asset to a museum which now overflowed into all our bedrooms. There was an extraordinary abundance of clouded yellows (*Colias Edusa*, and why do I remember that?) one year and he used to return, profusely perspiring, with captives in chip boxes, to which Maggie and I were anæsthetists, for Nellie took no part in this collection, as she objected to killing butterflies.

Small strips of blotting-paper—this was our procedure—were taken, and moons of chloroform, quite similar to the eau-de-Cologne moons, were made on them from an unstoppered bottle of chloroform. These were inserted in the chip boxes while Arthur, the executioner, got the oxalic acid and a nib. With this lethal weapon he speared their unconscious thoraxes, and out came the setting-boards. Nocturnal expeditions for purposes of “sugaring” tree-trunks were even more exciting. We mixed beer and sugar, heating them together, and at dusk pasted trees in the garden with the compound which Watch found so delicious that if the jug containing it was left on the ground for a moment, he began lapping it up. On such sugaring nights I was allowed to sit up later than usual, and about ten o’clock the excited procession again started with more chip boxes, and a dark lantern,

which was turned on to the sugared patches. There were the bright-eyed creatures of the night, drunkenly feasting, and Arthur enriched his pill-boxes with Silver Y and an occasional Golden Y, and rejected the Yellow Underwing, and grew taut over the Crimson Underwing, while I carried a butterfly net, and swooped with it at wandering moths which were attracted by the unveiled lantern carried by Maggie, and Watch wagged his tail and licked up gratefully the droppings from the sugared tree and any moths that might be on them. And then Beth would come out and say that "my Mamma" said that I must go to bed at once, and I usually didn't. O happy nights!

I think every day in those holidays must have lasted a week, and every month a year, for when I consider it, we surely spent the whole afternoons in playing "Pirates" in the garden. Theoretically now, as well as practically then, I believe that "Pirates," a game evolved by the family generally, and speedily brought to its perfect and stereotyped form, was the best sporting invention, requiring no material implements, of modern time. What powers of the mind, what refinements of cunning, compared to which deer-stalking is mere child's play, were brought into action! For here we were up against each other's wits, and awful were the results of any psychological mistake. I must describe the game for the benefit of families of energetic children who like thinking and running and scoring off each other.

At the top of the garden there was a summer-house, and that of course was "home." There was a lateral laurel hedge to the left of it which screened a path that led by the copse outside the nursery windows, and com-

municated by means of a garden door with the abysses of the stable copse, and the stable yard. The henyard, an outlying piece of kitchen garden, and the other copse, excellent hiding-places in themselves, were outside the range of pirates, and the touch-line, so to speak, beyond which neither pirates nor trophy-seekers might go, passed on the hither side of these. Straight in front of "home" was an open space, safe in itself but hedged in with peril, for there were climbable trees, from which a pirate might almost drop on your head, and thickets. To the right was a most dangerous door, because the latch was stiff and if you were pursued from outside by the pirate you were almost bound to be caught before you could kick it open. In the middle distance, straight ahead, were beehives; beyond, kitchen garden and orchard. Never was there anything so trappy.

So much for the theatre: the *dramatis personæ* were five (occasionally six when my mother played, once seven when my father played), and of this number there were chosen in rotation two pirates, but my father and mother, of course, were never pirates, because they would not have had a chance, as you will see. The pirates, being chosen, went away together, and were given five minutes law to hide wherever they chose within the assigned limits. During these five minutes a captain was chosen from among the blockade runners, who directed his side as to what trophy each of them was to bring from his cruise. One had, for instance, to bring back a croquet hoop from the lawn, another an apple from the third tree in the orchard, another an ivy-leaf from the stable-yard. With their trophies in their hands they had to return in

safety to the summer-house without being caught by a pirate.

So far all is simple, but now there comes in the great point of the game. *No pirate could catch you, until you had your trophy, whatever it was, about you.* Thus if your trophy was the curry-brush, you might (and did) if you were seen by a pirate and knew it, hastily pluck up a croquet hoop and begin running. Then the pirate, supposing that this was your trophy, ran like mad after you, and when he caught you, you merely assured him that the croquet hoop wasn't your trophy. That was a score, it also winded the pirate a little, and perhaps Nellie, going cautiously towards the croquet-lawn where her real misson was, would have observed this, and plucking up a croquet hoop (which was her true trophy) begin to run. On which the slightly winded pirate would leave you and run after Nellie, who generally screamed, thus giving away the fact that she had her trophy. Meantime you would proceed with caution towards the stable-yard, seize up a curry-brush and instantly hear a crash from the copse and find the second pirate in pursuit. Even as deep called unto deep the pirates would then shout to each other, and though you thought you could get away from one, the other, having captured Nellie, would appear in front of you. . . .

There were infinite psychological problems. Supposing your trophy had been an apple, you would, if you were very cunning, put it in your pocket, and continue a pleasant stroll, without hurry, more or less in the direction of "home." Then if a fast pirate like Arthur sighted you, you would not run away at all, but ask him sarcastically if he had caught anybody yet. There was a good

chance that he would think you had not yet got your trophy and would continue to follow you, till he saw another blockade runner looking guilty. On the other hand, he might conceivably suspect you had it already and clap an awful hand on your shoulder, and say, "Caught." But probably he preferred to watch you, for that made more sport, and then you would suddenly sprint for home, while he was off his guard. There was a bay tree round which a skilful dodger could score off a heavier and faster craft, but under no circumstances might you jump over flower-beds, because that led to running through them instead, which was ruinous to petunias.

In the same summer-house which was "home," we also held a mystical "Chapter," of which Arthur was warden, Nellie, Maggie and myself, sub-warden, secretary and treasurer, and Hugh was Henchman. The word "Chapter" was no doubt of Cathedral origin, and denoted a ceremonious meeting. We all subscribed to the funds of the Chapter (my mother, who was an honorary member, subscribed most) and the money was spent in official salaries, and in providing decorations, chains and crosses and ribands for the officials. The largest salary, which I think was half a crown, was drawn by Arthur as warden; he also wore the most magnificent jewel, while Hugh, the menial, drew but the salary of one penny, and had a very poor gaud to console himself with. As Henchman, his duty was chiefly to run errands for the rest of the Chapter, to summon my mother when she was allowed to appear, to kill wasps, and to fetch the warden's straw hat. He was the only member of the Chapter who dared to dispute the will of the warden, and was

known to exclaim, "Why shouldn't Fred?" (the treasurer) when he was tired of running about. Even more subversive of canonical discipline was his assertion one day that he would not be a member of any more societies, in which he was only deputy sub-sub-bootboy. But I secretly (though treasurer) rather sympathized with him, for I considered then, and consider still, that the Chapter was rather a soft job for Arthur. It is true that he invented it, that he covered our symbols of office with sealing-wax lacquer—what has happened to sealing-wax lacquer all these years?—and that he wrote out in exquisite black-letter hand the patents whereby we held office, signed by himself, but a salary of half a crown was excessive. At the meetings we had to present these patents to him before we took our seats, and then had a short formal conversation in which we were "Brother Sub-warden, Brother Secretary" and so forth, and read the minutes of the last meeting, and when the presence of the Honorary Member was requested, Brother Henchman had to go to find her. Donations were made, and salaries were paid, but I am confident that nothing else happened. The Chapter was then adjourned; the orders were put back into a box, and we played Pirates. . . .

And yet though we played Pirates all day, and collected clouded yellows all day, and printed the most exquisite poems as well as wrote them, and held Chapters, and did a certain amount of holiday-task, and rode with my father, and drove with my mother, there was always time for other excitements. There was bathing in the Fal, there were picnics at Perran, especially when a southwest gale had been blowing, and from seven miles inland there was audible the thump of Atlantic waves on

that bleak beach. Then in Truro itself there were great things to be done, for the volcanic energy of my father had soon kindled the country into pouring out money for the erection of a new Cathedral, the first that had been built in England since the time of the Reformation. St. Mary's Church was the site of it, and to-day an aisle of St. Mary's (the rest of a wonderfully hideous church being demolished) forms the baptistery of the Cathedral. The ground was cleared and foundations were dug, and slowly the great, stately building began to rise flower-like from the barren soil. I do not suppose that any of us cared independently two straws about a Cathedral, but to go down there with my father, and hear him talk to Mr. Bubb, the Clerk of the Works, infected us with his noble zeal, and the rising walls got pleasingly confused with the rebuilding of the temple by Nehemiah, and the vision of the New Jerusalem. Hugh, I am certain, was allowed to lay a stone himself, and Mr. Bubb presented him with a trowel and mallet with which he had laid it. Or did we all lay stones? I seem to hear my father say in an awestruck voice, "There, you have helped to build Truro Cathedral!" but I am not sure whether that was said to me or not, and my uncertainty is the measure, I am afraid, of the impression that the building of the Cathedral really made on me. . . .

I wonder if it could have been otherwise, and with regret I do not see how it could. As his own childish records show, my father at my age then was a zealous ecclesiastic, for did he not when ripely eleven obtain the use in his mother's house of an empty room, which he converted into an oratory? There was an altar there, and it was hung with rubbings he had made from brasses

in churches. This piece of childish piety was certainly natural to him, and as certainly there was no kind of priggishness in it, for he set a booby-trap over the door, so that his sisters should not be able to enter "his" oratory in his absence without being detected. He did not want his sisters praying there: and the booby-trap over the chapel door was certainly an admirable device to keep them out. But in none of us, nor indeed in my mother, was there implanted an ecclesiastical mind, not even in Hugh. He took orders, it is true, in the English Church, and subsequently the Catholic Church claimed him, and to it and its service he gave his whole love and energy. But the ecclesiastical mind in him was a later development, for it must be remembered that before taking orders at all he had tried and failed to get into the Indian Civil Service. (He and I, at that time, used to dress up in nightshirts, with trousers over our shoulders to represent stoles, and celebrate the "rite of the Silver Cow" in our sitting-room at Addington. I feel sure that there was not any solid profanity in it: we but parodied, and that with great amusement, the genuflexions, the bobbings and bowings, the waving of a censer, considered merely as ridiculous pieces of ritual, but such a rite could not be held indicative of a reverent attitude towards ritual as such.) But my father's mind, even as a child, was strongly ecclesiastical; only his children did not share it, nor did my mother. Of all men and women that I have ever known, she was the most deeply religious in her realization of the pervading presence of God, but the garb, the habiliments of her religion were not the same as my father's. To him the Church and its ceremonies were a natural self-expression, and in that he gorgeously

clothed his love of God. To none of us was such expression natural, and thus his enthusiasms, though they infected us to some extent, were things caught from him, not cathedratically developed. That he missed this in all of us, I think could not be helped, but I do not think, at that time at any rate, that he missed it much, for he was Elijah in the whirlwind of his enthusiasms, and caught us all up, as in the fringes of a dust-cloud, to subside again when he had passed.

What estranged was my continued fear of him, which now yields easily to analysis and dispersal, but was in those days regarded by me merely as an instinct, as natural and as incontrovertible as hunger or thirst. I understood neither him nor any part of him. I did not grasp the fact that the root in him as regards his children was his love for them, and that it was his love and nothing else that, at bottom, was accountable for his quickness in putting his finger on a fault and his sternness in rebuke. It was out of his love that he regarded himself so strictly as responsible for our mental and moral education, and what I thought his readiness to blame was only the watchfulness of it. For instance, if, as I so well specifically remember, I appeared with an umbrella huddled up anyhow in its confining elastic, he saw in that a tendency towards slovenliness, and he made, in the fervency of his wish that I should not grow up to be of slovenly habit, no allowance for the natural frailty of tender years. Trivial carelessness and unpunctuality in the same way were pounced upon with a severity that altogether overbrimmed the cup of the occasion; he saw in them (and his love hastened to correct) instances of a dangerous tendency. In consequence he brought great and formid-

able guns to bear on small faults, which could just as efficiently have been visited with a light instead of a heavy hand. Sometimes, too, he was utterly wrong in his interpretation of our motives, and this gave us a sense of injustice; etchingly recorded on my memory, for instance, is a Sunday afternoon walk when Maggie and I pranced and ran ahead, from the mere exuberance, as far as I can judge, produced by a heavy meal and a fine day. But my father put the gloomiest interpretation on our antics, telling us that we were behaving thus in order to excite the admiration of passers-by at our agility. "You are saying to yourselves, 'I am Hercules, I am Diana,'" he witheringly observed; whereas, nothing was farther from our thoughts. But it was unthinkable to argue the point, to assure him that no similitude of that kind had ever suggested itself. The only course was to walk soberly and sedately instead of running. And since the lives of young children, especially if they are at all vividly inclined, are a chessboard of small faults, this fear of the rebuke, in the absence of comprehension of its root-cause, became a constant anxiety to us, making us mere smooth-faced, blue-eyed dolls in his presence, with set fixed movements and expressions; and when released from it, we scampered off as if from an examination under a magnifying-glass.

I do not mean to convey the idea that my father was continually pulling us up, for nothing is further from the truth. Continually we played to him, and he danced the most fascinating measure; continually he played to us, and our dancing strove to keep time with his enchanting airs. He could render us speechless with laughter at his inimitable mirth, or breathless with suspense at his

stories. But all the time there was this sense that at any moment the mirth might cease, and that a formidable rebuke might be visited on an offence that we had no idea we had committed. But it was never any joy in fault-finding that prompted it: the real cause was the watchfulness and responsibility of his love. How often our fear was ill-founded passes enumeration, but one way or another, it had become a habit with all of us, except perhaps Nellie, for she, out of a remarkable faculty of not knowing at all what fear meant (except when playing Pirates) arrived at a much completer comprehension of my father than any of us.

Still less did the rest of us understand those fits of black depression which from time to time assailed and overwhelmed my father, not grasping the fact that when they were on him, he really ceased to be himself, and was under a sort of obsession. They were, I imagine, as purely physical as a cold in the head or an ache of indigestion, but during the two or three days that they lasted he was utterly unapproachable. He would sit through a meal, or take us out for a walk in a silence which, if broken at all, was broken only by blame or irony. If we spoke to him, there would be no reply; if, under the intolerable heaviness we were silent, he would ask if there was nothing that interested us which he was worthy of hearing. . . . And all the time, as we knew later, he was struggling with this demoniacal load, longing to be rid of it, yearning to burst out of it, but possessed by it to the point of helplessness. While the fit was on him, and he was in this abnormal state, the most innocent of words and actions would evoke a formidable censure, and I suspect that three-quarters of our fear

for him were derived from our belief that these attacks were a part of him, always there, and always liable to come into play. That was an entire mistake, though it was a natural one. As it was, these black fits were not encapsulated by us, but suffered to mingle with and make part of our estimate of him. That we should so have feared him, that we should so have made ourselves unnatural and formal with him, when all the time his love was streaming out towards us, makes a pathos so pitiful that I cannot bear to think of it. But there it was, and long it lasted, and all the time I never got a true perspective of him. We saw ourselves as a nervous row of pupils before a schoolmaster, and all the time it was his very strictness which was a manifestation of his love, and his love hungered for ours. Our troubles and our joys, the worst of us and the best of us, went like homing pigeons to my mother, and she gave the same welcome to the one and to the other, and for ever treasured both.

The relationship of each one of us to her was unique as regards any other of us, for each of us found exactly and precisely what we desired, though how often we did not know what we desired till she gave it us! All her life she was wiser and younger than anybody else, limpid and bubbling, and from the first days when any of us began to understand what she was, she never had any blank surprises in store, for it was always quite obvious that she would understand and appreciate, and would never condone but always forgive. Never from first to last did I repent having opened my heart to her; never did I not repent having shut it. I do not think she ever asked any of us for a confidence, but the knowledge, conveyed

in the very atmosphere of her, that she was ready, toeing the mark, so to speak, to run to us when the pistol fired, gave her that particular precision of sympathy. Did she scold us? Why, of course; but how her precious balms healed our heads!

Love is a stern business, and about hers there was never the faintest trace of sentimentality. She loved with a swift eagerness, and she had no warm slops to comfort us. But there was always the compliment of consultation. "Now you've behaved very badly indeed," she would say, "Don't you think the first thing to do is to say you're sorry?" . . . And then with that inimitable breaking of her smile, "Oh, my dear, I *am* glad you told me." . . . And did ever any other mother at the age of forty run so violently in playing that strenuous game called, "Three knights a-riding," that she broke a sinew in her leg? Mine did. And did ever a mother so encourage an extremely naughty boy of thirteen after a really dreadful interview with his father, as by giving him a prayer book and saying, "I shall write in it 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways?'" Being called a young man at the age of thirteen was enough in itself to make him realize what an exceedingly tiresome child he had been. Tact! Beth used to call it "tac'," and when I got my shoes wet through three times a day, or fell backwards into one of those Cornish streams she said, "Eh, Master Fred, but you've got no tac'!" No more I had.



SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY  
AND NOTES



## SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

In our consideration of an essay we should first determine what the main idea is. The author will have as the basis of his article some opinion or belief or impression that gives direction and unity to his essay. We call this main idea the *theme*. An essayist may give us his theme in a clear-cut, definite statement, or he may leave us to state the main idea that he has made sufficiently plain. But in either case we must understand what the theme is or lose the aim and force of the essay.

As a second step, we should judge the writer's attitude of mind and his state of feeling. An essayist may seem to us to have considered his subject so fully and wisely that his presentation is both just and complete; or we may decide that he has treated his subject in a manner which is more or less one-sided. This is to say that he will show some particular mental attitude toward his subject: he may observe a careful, logical presentation, he may consider only certain phases or aspects, or he may follow mere prejudice or whim. And since one's attitude of thought is closely allied to one's mood, we must determine what feeling the essayist shows. Has he written seriously or playfully? Has he indulged in frank exaggeration, or has he kept strictly to facts? Is his treatment of material marked by poetic fancy? Does

he write in a humorous mood, or in a tolerant one, or is what he says tinged with cynicism? A writer's attitude and mood determine the tone or spirit of an essay, and this is as important a matter in an essay as atmosphere is in a play or a short story.

When we have decided what the theme of an essay is, and what the author's personal standpoint and feeling are, we should look for the main divisions of his presentation. We need to know what points he makes in the development of his theme or we cannot realize the effectiveness of his treatment. Especially is this important if the essay is one of subject matter rather than a highly personal one. An effective presentation of the main idea may depend upon the establishment of certain subordinate points. Like a tree, it is likely to have several large roots. Of course, these important roots are themselves developed by details or examples or reasons, and we must distinguish between the parts of the essay that contribute largely to the development of the main idea and those that merely illustrate some division.

Next comes the matter of the essayist's personal traits and qualities. Even an essay of subject matter is not a mere treatise in which facts are impersonally presented. It is an informal rather than a formal piece of writing, and is more or less conversational in tone. An essayist writes much as he would talk to us. We should consequently look in his article for evidences of his individuality, just as we should look for them in an oral presentation. For one thing, he must necessarily omit in his treatment of his subject many items that he could mention, and we can doubtless find in his choice of material

hints as to his tastes and his habits of thought and feeling. Still more will these be apparent in the interpretation of his material. Frequently facts that he gives us call up in his mind comparisons or generalizations, or else occasion an analysis of his mood, and all this goes to reveal his personality.

What was said in the Introduction about style (pages xviii-xx) we should consider here. Are the sentence structure and the choice of words such as to make the expression seem informal and conversational? Is the informality so marked as to make the essay actually chatty? Of course, in a highly personal essay the informality is likely to be greater than in an essay of subject matter, for in the former the essayist writes more for the sake of giving us himself than for the sake of presenting interesting facts. A noticeable thing about the best writing of to-day is the easy, natural expression. In such writing there is none of the bookish flavor that we detect in nearly everything that was written in prose two or three generations ago. The words used are the words that the writers would doubtless use in speaking, and the sentences are seldom noticeably involved. The essays in this book are all well enough written to serve us as models, but we can see certain differences in the styles of the various pieces—differences that result from differences in subject and in the writers themselves.

It will be very helpful to decide what are the most strongly marked features of any essay that we are reading. We may find that the theme is unusual and stimulating; the attitude of the writer toward his subject, or the spirit in which he writes, may be so novel or piquant or sprightly as to make it the most important feature;

the development of the theme may be a particularly well-constructed piece of exposition or argument; the essay may be notable for its revelation of the author's personal qualities; the style may be an outstanding feature; if the essay is one of subject matter our chief interest may be in the material, and we may find that the writer's facts give the essay its chief distinction. We should certainly classify the essay, and we should do this in such a way as to suggest its prominent features.

Before we leave any essay we ought to determine just what we can say has been our particular profit from its consideration. As a matter of fact, we shall doubtless have been stimulated in a number of ways that we do not realize. But we may be able to say that some new field of thought has been opened for us, or that we have been given certain new and valuable information; we may have learned that it is possible to write very entertainingly by giving rein to a mood or whim; or we may realize that our interest has been aroused by the author's style. We may even feel inspired to try our hand at a bit of essay writing. If we do, we must remember that we are likely to interest others in two possible ways: we may give information that is new to our readers, or we may give ourselves in what we write so that even commonplace facts shall take an interest from the humor or fancy with which we treat them. Commonplace facts treated in an impersonal, commonplace way make tiresome reading. It is because many pupils write impersonally and deal with commonplace material that their written work in English has little interest for either their classmates or their teachers.

We have yet to speak of how we should treat the ref-

erences to persons and places, and the literary references and allusions that we find in the essays we read. Let us realize that we should seek to find out what we can about people and places mentioned in the text where these seem to be important, and that we should identify what literary references and allusions we can recognize as such. Unimportant names and many literary references we may disregard without much loss; we can derive considerable enjoyment from good writing that has a distinct literary flavor without knowing who every person is that the author names and without recognizing every literary passage to which he makes reference or allusion. But it is true that the more we can identify people and places, and the more we can recognize literary quotations and hints, the more fully we can enjoy what we read. To illustrate the matter of literary allusion, let us take the two sentences on page 185, where Mr. Brooks says, "Now the medieval pilgrimage in its day, as you very well know, was a most popular institution. And the reasons are as plentiful as blackberries." We can get the idea well enough without realizing that Mr. Brooks is alluding to a passage in Shakspere's *Henry IV*, where Falstaff, being caught in a lie, is pressed for his explanation and brazens the matter out by saying that if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries he would not give one under compulsion. But if we recognize the allusion, what Mr. Brooks says has an added charm. Several of the essays in this book are rich in such literary hints, and we ought to try, each of us, to contribute what recognitions we can. The notes that follow will not help us. For three reasons, information of this sort has not been supplied. First, discoveries that we make for ourselves mean much

more to us than discoveries others make for us. Second, if we have never read or heard of a passage alluded to, we are likely to have our interest in what we are reading lessened by our being asked to stop and enjoy the familiarity of a flavor that is not familiar at all. Third, in books other than school books such help is not given, and we must practice the recognition of literary references and allusions in our school work if we are to develop the ability to find them in our general reading.

## NOTES

### FUJI-NO-YAMA

(Page 1)

Lafcadio Hearn is an important figure in modern English prose writing. He was born in the Ionian Islands in 1850, and died near Tokio in 1904. His father was an Irishman who was an officer in the British army, and his mother was a Greek. Early left an orphan, Hearn was cared for as a boy by an aunt in Ireland, but came to America in 1869, where he engaged in newspaper work. He spent some time in New Orleans and the West Indies, and went to Japan in 1890. There he lived for the rest of his life. He lectured on English literature at the University of Tokio, married a Japanese woman, embraced the Buddhist religion, and became a Japanese citizen. Hearn loved the older Japan—Japan untouched by the industrial stress of Western life. In later years he saw the beautiful simplicity and picturesqueness of Japanese life affected by the influence of Western commercialism, and he deeply regretted the change. His Japanese writings include "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," "Out of the East," "Kokoro," "Gleanings in Buddha Fields," "Exotics and Retrospectives" (from which *Fuji-no-Yama* is taken), "In Ghostly Japan," "Shadowings," "A Japanese Miscellany," "Kotto," "Japan: an Attempt at Interpretation," "Kwaidan," and "Romance of the Milky Way."

Hearn was peculiarly sensitive to natural beauty and to the charm of whatever was quaint and unusual in life or legend. His sketches of New Orleans and the West Indies, his literary criticisms, and his writings on Japan all show a sureness of taste and a delicacy of imagination and sympathy. His style is remarkable for its clearness and grace and admirable choice of words. It is almost impossible to change a word in any

passage he has written without marring the sound of the passage or making the thought less exact.

In *Fuji-no-Yama* we find sections that are fully characteristic of Hearn's style, and others that are written in notebook fashion, where he has jotted down descriptive or narrative items without weaving them together into his usual smooth structure. This he does, of course, to produce an effect of reality, for at the moment of any experience one realizes details separately. But even in these somewhat jerky sections we can see the choice of just the right word to express idea and mood. In the more poetic passages we should be able to point out words that are particularly effective because of their associative value—words that we should not use in plain, hum-drum speech. Might any of these words, as Hearn uses them, be regarded as *flowery expressions*? Do we find examples of *prose rhythm* in the essay?

In our consideration of the author's choice of material we should note how vivid his writing is. We seem almost to experience in imagination what he experienced in reality. He has selected the details that most impressed him, and because they impressed him they must perforce impress his readers. Note the details of Japanese custom, those of his personal exertion (Hearn was not a strong man physically), and above all the descriptive details. And it is always through Hearn's eyes that we see what he writes of. He tells what he saw as he saw it, and because he saw with the rich insight of a sensitive, artistic man, his pictures are more than mere bits of form and color. Hearn knew the secret of true descriptive writing, which is to make the subject move the reader as it moved the writer.

Is the story of the rescue of the reckless young scientist and his wife properly included in the account of the author's ascent of Fuji? Does it tend to deepen our general impression of the majesty and magnitude of the mountain? What light does it throw on Japanese patriotism?

By "both of the national religions" of Japan (page 2) Hearn refers to Shintoism and Buddhism.

## THE GAME

(Page 25)

Mr. Strunsky is one of our foremost essayists and newspaper writers. His keen, original, tolerant, and delightfully humorous attitude is well shown in this essay, taken from a collection of his sketches called "Belshazzar Court." Mr. Strunsky has for some years been prominently identified with *The New York Evening Post*. He is the author of several books, and has contributed largely to magazines. Some of his books are "The Patient Observer," "Post-Impressions," "Belshazzar Court," "Professor Latimer's Progress," "Little Journeys to Paris," and "Sinbad and His Friends."

Readers who follow professional baseball closely will see that Mr. Strunsky wrote *The Game* some years ago. For example, he speaks of the "three major leagues" (page 29), and the Federal League is no longer in existence. He mentions Murray, Doyle, the great Wagner, Tesreau, and the incomparable Matthewson, who no longer are to be seen at the Polo Grounds. McLoughlin, the Comet of the tennis world, Vardon and W. J. Travis—respectively British and American golf champions of a few years back—have all passed from the stage of public participation in athletic competition. But Walter Johnson, Ty Cobb and John McGraw are still (1922) active figures in major league baseball, and Ouimet, Travers, Evans, and Ray are prominent in the golfing world to-day. Professor Munsterberg, the noted Harvard scientist, died during the war.

Shall we agree with the essayist that "only in professional sport does the true amateur spirit survive"? This seems a paradox, but shall we say that Mr. Strunsky is not right in believing that "bucking the line too hard" and playing as Ouimet played when he won the American golf championship from Vardon and Ray are a "distortion of life values"? Such statements open up the question of what is the proper attitude to take in amateur athletic competition.

The whole essay affords an admirable example of the new interest that attaches to familiar matters when they are treated in an original and stimulating way. Mr. Strunsky's humorous

proposal for determining the winner of a golf match shows us a phase of athletic competition that we very likely never thought about before. And consider his treatment of the country's devotion to professional baseball as a national religion: How much keen insight lies back of this.

The essayist's pictures of the stout young man and the quiet, thin-lipped young man, each typifying a distinct *genus* of "fan," are delightful. Is Mr. Strunsky right in his idea of the origin of the "fan" of the newspapers (page 35) ?

#### WOMAN ENTHRONED

(Page 43)

No American essayist of the present day is better known, or more deservedly, than Miss Repplier. (We might speak of her as Dr. Repplier, for she has the degree of Litt. D.) Her work is characterized by keen insight and quiet humor. Her writings include "Points of View," "Essays in Idleness," "Essays in Miniature," "In the Dozy Hours," "Varia," "Philadelphia: The Place and the People," "The Fireside Sphinx," "Compromises," "In Our Convent Days," "A Happy Half Century," "Americans and Others," "Counter Currents," and "Points of Friction," from the last of which the essay reprinted in this collection is taken. Many of her essays first appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

We can not find a more timely and thoroughly sane treatment of the question of woman's place in modern life than is contained in *Woman Enthroned*. This is an essay where the theme and its development are important features. The subject is a vital one, and its various phases and the different attitudes taken by the writers whom the essayist quotes, deserve a careful study.

We should not fail to note the effect of clearness and force that results from the generally short, uninvolved sentences; yet they never give the impression of being in the slightest degree *choppy*.

The essay contains many references and allusions to writers and to definite passages in their works, some of which we shall find ourselves able to identify. But note that while the author

shows herself extremely well-read, there is no trace of a learned flavor in her writing: the literary culture is too deep and real for that.

*Le femme est parfaitement l'égale de l'homme, mais elle n'est que son égale* (page 56) means *Woman is entirely the equal of man, but she is only his equal.*

*L'idolâtrie de la femme est une chose américaine par excellence* (page 56) means *The idolizing of woman is preëminently American.*

*Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête* (page 61) literally means *He who would play the angel plays the fool.*

#### MARK TWAIN

(Page 63)

Mr. Macy has been Literary Editor of *The Boston Herald* and Associate Editor of *The Youth's Companion*; he is noted as a critic, a biographer, and a writer on socialism. Among his books are "Life of Poe" (in the Beacon Biographies), "Guide to Reading," "The Spirit of American Literature," "Socialism in America," and "Walter James Dodd." Mr. Macy is penetrating, fearless, and utterly sincere in his judgments. His style is clear, forceful, and brilliant. *Mark Twain* is taken from "The Spirit of American Literature."

To be a good critic one must understand the point of view of the person whose work one is judging, in order to be able to put one's self in that person's place and see his aim and his work as he sees them. In this essay Mr. Macy shows that he is a good critic. Perhaps it is not necessary for us while we are undergraduates to look below the humor of *Mark Twain* intently enough to see him as one who regarded the world "with a serious, candid, and penetrating eye, analyzing the human fool, affectionately tolerant of his folly except when it is mixed with meanness and cruelty." But it is desirable that we should realize that for all his fun-making, *Mark Twain* had a serious outlook upon life. We should know that he was a "preacher" as well as a "beloved jester," even though we understand and enjoy his jesting better than his preaching.

This is a serious, "meaty" essay. We must be sure to grasp

the theme and follow its development. The spirit, too, in which Mr. Macy writes is important. In his own trenchant thrusts at narrowness and prejudice does he seem to show something of the more serious side of the writer he is judging?

Are we surprised at what is said of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"? Can we admire this poem as a poetic treatment of the old Malory story and still agree that its subject is "flimsy stuff"? Certainly we can agree that Mark Twain was a realist, that "like all realists he was filled with the spirit of his time," and that in *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* "quite without intention of making romantic poets and other sentimentalists uncomfortable, he sends the world of terrific and really interesting facts crashing into the stage world of false moonlight and tin armour."

The reference to Mark Twain's dying "two years ago" (page 65), and the implication that William Dean Howells is still alive (page 79), are to be understood in the light of the fact that Mr. Macy's article was originally published in 1913.

Mr. Macy says (page 73): "It may be that 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' Aldrich's 'Story of a Bad Boy,' Howells's 'Flight of Pony Baker,' and Warner's 'Being a Boy' are the reaction of humour and naturalism against the era of St. Rollo." The *St. Rollo* is a humorous reference to the Rollo who was the hero of the so-called *Rollo books* of two generations back. These were a series—"Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play" were two of them—in which the experiences of an extremely proper and painfully good boy were made the means of conveying precepts of good behavior to the young. Humor and naturalism were wholly alien to the *Rollo books*.

#### NOTES FROM A FRENCH VILLAGE IN THE WAR ZONE

(Page 92)

Mrs. Fisher was Dorothy Canfield before her marriage, and her high rank as a brilliant and versatile writer was won largely under her maiden name. She holds a doctor's degree from three universities, has studied and traveled extensively in Europe, holds high rank as an authority on educational matters, has written what has been called the best American novel

of recent years, and did splendid service in France during the war. Some of her many writings are "The Squirrel Cage," "The Montessori Mother," "Mothers and Children," "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," "The Real Motive," "Fellow Captains," "Understood Betsy," "Home Fires in France," and "The Day of Glory." *Notes from a French Village in the War Zone* is taken from "Home Fires in France."

To get the most out of this essay we must try to imagine ourselves as seeing what Mrs. Fisher so skilfully shows us. Take her statement, on page 93, that the Americans "were never done marveling that the sun should have fallen across Crouy streets at the same angle before Columbus discovered America as to-day." This is not a startling or sensational statement in itself, and it does not make a great impression when we consider it impersonally. But if we imagine ourselves looking at the streets of the little French village as they lie quiet in the sun, we realize that such an observation as the one quoted is exactly the sort of thing we should be certain to think and say. We ourselves should be pretty strongly moved by the realization that human life had gone on continuously just there and in just the same quiet way for more years than the oldest of our American communities has been in existence, while many of even the youngest of our villages have already experienced marked changes. Mrs. Fisher has given us effective first-hand pictures, and we can interpret them so that we do not lose much of their effectiveness if we try to realize how we should actually feel if we were to visit Crouy under such conditions as marked her stay there.

#### FROM NINE TO FIVE

(*Page 115*)

Mr. Benchley is one of the most original writers of to-day. As the dramatic editor of *Life* his name has become a by-word for the cleverest kind of dramatic criticism. "Of All Things" is a collection of sketches that are characteristic of his keen observation and delightful humor. *From Nine to Five* is one of these sketches.

This is a short article, but as the old negro said of the per-

simmon, "The breed am small but the flavor am delicious." Many people chafe at the present rage for efficiency, and Mr. Benchley in his inimitable way takes his fling at the extremes to which the devotees of efficiency carry their worship.

#### HAMMOCK NIGHTS

(Page 124)

Mr. Beebe is well known for his delightful sketches of wild life. He has been for some years the Honorary Curator of Birds of the New York Zoological Society and the Director of the Society's Tropical Research Station in British Guiana. His books include "Two Bird Lovers in Mexico," "The Bird," "The Log of the Sun," "Our Search for a Wilderness," "Tropical Wild Life," "Monograph of the Pheasants," "Jungle Peace," and "The Edge of the Jungle." It is from the last collection that *Hammock Nights* is reprinted here.

It would doubtless be very difficult to analyze completely the charm of this essay. What is far away and novel always captivates us, and Mr. Beebe has delightfully portrayed the inherent poetry of life in the tropic forests. But certainly we should make the effort to locate definitely something of the source of the essay's attractiveness. Is the charm due in part to the style?

#### THE STAGING OF SHAKESPEARE

(Page 148)

Mr. Spencer is an officer of the National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States. We can all tell from his article that he has for years maintained an active interest in Shaksperian productions; but perhaps only those who are themselves students of the drama can appreciate the soundness of his taste and judgment, as well as the wideness of his information, in the field covered by his *The Staging of Shakespeare*.

This essay touches upon a subject that is a matter of much discussion to-day. We are in the midst of a revolt against the realistic setting of plays—a realism brought almost to perfection by Mr. David Belasco. Most students of the subject hold

now that the setting of a play should *suggest* rather than seek to present the background that the dramatist conceived, and should intensify the atmosphere of the play as a whole and the separate scenes in particular. Some advocates of suggestion doubtless go too far and urge settings that in their bizarre qualities take attention from the acting. Mr. Spencer's article is wise and practical throughout.

Of course we cannot profit from the writer's illustrations so much as we should be able to do if we had seen the various productions that he mentions, or if we were as familiar as he with all of Shakspere's plays; but the illustrations are sufficiently explained in their main features to enable us to profit largely from them, and we all know something about most of the plays of Shakspere to which Mr. Spencer refers.

#### JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD

(*Page 181*)

Mr. Brooks is one of the most distinctive of our American essayists. His articles are pre-eminently of the personal type and have a leisurely air of sauntering rather than of moving directly to a pre-determined end. Mr. Brooks's writing has a flavor of old time, and he has been likened to the most personal of the older essayists—Sir Thomas Browne and Charles Lamb. A critic in *The Nation* wrote of him as one "who resists the fascination of ceaseless activity in order to loaf and invite his soul. . . . The boasted triumphs of our civilization he barely regards, or looks upon with little more than lack-lustre eye. . . . Whatever text he takes, he preaches *from* it, sauntering off according to his own sweet will. Glimpses of the wayward author, the occasional intrusion of ideas, opinions at variance with those of the self-complacent public—these always at length give place to the musings of a quaint and luxurious fantasy. However, it is not the substance but the manner which draws the reader onward. The phrases exhale a quiet content, a lingering redolence. . . ."

*Journeys to Bagdad* is reprinted from a volume that bears the same title. Other collections of Mr. Brooks's essays are

"There's Pippins and Cheese to Come," "Chimney Pot Papers," and "Hints to Pilgrims."

Note what is said of *Journeys to Bagdad* on pages xv and xvi of the Introduction.

This essay abounds with literary references and allusions, and it should be pleasant to see how many of them we can recognize.

#### ON A CERTAIN BLINDNESS IN HUMAN BEINGS

(*Page 195*)

For a long time before his death William James was a leading figure in American philosophical circles. He was for many years a professor at Harvard, and sometimes lectured at English universities. He was probably the foremost American psychologist of his time, and did much to popularize the study of psychology in this country. A clear, original, and stimulating thinker, he was clear, original, and thought-provoking in what he wrote. He was the brother of Henry James, the novelist, and it was said of the two brothers that one was a novelist who wrote like a psychologist, and the other a psychologist who wrote like a novelist. William James wrote many books, perhaps the most widely read of which is "Talks to Teachers on Psychology: and to Students on Some of Life's Ideals," from which the essay in the present collection is reprinted.

The quiet dignity and sweetness of this piece of writing will appeal to us almost as much as the value of the theme and the interest that the several divisions of the essay hold for us. We should profit permanently from a careful consideration of this article; more than one of its lines of thought will be new to us, but in future we shall find ourselves often thinking along these lines if we read the essay with the care that it deserves.

#### INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

(*Page 222*)

Dr. Finney is a sociologist. A mid-westerner by birth, he has held professorships in three mid-western colleges, and since 1919 has been a professor of educational sociology at the University

of Minnesota. He is the author of "Causes and Cures for the Social Unrest," "Personal Religion and the Social Awakening," "The American Public School," and two text-books on sociology.

The essay entitled *Individual Rights and Social Justice* forms Chapter III of "Causes and Cures for the Social Unrest." In the book Dr. Finney shows the present economic struggle as a battle to the death between Capitalism and Socialism; he addresses the American middle class and urges it to devise "a basis of compromise, a middle pathway to justice and peace." He analyzes conditions and suggests reforms. *Individual Rights and Social Justice* presents two of the ideas that underlie our conception of the economic struggle.

#### SAY NOW SHIBBOLETH

(Page 236)

Mr. Rhodes is a Westerner. Born in Nebraska, he attended college in California, and for twenty-five years enjoyed ranch life in New Mexico. His writings include "Good Men and True," "Bransford in Arcadia," "The Desire of the Moth," and "West is West." *Say Now Shibboleth* appeared, with two reprinted essays of Mr. Rhodes's, in a little book published by *The Order of Bookfellows* for its members.

To the style is due much of the charm of this delightful essay. The style perfectly fits the attitude and spirit that the essayist assumes. It is often colloquial, and affords an excellent illustration of the difference between a colloquial manner adopted to suit an attitude, and a colloquial manner that is a writer's only mode of expression. The one is art, the other a conscious pose or worse. Charmingly free and easy, *Say Now Shibboleth* is eloquent of its author's literary culture. What literary references and allusions can we point out?

For the mention of Abner Dean of Angel's (page 238) we should look up Bret Harte's poem, beginning—

"I reside on Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James."

Perhaps high-school students will wonder that there should be included in a text-book an essay that seems to deprecate the use of the long *u* in such words as *lute* and *duke*. But it should

be borne in mind that Mr. Rhodes objects to this and other pronunciations only when they are affectations or when they are considered as indicating personal traits and habits. Styles in pronunciation change, and the long *u* that Mr. Rhodes calls the *Norman u* may go out of fashion; but to-day most well-educated people would doubtless tell us that we should seek to learn to pronounce it, although we are certainly not to regard it as a shibboleth or criterion of people's "complexion, age, clothes, weight, height, disposition or ultimate destination."

#### CHILDREN AND PLAY

(Page 262)

Miss Wald founded the Henry Street Settlement in 1893, and has been the leading figure in its highly effective work ever since. The establishment of the Settlement is probably the best known of her many achievements, but she is actively and prominently identified with a great many societies and organizations whose object is the bettering of conditions of life for those who most need to have their environment improved and their opportunities widened. Miss Wald is a sociologist of established reputation, whose lectures, pamphlets, and magazine articles are appreciated by the public. In 1912 Mt. Holyoke College gave her the degree of LL.D.

Henry Street is in the crowded East Side section of New York, where the population is largely made up of Jewish immigrants from Russia. Miss Wald began her work in this district by giving her services as nurse to the poor and ignorant. Gradually she won the confidence and devotion of those she helped, the respect of the city and state authorities, and the assistance of public-minded individuals. Her work has been genuine Americanization of the finest type.

Those of us who live far from the crowded sections of a great city should realize, in reading this essay, that only a few years ago a child in some of the East Side streets of New York could grow to high-school age without ever seeing a tree, and that such a child would perchance miss what most of us would consider the essential elements of play.

## MOVIES

(Page 282)

Mrs. Gerould is one of our foremost American essayists, and she is also distinguished as a writer of stories and verse. She contributes to our better magazines, and has written several books. As a very young woman she won The Century prize for the best short story written by a college graduate. Her sound judgment, originality of thought, and attractive style, make her writings both valuable and entertaining. Her books include "Vain Oblations," "The Great Tradition," "Hawaii Scenes and Impressions," and "A Change of Air." *Movies* is reprinted from *The Atlantic Monthly* of July, 1921.

Like other essays in this collection, *Movies* treats of a matter of great present interest. We hear the moving pictures extravagantly praised and as deeply damned. Mrs. Gerould's attitude is characteristically sane, and in her remarks she touches the roots of what is good and what is banal and harmful in "the movies." More than this, she shows us what she believes to be the undeveloped and the under-developed possibilities of the screen, so that her criticism is eminently constructive.

## PRIVATE SCHOOL AND HOLIDAYS

(Page 301)

Edward Frederic Benson is well known as a writer of clever fiction. His name is generally associated by the public with those of other members of his family: Arthur Christopher Benson, the gifted essayist, and Robert Hugh Benson, the churchman, are his brothers, and each of the three men is famous in considerable measure as the brother of the other two. These three distinguished writers are the sons of Edward White Benson, who for the fourteen years preceding his death in 1896, was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Edward Frederic's first work was the light, clever society novel called "Dodo." Later stories of his have been more substantial in form. In all his fiction the element of cleverness is marked, and the style is attractive. Among his many

novels are "The Vintage," "The Capsina," "The Rubicon," "The Babe," "David Blaize," "Michael," and "Queen Lucia."

*Private School and Holidays* is taken from a volume entitled "Our Family Affairs." This book, published in 1921, is not a novel, but a piece of delightful writing in the intimate, personal vein. In the selection presented here, we see the author and his distinguished brothers as little boys, and we get a glimpse of the famous father, who was then Bishop of Truro, in his home life. "Nellie" and "Maggie" are the author's sisters. "Beth" is Elizabeth Cooper, the nurse, who spent practically the whole of her long life in the service of the author's grandmother and his mother.

*Private School and Holidays* is, like *Journeys to Bagdad*, a personal essay. But though it is just as intimate a piece of writing as Mr. Brooks's article, it sets out to treat definite matters, and does not merely follow the lead of fancy. Another point of difference lies in the fact that *Private School and Holidays* deals with reminiscences. Mr. Benson's style is easy and graceful, and his subtle humor is delightful. But much of the charm of the essay is due to the way in which the author enables us to see his childhood experiences through the eyes of childhood, although against the background of the knowledge and judgment of later life. A little boy's impressions are tinged with childish wonder and enthusiasm, and he sees life in a perspective very different from that of his elders. These elements are present in Mr. Benson's account of his life at his school and in his home, and it is because Mr. Benson both presents this childish attitude and implies its contrast with that of his present maturity, that the essay possesses the distinctive qualities of intimate reminiscent writing.









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